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WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

THE Athens of the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ, which may properly enough be called the Periclean Athens, has been an extinct community for more than two thousand years, and yet it is more intimately known to the scholar of the present day in all its aspects, social, political, religious, artistic, and literary, than any foreign city which he has not visited. Such a preservative power had the mind of Athens in its best days to embalm that most singular and unequalled community permanently in human memory, and keep its lineaments alive in the scholar's and thinker's imagery. Especially is this true since Germany has not only revived the study of Hellenic literature in a perfectly sympathetic and appreciative spirit, but has actually taken up the rudely broken thread of Athenian reflective and speculative thought where it ceased its investigations so many centuries ago,

“ Into the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world,”

interrupted by national calamity, subjugation, and decay, and has carried it on, after so long a lapse of time, in the exact spirit of its great masters, a long way towards its legitimate results and

conclusions. The great German Hellenists have brought the old Acropolis city under the steady glow of a strong calcium light, as it were, so that we can see the every-day life of its streets and understand the current topics which were agitating its restless, voluble, and contemptuous populace. The literature of the best days of Athens which has been spared to us is hardly more voluminous than the works of a brace of English or French sensational novelists; but these priceless relics are peculiar. They are all alive, dramatic, and still warm with the breath of the loquacious old *demos*, out of which they sprung and which they delineate so vividly. Most of the Attic writers seem to be mere stenographic reporters of the current and endless talk of the assembly, the courts of law, the schools of philosophy, the fish-market and Piræus, and the æsthetic saloons of the leading Athenian eupatrids and millionnaires. The garrulity of the Athenians was irrepressible. As Cleon says to Demos, —

“ By day, by night, on foot, on horse, when riding
or when walking,
Your life's a mere soliloquy: still of your feats
you're talking.”

And such talk! Plato's works are all

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dialogue. After reading half a dozen of his leading pieces, such as the Phædo, Gorgias, Protagoras, Phædrus, etc., you begin to feel the Athenian spirit strong upon you, and, if the thing were possible, are ready to become an intelligent metic, or naturalized citizen of the Attic metropolis. The remains of the ten Attic orators are, of course, all talk, living words still warm, though the lungs and lips which uttered them have so long been dust. Even the Attic historians, whose business is narration, are so impatient of it that they are constantly introducing their leading characters as spokesmen, and letting them tell what is going on, *viva voce*, as if mere dead impersonal narrative were an impertinence, and nothing but the spoken words of the actors stenographed were worthy to be reported in the historic page. The Athenians, says Wieland, as quoted by Mitchell, were so well aware of the advantages which their wit, their volubility of tongue, and their higher cultivation gave them over the other Greeks, that this self-consciousness actually impressed itself on their features, and produced a sort of bold, confident, shameless look, by which an Athenian citizen was easily distinguished from a stranger. "What's that you say?" was an expression in common use at Athens, to let the stranger know that his answers were very dull to Athenian ears. The Periclean Athens was an intensely luminous point in the far depth of the world's historic foretime. Indeed, without the Ionian Herodotus the foretime of which we speak would have been for us pretty much a blank. The radiance of Athens enables us to see, not only itself, but the barbarous outlying world, which without it would have been left in eclipse. The Athens of the time of which we are speaking was indeed an anomaly and unaccountable phenomenon in the then social world. All we know is, that such a peerless community flowered and blossomed there in those far-off gloomy and lonely ages. Outside were peoples who had yet hardly emerged into his-

toric beings, if we except certain barbaric empires and theocracies or sacerdocies, in which the development of the reason was utterly oppressed and checked by the dictates of a so-called divine authority. One of these huge aggregates of irrational Asiatic power and superstition precipitated itself *en masse* on little Athens, to quench the spark of intelligence and the hopes of a rational civilization indefinitely; but the plucky little Ægean commonwealth, through the consummate strategy of her greatest man of action, sent the million-headed Oriental brute back, howling and in dismay, to his lair; and so we people of the nineteenth century know that the earth revolves around the sun, and travel by steam, and publish news by the aid of lightning, and are capable of free governments, and enjoy free thought and free speech on all subjects whatsoever. Thanks to Themistocles! So that he did not "save his land in vain," after all, as Byron alleges. The Periclean Athens may be called an anachronism, an anticipation and foretaste of a remote and at that time seemingly impossible future, the point of departure of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, prematurely introduced into the world's chronology, before the world was ready for it, and long, long before its civilization could find the least possible chance of full and perfect development. Those orators talked with such eloquence; those philosophers discoursed and reasoned so indefatigably, subtly, profoundly, and truly on man in all his relations and on every branch of his mysterious nature and on his mysterious final destiny, and they theorized so sagaciously on the best organization, on the aims and possibilities of human society; and those poets sang so spontaneously, sweetly, and sublimely; and those historians wrote so that their works are truly possessions forever; and yet they were to find no listeners or readers, no fit audience or intelligent public capable of appreciating their ideas fully and acting upon them, until their very dust had

been blown for ages round about the globe, and their fatherland, the *hieron pedon*, or sacred soil, as Sophocles calls it, of illustrious Athens, a worn and barren desolation, had become the haunt of a robber spawn of barbarous interlopers, with not a drop of Hellenic blood in their veins, thank Heaven! to make the scholar of to-day hang his head for shame at the degradation of the poor relics of his beloved city and its outlying region. The poet sings,

"Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime."

But this New Athens will be like the New Jerusalem, an ideal city of the soul and inner life, and not a material one. The same prophetic eye saw also

"A brighter Hellas rear its mountains
From waves serenest far,
A new Peneus roll its fountains
Against the morning star."

But this brighter ideal Hellas will be the civilized world, living in the all-penetrating light of universal intelligence. In fact, it is only in the nineteenth century that the Attic ideal of a political community founded in right reason, social and political equality, and common sense has become practicable and is being actually realized (as we would fain hope and believe, in spite of many dark omens) on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, so far away in space and time from its glorious archetypal Demos. Do not the following words of Pericles, uttered in the fifth century B. C., sound strangely from the lips of a man of that period? "We live," said Pericles, "under a constitution such as noway to envy the laws of our neighbors, ourselves an example to others rather than mere imitators. It is called a democracy, since its permanent aim tends toward the many and not towards the few. In regard to private matters and disputes the laws deal equally with every man; while looking to public affairs and to claims of individual influence, every man's chance of advancement is determined, not by party favor, but by real worth, according as his reputa-

tion stands in his own particular department; nor does poverty or obscure station keep him back, if he really has the means of benefiting the city. We are not intolerant or angry with our neighbor for what he may do to please himself. Thus conducting our private, social intercourse with reciprocal indulgence, we are restrained from wrong on public matters by fear and reverence of our magistrates for the time being, and of our laws, especially such laws as are instituted for the protection of wrongful sufferers, and even such as, though not written, are enforced by a common sense of shame. Besides this we have provided for our minds numerous recreations from toil," especially at the Dionysia, which occurred in spring and were the theatric season, when there were tragedies in the morning and comedies in the afternoon. The Dionysiac festival was religious, and also a great fair crowded with buyers and sellers. "From the magnitude of our city," says Pericles, "the products of the whole earth are brought to us, so that our enjoyment of foreign luxuries is as much our own and assured as of those which we grow at home. . . . We apply no xenelasy (exclusion of foreigners) to exclude even an enemy either from any lesson or any spectacle, the full view of which he may think advantageous to him; for we trust less to manœuvres and quackery than to our native bravery for warlike efficiency. While the Lacedemonians subject themselves to an irksome exercise from their earliest youth for the attainment of courage, we, with our easy habits of life, are not less prepared than they to encounter all perils within the measure of our strength. Now if we are willing to brave danger just as much under an indulgent system as under constant toil, and by spontaneous courage as under force of law, we are gainers in the end by not vexing ourselves beforehand with sufferings to come, yet still appearing in the hour of trial not less daring than those who toil without ceasing. . . . We combine elegance of taste with

simplicity of life, and we pursue knowledge without being enervated. . . . Nor is it disgraceful to any one who is poor to confess his poverty, though he may rather incur reproach for not actually keeping himself out of poverty," — literally, "the not exerting one's self to escape poverty *is* disgraceful." "The magistrates who discharge public trusts fulfil their domestic duties also; the private citizen, while engaged in professional business, has competent knowledge of public affairs; for we stand alone in regarding the man who keeps aloof from these latter, not as harmless, but useless." Read this rebuke from the lips of Pericles, ye superfine Americans, who shirk your political duties on election days, from fear of being soiled by contact with the unwashed public, and so leave the demagogues an easy triumph! "Moreover," continues the Attic orator, "we always hear and pronounce on public matters when discussed by our leaders, or perhaps strike out for ourselves correct reasonings about them; far from accounting discussion an impediment to action. For in truth we combine in the most remarkable manner these two qualities, — extreme boldness in execution with full debate beforehand on that which we are going about; whereas with others ignorance alone imports boldness, debate introduces hesitation. Assuredly those men are properly to be regarded as the stoutest of heart who, knowing most precisely both the terrors of war and the sweets of peace, are still not the less willing to encounter peril. In fine, I affirm that our city, considered as a whole, is the schoolmistress of Greece." *

Now let us grant that in these most remarkable passages the oratorical Jove of Athens was using a good deal of blarney and Sam Slickian soft-sawder towards his susceptible constituents; let us grant that in fact Athens, at the very time he speaks of or soon

after, became so infested with a vile herd of sycophants or common informers, that a multitude of its wealthy citizens found it convenient to reside in the outlying colonies, where they had mines or other possessions, to escape being perpetually fleeced by the vermin in question; grant that the mass of Athenian citizens were, in practice, a most jealous, envious set of levellers and radicals, fond of listening to demagogues, when they hawked at noble prey; grant, above all, that that world-renowned instance of mean popular envy, bigotry, and intolerance was soon to occur, and the great spirit of Socrates, the martyr of the cup of hemlock, was soon to ascend to another life, as the sun descended behind the Athenian hills, to give the lie to the claim of Pericles in regard to his fellow-citizens' tolerance; grant also that the Athenian treatment of foreigners resident among them was in many respects invidious; — still the remarkable thing is, that an Athenian statesman, in the fifth century B. C. could even *imagine* such a political community as he describes Athens actually to have been at that time. Said we not rightly, therefore, that the Athens of the fourth and fifth centuries B. C. was an anachronism? In fact it was in some marked respects a community of New England Yankees, prematurely appearing in the recesses of the Eastern Mediterranean; and the history of Athens will never be properly written, except by an American scholar. Mr. Grote, it is true, is in such entire sympathy with that fierce old democracy as to smooth over its faults on every and all occasions, and he himself is a man of Periclean or Websterian breadth of mind; but he has never lived in a community of the Athenian sort, as a New England scholar may be said to have done. In the above Periclean sketch we have all the traits of American democracy carried out in the spirit of its letter, and as it has actually been realized in New England, namely, the social and political equality of all citizens; fond-

* Grote's version of the funeral oration pronounced by Pericles over those Athenians slain in the first campaign of the Peloponnesian war. History of Greece, by George Grote, Esq., Vol. VI. pp. 193 - 196.

ness for stump oratory and political discussion, and an average public capable of forming its own political opinions and discharging the duties of public office, as well as shrewd managers of their own private affairs; tolerance of difference of opinion; a love of trade and commerce; a readiness to admit foreigners to citizenship; and lastly, a degree of intelligence which has made New England the democratic exemplar and schoolmistress of the rest of the United States. This may be said without arrogance, because it is a fact. But further than this, an enemy of the Athenians, in summing up their character, said that "they were made neither to be quiet themselves nor to let the rest of the world be so," thus assimilating them exactly to our modern Yankees in their fondness for innovation, social and political. In fact, the devising of ideal commonwealths, and the discussion of public and private ethics with a view to legislation, were as rife among the free-thinkers of Athens in the fifth century B. C. as they are in its modern Transatlantic counterpart and literary namesake, the Hub. Furthermore, a fish might have been suspended with as much propriety over the deliberations of the ancient Athenian Ecclesia as over those of the Great and General Court in the State House of this Commonwealth. For the Athenians were as great fishermen as our Cape Ann folks, and were immoderately fond of a fish diet, which accounts perhaps for their startling intellectual brilliancy and apprehensiveness, on the theory of Professor Agassiz. Food and fish, says Mitchell, were synonymous terms among the Athenians. Salt fish constituted the principal food of the Attic soldiers and sailors. Prodigious quantities were imported from the Euxine. When the bell of the fish-market rang, everybody rushed thither, leaving the sophists and orators in the middle of their harangues without an audience; and the Athenian Billingsgate, like that of modern London, was noted for the scurrilous tongues of its dealers. A story is told

of an Attic orator who was unfortunately in the middle of his "few feeble remarks" when the fish-market bell rang. There was an instant stampede of his entire audience, with one solitary exception, who, to the surprise of the speaker, "stuck." In pure gratitude he thanked his solitary listener, at the same time explaining the cause of the stampede. It turned out that the fellow was deaf, and as soon as he ascertained that the fishmongers' bell had rung he too fled, leaving the eloquent speaker soliloquizing to vacancy.

We have already alluded to modern German speculative thought, particularly the critical philosophy of Germany, which has so revolutionized opinion in all directions in our time, as a genuine continuation of that of the Periclean age. Chalybaeus, in his "Historical Survey of Speculative Philosophy, from Kant to Hegel," truly says there exists, historically speaking, only a Grecian and German philosophy; the latter has sprung up within the bosom of Christian education; for everything that was new and not ancient in the mental reformation of Europe is of Teutonic origin. Speculative thought and science both have at length shaken themselves completely free of the surveillance of dogmatic theology, and now emulate the Hellenic freedom of investigation. In the *salon* of Pericles, Anaxagoras, Aspasia, Zeno, and Protagoras broached speculative tenets which made them the lineal intellectual ancestors of the great modern German philosophers. Aristotle, too, as a physicist and political economist, foreshadowed Cuvier, Owen, Darwin, Smith, Mill, etc. But to show how modern the Athens of that far period was, and how much like Boston of Anno Domini 1870, we find in the old Attic comedy a full-blown woman's-rights movement not only foreshadowed, but represented as actually consummated and successful. It is true that the old Attic comedy, as it survives in the works of Aristophanes, can hardly be handled by even the most unscrupulous modern without tongs and gloves; still it is so

full of wit and living pictures of that strange Athenian people, who, in the language of Mitchell, imagined, with the Indian, that his own little valley comprehended the whole world (and Attica did at the time comprehend nearly the whole world, possessed of historic significance), and that the sun rose on one side of it only to set on the other, that it is worthy of the careful study of the historical student, even if he is obliged to fumigate himself afterwards by way of disinfecting himself of the ethnic taint. The mediæval monks of a classical and literary turn are said to have scratched their ears in a peculiar manner when they wanted to read a pagan author. Already, as early as the time of Pericles, the dry-rot of Grecian civilization had manifested itself. We discern no traces of it in the heroic foretime as depicted by Homer. There was guilty love then as there is now, but no abominations. As for the women of the heroic time of Greece, if there was a Clytemnestra, a Medea, and a Phædra among them, there was also an Andromache, a Penelope, an Antigone, and a Helen; for the latter, as delineated by Homer, was a perfect lady, beautiful in soul and heart as well as in person. By no consent of hers was it that her peerless loveliness was used as a sort of loaded dice by Idalian Aphrodite to play against her rivals Herè and Pallas. She was a poor victim caught in the meshes of the higher powers, and everywhere subsequently to her fall appears as a conscience-stricken lady, "most deject and miserable," and constantly expressing self-contempt and loathing for her involuntary deflection from rectitude. The Athenian dramatic poets and Virgil, the ascetic misogynist, with the Iliad and Odyssey in their hands, were foul slanderers of unavoidable misfortune when they misrepresented Helen's character. Some extenuation may be urged in favor of her Athenian traducers, on the ground of their jealousy of the exquisite beauty of the Spartan women from Helen downwards, so superior to that of their

Ionian rivals. But the dramatic poets of the later and socially corrupt days of Greece could not appreciate the feminine purity of the heroic time of Hellas or even of its earlier historic period. But of this more anon.

The free play of the reason and an insatiable spirit of inquiry were the characteristics of that period which we may call the Periclean age, as they are of the nineteenth century. At length Jerusalem, the mystical and fanatical, and Rome, the dogmatic and superstitious, are retiring into the background, and Athens, the rational and harmonious, re-emerges star-bright. What are the facts at present in the intellectual world? The best thought of the age is Attic, and the best scholars and thinkers of the time are remarkable for their Attic culture and spirit. All the great German poets, thinkers, and savans of the age just past were Greeks, and the living poets, thinkers, and savans of England are the same, namely, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Grote, Huxley, Mill, Darwin, etc. Rationalism puts its subjects of all ages in sympathy and *en rapport*.

The word "liberty" (*eleutheria*) was as familiar a sound to the Athenian ear as it is to our own. Shelley, who was the inspired prophet and minstrel of freedom and of woman's enfranchisement also, was an Athenian in his exquisite genius and in every fibre of his intellectual nature. He was a worthy pupil of the great Athenian masters of philosophy and "gorgeous tragedy." Of his beloved city he sings: —

"Athens arose, a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud as in derision
Of kingliest masonry. . . .
A divine work. Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond set.
For thou [freedom] wert, and thine all creative
skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle."

Socrates first ransacked the consciousness and inner nature of man, and found in the higher reason that sense of justice, truth, beauty, and virtue which

makes the *civilized* man at least independent of gross material symbols, showing him that it is within that he must look for first principles, for those higher laws which, according to Sophocles, are engendered in celestial air and cannot become antiquated or null, because the deity is in them and grows not old.

But to our immediate subject, woman's rights in Athens. Singularly enough, Aristophanes represents that an Athenian lady by the name of Lysistrata anticipated the peace movement lately inaugurated by our own feminine reformers, which is to put an end to war in France, and finally pacify the world, as long ago as the year 411 B. C. in Athens. To secure peace Lysistrata organized the women of that city into a body politic to take the destinies of Athens into their own hands. The Peloponnesian war had then been raging for twenty years. It was two years after the fatal Sicilian expedition, about which every school-boy has read in his Greek Reader. All the old men of Athens were in arms as a home guard. Athens was much in the condition of its modern French counterpart, Paris, with one vital exception. The country population had all been driven into the city, and Attica had been ravaged clear up to the walls of its capital by annual and semiannual raids of the Lacedæmonians and their allies. The farmers of the fruitful borough of Acharnæ in the highlands had long ago seen their beehives, olive-trees, and other agricultural resources swept out of existence by a ruthless foe, and were grumbling inside the walls because they had to buy every necessary of life, which they used to get without money and without price on their rural estates. But fortunately Athens, unlike modern Paris, had an outlet and an inlet by the sea, where she was supreme. She then held the maritime sceptre of the world, and could issue out of Piræus with her fleet to levy tribute on all her island dependencies, or revenge herself by descents on the Peloponnesian coast

for the ravages perpetrated in her own borders. At the time we speak of elderly Athenian citizens did their marketing armed *cap-à-pie* in complete armor. At this juncture it was when the Grecian states seemed bent on exterminating each other from the face of the earth, that the strong-minded Athenian lady, Lysistrata, "wife of a magistrate, takes it into her head to attempt a pacification between the belligerents. She summons a council of women, who come to a decision to expel their husbands from their beds until they conclude a peace. In the mean time the elder women are commissioned to seize the Acropolis and make themselves mistresses of the money which had been stowed therein for the purposes of war. Their design succeeds, and the husbands are reduced to a terrible plight by the novel resolution of their wives. Ambassadors at length come from the belligerent parties and peace is concluded with the greatest despatch, under the direction of the clever Lysistrata."* There are passages in this comedy which show that the heroine Lysistrata, if living now, would be able to champion the cause of woman's rights and woman's suffrage with as much wit, keenness of repartee, eloquence, and states-womanship as the foremost of our platform women. When under the direction of Lysistrata the Athenian women had seized the Acropolis with its deposit of cash and turned the key on said deposit, leaving it in the custody of the *locum-tenens*, the sacred serpent of Pallas, and had *womanned* the walls, an old foggy senator or counsellor appears on the scene (we follow Bohn's literal prose translation of the comedy, taking such liberties with it, and making such additions as are necessary to make it intelligible to the English reader), and wants to know of Lysistrata, "in the name of Jove, Madam," what she means by shutting up "*our*" citadel with her bolts. The members of the Athenian Senate or Council were the keepers of the public treasury. "To keep the money safe

* Bohn's Aristophanes, Comedies, Vol. II.

and deprive you men of the sinews of war," replies Lysistrata. "What will *you* do then?" asks the old fogey. "We will manage it," was the ready answer. "Will *you* manage the money?" asks the councillor, his amazement evidently on the increase at this unheard-of outbreak of womanly audacity. And to appreciate fully the scene in Aristophanes the reader must understand that Athens, notwithstanding her at that time miraculous enlightenment and thorough *modernness* on all other subjects, was not in advance of her age in two particulars, namely, in her treatment and estimate of woman and in the matter of slavery. She was almost on a level with Persia even in both these respects. As regards woman she was infinitely behind her Dorian rival, the unintellectual but gallant Sparta, as Müller shows. The Spartan addressed his wife as *despoina*, or mistress, while the Athenian caged his and regarded the Spartan as henpecked. But of this further along. In the language of Bekker, women were regarded, in the very focus of ancient civilization, as a lower order of beings in comparison with men, both in intellect and heart, incapable of taking part in public affairs, and naturally prone to evil. Bearing these facts in mind, the reader can better appreciate Lysistrata's audacity and pluck, and the councillor's astonishment. "Will *you* manage the public funds?" he asks. "Why should you think it strange that we women should manage the *public* funds? Do we not wholly manage the domestic purse for you, and with judgment and economy?" replies Lysistrata interrogatively. "But the cases are not parallel," replies the fogey. "Why not?" "We must have the money to carry on the war." "But that is precisely the point," says Lysistrata. "There is no occasion for the war at all." "What salvation for us is there, except in carrying on the war?" "We will save you," replies Lysistrata. "You!" "Ay, *we*, to be sure." At this point the old fogey became bewildered with amazement. "Be assured you shall be saved

even against your will." "It were a shame to be thus saved." "We *must* save you, my friend," persists Lysistrata. "Suppose we don't want to be so saved?" "For that very reason it is so much the more imperative on us to save you," replies Lysistrata. "But how came *you* to care about war and peace?" asks the councillor, disdainfully. "We will tell you," replies Lysistrata. "Tell me then, quickly," roars the old dignitary, all the Athenian lord of creation rising in him at this audacious outbreak of the *gynaconitis*, as the woman's apartment of an Athenian house was called. "Tell me quickly," he roars, "that you may not get a beating." Lysistrata, nothing daunted at this ungallant demonstration of the old ass, for he had shaken his fist at her menacingly, coolly requests him to listen and endeavor to keep his hands in their proper place, while she explains her experience as a dutiful Athenian wife, before she left her matronly seclusion, and put on the breeches, as it were, to seek to save her country and get redress for her sex. "During the war preceding the present one," she said, "and in former times generally, sheer modesty made us bear with you men, no matter what might be your pranks and capriccios. For we were not allowed even to mutter a complaint. But we kept our eyes on your proceedings, and, to speak frankly, we were by no means pleased with them, although we said nothing to indicate our feelings. Oftentimes in the quiet of our homes, when we heard that you had determined some important matter badly, we would conceal our annoyance under a smile, and ask what has been determined by you to-day in regard to peace. 'What's that to you?' used to be the husband's curt but not courteous reply; 'will you not hold your tongue now?' And we used to hold our tongues. But once in a while things would get too bad for endurance, and then we used to break silence by asking, 'How is it, husband, that you manage these matters with such egregious folly and

stupidity?' But he, looking askance at me, used to tell me to mind my weaving, or I should come to grief. 'War,' he would say oracularly, 'is the business of *men*.' " "Rightly said of your husband, by Jove!" breaks in the old foggy at this point. "Wherein was it right, you wretch?" rejoins Lysistrata, beginning to warm up herself, "to spurn our advice when you were mismanaging the government grossly! Finally when you had brought matters to such a pass that we heard you anxiously inquiring of each other in the streets, 'Is there, then, no man in the country equal to the emergency?' and when we heard it confessed that there was not, we women immediately determined in full assembly to save Greece ourselves. Longer waiting was impossible. Now we want you to keep quiet as we used to and listen to *our* counsel in your extremity, and we will save you. Do not interrupt me, but hold your peace and card wool, while we women take charge of the war. Erelong we shall be known as the annihilators and dissolvers of war by the Greeks." "How will you do it?" inquires the senator. "In the first place," resumes Lysistrata, "we will put a stop to your military swash-bucklers lounging about the marketplace, buying pea-soup of old women and putting it into their helmets or shaking their shields and javelins at other old fig-selling women to frighten them." "But," says the senator, at last really interested and impatient of minor details, "how will you be able to put an end to the disturbed affairs of the country?" "Very easily." "Show us how, then." "Just as," says Lysistrata, "when our thread gets tangled we take it in this way and draw it out with our spindles hither and thither, thus also will we put an end to the war, if you will let us." "Do you think," inquires the senator, at this point, disgusted at the womanly illustration, "to allay a dreadful state of affairs with your wool and threads and spindles, you silly woman?" "Ay, and if there was any

sense in you, you would administer all your affairs after our fashion of dealing with wool." "How so?" asks the senator; "come, explain." "In the first place," says Lysistrata, justifying and fully developing her woolly metaphor, "you must wash the state clean of knaves, as fleeces are washed clean of their dirt and freed from briars; and you must tear asunder those who combine together to get the offices, and pluck their heads off, and then you must card public good-feeling into a basket, and, having taken the wool from every source of supply in the state and its colonial dependencies, collect it into a mass, making a large ball of it, and out of this weave a cloak for the people." "Is it not a shame," exclaims the senator at this point, "that these women should wind our affairs into a ball, wool-fashion, when they have not any concern in the war at all?" "We no concern in the war, you accursed wretch!" replies Lysistrata, her eyes sparkling with indignation; "when we bear more than double the load of its miseries that you do? We, who by our pangs and sorrow furnish the men who are sent off as soldiers to be slaughtered, while we are condemned to lead joyless lives of widowhood and unmarried maidenhood, that is, those of us who are still maidens must pine away and grow old in our lonely chambers." "Do not men, then, grow old as well?" asks the senator. "No, by Jove, their case is utterly different. For when they return from the wars, even though gray-headed, they soon marry young girls, while the woman's time is short, and, if she cannot take advantage of it, no one is willing to marry her, but she sits watching for omens and speculating upon her dwindling chances." Suffice it to say that Lysistrata and her women, after getting possession of the Acropolis and the fortifications of Athens, held the city strictly closed against the ingress of husbands and lovers returning from the war to see their wives and sweethearts. Now and then there is a weak sister who tries to

get out on one pretext and another, but she cannot escape the sharp eye of Lysistrata or deceive her. Men parley for admission outside the walls, but they are inexorably excluded, until all parties to the war, finding that Lysistrata really means business, agree to conclude a peace, the advent of which is joyously celebrated by Athenians and Lacedæmonians with feast and song, and Lysistrata is mistress of the situation.

Twelve years after the close of the Peloponnesian war we find Aristophanes giving another picture of female ascendancy in the Athenian state, in a comedy called the *Ecclesiazousæ*, a word which may be freely rendered the Assembly Women. The general popular Assembly of Athens, which had as unlimited jurisdiction as the British Parliament, was called the *Ecclesia*, a word which in later times was appropriated by the Christian Church and given a new significance. Every citizen of Athens was a member of the *Ecclesia*, or Attic Parliament, and was subject to a fine for non-attendance and received a small *per diem* of two or three obols for attendance; so that in the Athenian democracy all citizens had a direct voice and vote in legislation, thus literally and truly governing themselves; whereas in our cumbrous representative system of American democracy, we are governed by a few shrewd politicians, who enjoy a monopoly of all the political power, making all our laws for us, and executing them according to their own pleasure and profit and for their own continuance in power.

In the *Assembly Women*, Aristophanes represents the wives of Athens, under the leadership of a strong-minded matron by the name of Praxagora, assembling together at a preappointed place in the early morning twilight arrayed in their worse-halves' clothes, appropriated while their owners were still asleep. They have false beards also, and proceed to rehearse speeches under the critical supervision of Praxagora. The scene is a ludicrous one.

But when they feel themselves competent to act as parliamentarians, they steal into the *Ecclesia*, and by means of a majority of voices thus surreptitiously obtained they decree a new constitution. Among other things it is decreed that age is to be preferred by young wooers before youth and beauty in the selection of wives, until the venerable spinsters are all disposed of, when the pretty girls are to be in order. This comedy is simply a wild play of the Aristophanic fancy, ridiculing the ideal commonwealths of the philosophers. But the curious point is that an old Athenian wit and poet two thousand years ago should have drawn a prophetic sketch of our modern woman's-rights movement. In the *Ecclesiazousæ*, gross and untranslatable as it is into modern English, there is one exquisite gem, an ancient Greek serenade in fact. It is called *paraclausithura*, or the weeping at the door of the beloved object by the young man. "O dearest, open the door to me and embrace me. For thee I suffer anguish, O golden darling, blossom of love, honey-bee of the Muse, who wearest beauty's own face, open the door to me and embrace me. For thee I suffer anguish."

Notwithstanding the long list of surpassingly beautiful and brilliant women who flourished in heroic and historical Hellas and in Hellenized Asia and Egypt, the most influential portion of the Hellenic people, namely, the Ionians, persisted from the beginning in holding woman in low regard, and in recognizing no sentiment in sexual love, but only sensuality. What wonder, then, if their women finally became no better than they were credited with being by their fathers, brothers, sons, and lovers?

Bekker, in his *Charicles*, has gathered together all the passages in the Attic poets, orators, and philosophers bearing upon woman and her status in Athens, and it is a mass of opinion in regard to the sex, such as we might expect from a lot of abandoned rakes and debauchees, rather than great po-

ets, sages, moralists, and statesmen. Further along we will cull extracts from this general and elaborate Athenian indictment of womankind. Meanwhile Homer shows hardly a grain of this Ionian contempt for woman, although he was doubtless an Ionian in race as in dialect. To be sure, he has sketched a Circe and a Grecian Lady Macbeth, namely, Clytemnestra, who could plead, however, that her conduct was justified by the *lex talionis* for the sacrifice of her daughter at Aulis. But the general impression of the heroic women derived from Homer is favorable. Nausicaa is a sweet creature, and Penelope is represented as a true woman and most exemplary housewife. Virgil, the Latin disciple of Homer, had an ascetic taint in his blood, and was, moreover, a shy, rustical fellow, too timid to ingratiate himself with the sex, and so he abused them. But his Dido is his best character, — a noble, high-souled woman, whose only defect was her weakness for that wooden personage, “pious Æneas.” She was doomed to be guilty of that folly, however, by the higher powers, as Titania was made to caress and fondle the asinine Bottom. But if Homer is catholic and orthodox on the woman question, several later and inferior Greek poets were not. Hesiod, for instance, who was a sort of Poor Richard’s Almanac versifier, and supplied the Greeks with all their mean penny-wisdom, and was known as the Helots’ poet, is naturally enough extremely ungallant towards the sex, as such a low clod-hopper of a bard was sure to be. In his Works and Days, and Theogony both, he represents that Jupiter created woman in a fit of spite against Prometheus, because he had stolen fire from Helios, and thereby taught men the mechanic arts, and so rendered them capable of civilization. “Forthwith Jupiter wrought evil,” says Hesiod, “for men, in requital for the fire bestowed, and because wily Prometheus had beguiled him.” By the way, the poet does not explain the existence of a womanless community of men prior

to the creation of Pandora. “By command of Jove, Vulcan fashioned the image of a modest maiden; then Jove bade Athene teach the newly created weaving and millinery craft, and

“He called the magic of love’s golden queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
And eager passion’s never-sated flame,
And cares of dress that prey upon the frame;
Bade Hermes last endue with craft refined
Of treacherous manners and a shameless mind.”

Further, the herald of the gods gifted her with a charming voice, and this woman was called Pandora, because all inhabiting Olympian mansions bestowed upon her a gift, a mischief to men. The poet winds up his account by saying: “Now aforetime, indeed, the races of men were wont to live on the earth apart and free from ills, and without harsh labor and painful diseases, which have brought death on mortals; but the Woman, having with her hands removed the great lid from the vessel (wherein all the ills to which flesh was to be heir had been carefully hived), dispersed them; then contrived she baneful cares for men.”* This is the Aryan account of the creation and *début* of woman. The Semitic account in Genesis also connects the introduction of sin and death and “all our woe” with the advent of the better half and lovely complement of man. Archilochus, one of the greatest of the early Greek poets, also lashed the sex severely in his verse, driving one woman to hang herself by his merciless satire. Simonides, who wrote the exquisite little poem descriptive of Danaë and her sleeping boy floating over the stormy sea at midnight, is ranked among the traducers of women. But Euripides, the great Athenian dramatist, was the most conspicuous poetic sinner against the sex among the Grecian writers, although Sophocles, his greater tragic rival, said that he was only a woman-hater in his tragedies. In his Hippolytus he makes his hero exclaim: “O Jove, wherefore in the name of heaven didst thou place in the light of the sun that specious evil for men, women? For if thou didst will to propagate the

* Bohn’s Hesiod.

race of mortals, there was no necessity for this to be done by women, but men might, having placed an equivalent in the temples, either in brass, or iron, or the weighty gold, buy a race of children, each for the consideration of the value paid, and thus might dwell in unmolested houses without females." This Hippolytus was, by the way, a sort of pagan monk and minion of the Moon. Milton, who was a great admirer of Euripides, has a passage in "Paradise Lost" in the same spirit with the above extract:—

"O, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find out some other way to generate
Mankind?"

The truth is, Euripides and Milton both had been unhappy in their domestic relations. Both were muse-rid mopes, abstracted and unsocial. They should have remained bachelors. In the case of Euripides, the sex were amply avenged by the comic poet Aristophanes, who never ceased to ridicule him for his attacks on women.

And, after all, Euripides seems to have had no especial objection to womankind in general, but only to smart, brilliant, or, in modern phrase, strong-minded women,—a sort of woman of whom Greece from the beginning was peculiarly productive. "His state is the easiest," says the poet, speaking through Hippolytus, "whose wife is settled in his house a cipher, and useless by reason of simplicity. But a wise woman I detest. May there not be in my house, at least, a woman more highly gifted with mind than woman ought to be. For Venus engenders mischief rather among clever women. But a woman who is not endowed with capacity, by reason of her small understanding, is removed from folly."* Müller makes the remark that women have always been improved by education everywhere except in ancient Greece. There education produced the

* Bohn's Euripides.

reverse of improvement. And why did it produce this effect? Because its subjects were unsexed, as it were, by a malignant public opinion. Intellectual and cultivated women were classified at Athens as *hetæra*. Bekker says such women "were called *hetæra*, or, literally, female companions, who lived a free life, managed their own affairs, and supported themselves by their powers of pleasing. These women were numerous, and were doubtless of every variety of personal character; but the most distinguished and superior among them, such as Aspasia and Theodote, appear to have been the only women in Greece, except the Spartan, who either inspired strong passion or exercised mental ascendancy." So remarkable were Aspasia's fascinations, her accomplishments, and her powers, not only of conversation, but even of oratory and criticism, that the most distinguished Athenians, Socrates among the number, visited her.* Suffice it to say that this glorious visitor from Ionia, who overawed even the mean popular sentiment of Athens against her sex by her transcendent genius, ruled despotically over the heart and head both of the greatest man of Greece, who found her love and her wisdom priceless boons. His contemporaries might call her *hetæra*, or by whatever other vile epithet they pleased, she shares and will forever share in the renown of Pericles, which she helped him to win. However much the Athenians might attempt to dwarf their own women by jealously secluding the free, respectable portion of them in the *gynaecitis*, and denying them all education and discipline, still Athens always abounded in brilliant women from the Æolian communities, which treated the sex more liberally, and not only allowed them intellectual training, but also the prizes and applause due to genius, and these more than vindicated their sex against the Attic jealousy, and even won the admiration of the Attic public. But it is one of the lasting stigmas of Athens, "the

* Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, etc.

violet-crowned," as she loved to be called, that she was utterly unchivalrous towards woman, while her Dorian rival, Sparta, "the spear-crowned," was exactly and nobly the reverse. The Spartans, as Müller says, were almost the only ancient nation who esteemed the higher attributes of the female mind as capable of cultivation. Let us take the case of Sappho, the Æolian poetess, who flourished in the purer days of Greece, when the Grecian isles sparkled with genius in that red, dewy dayspring of imagination, fancy, and reason, the true era of spontaneity and inspiration, fragments of whose auroral melodies still float on the stream of time, and will float forever, murmurs from the fountain-heads of song and philosophy, in Lesbos and Miletus. The Attic comic poets of the already corrupted age of Pericles could not understand her, and did her memory foul wrong. They could not understand that she poured forth the irrepressible emotions of her heart, as the birds in spring pour forth theirs. For love with Sappho was truly worship. Yet her name has been handed down to posterity as the synonyme of guilty and suicidal passion. And the foul aspersion of the Lesbian love spoken of by Lucian was fabricated to defame her. But there is no doubt about one thing. It is the undissenting and rapturous verdict of antiquity that she was the greatest lyric genius of the pagan fore-world. Such masculine geniuses as Horace, Catullus, and Byron were content to be her humble imitators. Some of their brightest shafts were drawn from the Sapphic quiver. Who like her could hymn the vesper fire of nuptial love, or the sunset hour, which brings all things home that the bright dawn has dispersed, and melts the hearts of wanderers in foreign lands? She was the mistress of a school of poetesses in Lesbos. Some of her pupils became only less eminent than their peerless mistress. Of the victory of one of these early Grecian poetesses over a male rival, a living master of song speaks thus. It is the story

"Of fair Corinna's triumph; here she stood,
Engirt with many a florid maiden cheek,
The woman-conqueror: woman-conquered there
The bearded Victor of ten thousand hymns,
And all the men mourned at his side."

Any civilization which degrades women and holds them in little esteem has a dry-rot in it. The brilliant Grecian female who dared to spurn the bars of the *gynaecitis* and vindicate the intellectual power and genius of her sex, no matter how much glory she might reflect on her race in the eyes of posterity, was regarded at Athens as a tolerated pet for the amusement of festive hours and as of soiled plumage; and Plato and Aristotle the wise, and Demosthenes the eloquent, could indorse the miserable prejudices of their country by assigning to woman a place far beneath that of man. Aristotle says the male is better by nature than the female. The one is the ruled, the other the ruler. The only virtue, says Bekker, of which woman was thought capable, in the age of Aristotle and Plato, differed but little from that of the faithful slave. She was a minor all her life at Athens. There were no educated women there, except the *hetærae*. Spinning and weaving were the only accomplishments of free maidens and matrons. They saw but little even of their fathers and husbands, who lived abroad more than at home, and even when at home inhabited their own apartments. The *gynaecitis*, though not exactly a prison, was still the confined abode allotted for life to the female portion of the household. Plato calls women a race accustomed to live in darkness and seclusion. Maidens lived in the strictest privacy till their marriage, under lock and key. They never quitted the shades of the *parthenon*, except to be spectators of a festal procession or to swell its pomp. Such occasions were their only chance for love-making. They appeared at the doors only when exciting news came. Old women were more free. Hence they were the go-betweens in love negotiations. The tortoise on which the celestial Venus of Phidias was supported was considered as a symbol of

the secluded existence of women. Plutarch says Phidias placed a dragon by the statue of Athene and a tortoise by that of Aphrodite at Elis, in token that virgins needed a guard and that married women should stay at home and keep silent. At Syracuse free women were forbidden to go out at all after sunset. There were woman-beadles at Athens, and even the woman's market was not frequented by respectable females. There were many religious festivals in which women alone participated, such as that of Ceres, or the Mother. No respectable lady thought of going out without a female slave or attendant. The modesty of Attic maidens was proverbial, while the Spartan virgins were pert and forward. Euripides, in his *Andromache*, goes so far as to say that a Spartan girl could not be chaste if she wished to be. But this is one of those baseless Athenian libels of the freer and more natural social life of the Dorians and Æolians, which the Athenians could not understand, any more than the prurient and debauched modern Parisians could at first understand the free and frank manners of young American women visiting Paris.

Demosthenes, in his oration entitled *Næra*, summed up the woman question and its status in ancient Athens in the passage where he says "we have *hetæra* for pleasure, *pallakæ* for attendants, and wives for children and the care of the household." Celibacy was a penal offence in some of the Grecian states and disgraceful in all. It was regarded as the duty of every citizen to have children as a pledge of fidelity to the state and in order to leave behind worshippers to see that the gods were not neglected and that the state should not lack defenders. Female infants were frequently exposed by fathers to escape giving them dowries at marriage. Divorces were frequent and easily obtained.*

But notwithstanding their low estimate of mortal women, the Athenians

held their celestial or divine women in especial regard. The tutelar genius of Athens was a female, Our Blue-eyed Lady of Wisdom, Athene Polias. Grote tells us that "three statues of Athene, all by the hand of Phidias, decorated the Acropolis, — one colossal, forty-seven feet high, of ivory, in the Parthenon; a second of bronze, called the Lemnian Athene; a third of colossal magnitude, also in bronze, called Athene Promachos, placed between the Propylæa and Parthenon, and visible afar off, even to the navigator approaching Piræus by sea." Thus was the visible splendor of Athens, which for ages transcended that of any city of the pre-Christian foreworld, and which excited in the breast of the approaching voyager "a powerful sentiment of involuntary deference," surmounted by the shielded and helmeted figure of a stately and gloriously beautiful woman, the beacon welcomed for so many ages by the seeker after knowledge and "the voyager with the Ionian blast" as he drew near to the immemorial metropolis of wisdom.

"Tandem Tritonida conspicit arcem virentem
Ingenuis, opibique, et festa pace."

But Attica was not only presided over by a feminine deity, it was also the chief seat of the august worship and mysteries of the Eleusinian Mother and her daughter Proserpine,

"Who gathered all things mortal
With cold, immortal hands."

These two female deities were in a special manner the genii of life and death and of the means of life. The noblest Grecians and Romans were eager to be initiated into their mysteries. In fact, the chief ancient Aryan divinities, whose worship was most universally significant, were feminine. Their jurisdiction, so to speak, came highest to the concerns and needs of mortal life. So that if the women of earth were not properly appreciated, the divine women of Olympus were worshipped with a devotion which was equal to the subsequent Christian adoration of the Mater Dolorosa.

B. W. Ball.

* Vide Bekker's *Charicles*.

LOOKING FOR PEARLS.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

THE Master came one evening to the gate
Of a far city:—it was growing late,
And sending his disciples to buy food,
He wandered forth intent on doing good
As was his wont. And in the market-place
He saw a crowd, close gathered in one space,
Gazing with eager eyes upon the ground.
Jesus drew nearer, and thereon he found
A noisome creature, a bedraggled wreck,—
A dead dog with a halter round his neck.
And those who stood by mocked the object there,
And one said scoffing, "It pollutes the air!"
Another jeering, asked, "How long to-night
Shall such a miscreant cur offend our sight?"
"Look at his torn hide," sneered a Jewish wit,
"You could not cut even a shoe from it,"
And turned away. "Behold his ears that bleed,"
A fourth chimed in, "an unclean wretch indeed!"
"He hath been hanged for thieving," they all cried,
And spurned the loathsome beast from side to side.
Then Jesus, standing by them in the street,
Looked on the poor spent creature at his feet,
And, bending o'er him, spake unto the men,
"*Pearls are not whiter than his teeth.*" And then
The people at each other gazed, asking,
"Who is this stranger pitying the vile thing?"
Then one exclaimed, with awe-abated breath,
"This surely is the Man of Nazareth;
This must be Jesus, for none else but he
Something to praise in a dead dog could see!"
And, being ashamed, each scoffer bowed his head,
And from the sight of Jesus turned and fled.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE BONAPARTES AND BOURBONS.

NOT long after the death of the first Napoleon at St. Helena, a steam-boat, then comparatively a new invention, was on its way down the Delaware to Philadelphia. It was a pleasant morning in early summer, and the passengers were grouped about the deck; among them Joseph, brother of the Emperor, and himself at one time king of Naples, and later of Spain, then known as the Count de Survilliers, was the most conspicuous. Two gentlemen had been chatting together for a while on a bench not far from where he was seated, on the other side of the boat, when one of them crossed over

and engaged Joseph in conversation. When, soon afterwards, he resumed his seat, he exclaimed, "What do you suppose that man has the audacity to think? That the days of the Bonapartes are not over in France!" It certainly seemed incredible that any event could place another Bonaparte on the throne, from which that most wonderful of men, who first gave glory to the name, had been twice removed.

Various members of the family, after the restoration of the Bourbons, withdrew from public gaze, while others, whose possessions and position had been little affected by the imperial downfall, continued to be surrounded by the glitter of their former prosperity, and to receive such consideration as was due to their personal merit. Of these the most interesting was the mother of the Emperor, who resided at Rome in a superb palace, which she left in 1829, when she died, to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, a gentleman of much culture and excellent character. Lucien, her younger son, resided at Rome, as did also her daughter Pauline, the Princess Borghese, whose exquisite form was perpetuated by Canova in his sleeping "Venus." An anecdote told of her in connection with this masterpiece of art indicates more sound sense and real delicacy than it has always received credit for. When asked how she could have been willing to serve as a model for the work, her ingenuous reply was, that there was a fire in the room.

A year or two after the conversation already alluded to took place, a young friend of about my own age from a neighboring city proposed that we should make a tour in Europe, then not so generally considered an essential part of education as at present. We took passage at New York in May for Liverpool. The sailing packets of that period are memories of the past. But though the passages were of long and uncertain duration, they compared favorably in comfort and actual enjoyment with the speedier and more bustling trips of the present steamers. In the rolling or pitching, the jar or din,

the packets were not nearly as disagreeable as the steamers are. The passengers were fewer in number, there was abundant opportunity to become acquainted, and the ocean phenomena and fickle breezes afforded variety. No comfort known ashore that could be compassed aboard was wanting, and what with music and pleasant chat the time passed rapidly. Steam has wrought other changes in the experience of European travel. Who that is old enough to remember can ever forget the delights of posting, the luxurious seats and cushions, the postilion astride of one of his horses, and the uninterrupted views thus allowed of the changing landscape through the ample windows which formed the front of the carriage? In this way for a twelve-month we traversed the length and breadth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and after a similar fashion much of the Continent.

Circumstances which need not be particularly mentioned afforded us constant opportunities of meeting and becoming acquainted with many of those best worth knowing abroad, especially in Edinburgh, then in the zenith of its glory as the abode of genius and centre of gayety. Sir Walter Scott was widely known and celebrated as a poet, but as a novelist, though generally recognized through his disguise, so far as depended on any acknowledgment he was "the great unknown." We met the younger members of his family in society, and were presented to him. We occasionally watched his busy pen as he sat in court as clerk of sessions, engrossed in his marvellous creations. It was our good fortune to be frequent guests at the house of Lord Harmon, then judge of the same court, who, when the case on hearing permitted, was said to have whiled away his weary moments in reading them.

When later, in London, we were about starting for the Continent, Governor Bradish of New York, who had recently returned from Italy, gave us letters of introduction — a pleasant usage now unfortunately for the most

part passed away — to his friends in that country. Among others was one to the sculptor Trentanova, whom he requested to take us at once upon our arrival in Rome to the palace of the Princess Gabrielli, with whom was then residing her sister, the Countess of Possi, afterwards Lady Dudley Stuart. These ladies were the daughters of Lucien Bonaparte. He had preferred the tranquillity of private life to the thrones proffered by the Emperor to him, as well as to his three brothers, who had accepted them. He devoted his life to science and literature, of which the principal fruit was a poem entitled “Charlemagne; or, The Church Delivered.” He is said to have written it in England, where, having been taken prisoner by a British cruiser in the Mediterranean in 1810, while on his way to America, he was detained for three years. He lived till 1840, and in 1825 was in the prime of life, full of courtesy and kindness and universally beloved.

Without overstepping the bounds of social propriety, brief allusion in commendation may be permitted, after half a century, to personages already historical as near relatives of Napoleon. He himself, on one occasion, speaking of his mother, said that she was a woman of noble nature, who had trained her children well, suffering nothing but what was great and elevated to take root in their understandings, abhorring falsehood, and not tolerating the slightest act of disobedience, combining the energy of a man with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman. Her lovely face accounted for many noble traits in her descendants; and it has been well remarked by Sir Bernard Burke, that “the ladies of the Bonaparte family were ever to a surpassing degree remarkable for talent, beauty, and strength of mind.” Such encomium had especial application to the daughters of Lucien, whose society constituted one chief source of our enjoyment in Rome.

In their saloons conversation flowed on with a pleasant ripple of freshness

and good-humor, bringing to a fitting close days passed among the marvels of art and antiquity in the Eternal City. They were excellent linguists, at home in French and English as in Italian. The Princess Gabrielli, an excellent musician, sang with great sweetness and effect; and Trentanova, who had also a good voice, contributed his part to the general entertainment. An improvisatore, a variety of social amusement then in vogue, often attended. Thorwaldsen and many other celebrities frequented the palace, as well as cardinals and other dignitaries of the Church. Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Lucien, was still in fine health and full vigor, and, though dignified, frank and cordial in his address. In person he was not unlike our late Secretary of State, not very tall or stout, bearing himself simply and without pretension, engaging readily in conversation, with a voice and expression peculiarly winning. His usual dress was of white cloth or flannel, with the red stockings indicative of his rank in the hierarchy. He was good enough to procure for us an interview with the Pope, then Leo XII., with whom we passed half an hour in animated conversation.

Partly through the friendship of the Cardinal and his lovely nieces, who were so kind as to take an especial interest that we should pass our time pleasantly in Rome, partly from our other letters of introduction, opportunities were constantly offered us to attend balls at the great palaces, never seen to such advantage as on these occasions. The Countess Possi, still very young, excelled in the waltz, a dance then recently introduced in polite society, and already in a degree superseding the quadrille. Both sisters were apparently unconscious of any especial claim to consideration, putting every one at ease in their presence. They were gay and companionable, quick at repartee, and always graceful and engaging. We were indebted to them for many pleasant acquaintances, and found they were

equally disposed to devote their own moments to our entertainment.

We found in Florence Louis and Jerome Bonaparte, as also the Prince and Princess Borghese, who were then at their palaces in that city; and in the six weeks that we passed there we had frequent opportunities of meeting them. At the British Minister's and Prince Demidoff's, where our letters had insured us welcome, many celebrities were to be seen. As young Americans then found their way so far from home in less formidable numbers, we received the greater attention, and were gratified with the privilege, perhaps somewhat overvalued, of conversing with personages whom ability or connection with historical events made famous. Florence was unusually gay, and we had an incessant round of entertainments. We soon became sufficiently well acquainted to find them a pleasure and not an embarrassment.

Four years later, being again abroad, but now with a young family to care for, an appointment by Mr. McLane as *attaché* to his legation in London, of which Washington Irving was secretary, made me known in April, 1830, to Mr. Rives, representing the United States in France. General Lafayette, whom I had seen in America, and sat near at a Fourth-of-July dinner over which he presided in 1825 at Paris, was then a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was zealously engaged in opposition to the arbitrary measures of the government, which were crushing out what little liberty had been tolerated under the Bourbons. Mr. Rives took me to his house, and almost his first exclamation, after receiving us, was: "Do you know what occurred last night at the Chamber? They were prorogued. Had this been done a few years since, they would have pulled down the palace of the Tuileries about the king's ears; but the French are better educated than they were, and there will be no revolution now."

That same day he sent for me to go with him to a gathering of Liberals, at which men of the most distinguished

position and commanding influence denounced the Ministers in no measured terms, and counselled unhesitating resistance, unless Polignac, then at the head of the Cabinet, receded from his repressive policy. At that meeting, it was said afterwards, originated the Revolution which broke out three months later in July.

Although neither Lafayette nor Mr. Rives at that time seemed to anticipate any immediate disturbances, the political horizon was portentous of coming storm. Everywhere throughout France an intense and widespread disaffection to the house of Bourbon was assuming form, and in the capital no occasion was lost to give it vent. It was easy to discover at every turn indications of something imminent and unusual. There seemed no attempt at concealment. Had the press been free, much of the pent-up force might have escaped harmless. But as this was under strict control, violent harangues were to be heard on the Boulevard and wherever men congregated. The excitement and ferment had become so universal as to overawe and paralyze both king and cabinet, who had too much pride and too little wisdom to make timely concessions. Once kindled the flame spread with marvellous celerity throughout the land, and the people rose as one against the throne.

These disturbed elements were not confined to France. In England a general spirit of discontent agitated the popular mind, which found only partial relief in clamor for parliamentary reform. The public services of Wellington did not protect his windows, and his town abode, Apsley House, was provided with iron shutters. The Duke in the crisis had turned to America for help. He was busily engrossed in organizing on paper what he called his American army,—a volunteer militia for defence in war or reliance in the event of civil commotion. At the house of Mr. McLane he took pains to inform himself of our method, which now of late in part adopted, affords England

its surest dependence against foes foreign or domestic.

When the French Revolution of the three days actually occurred, it took every one by surprise. Tidings came across the Channel that the Tuileries were in possession of the mob. Colonel Hunter, our Consul at Cowes, whose daughters were at school in Paris, hastened to their protection. No other American being at hand to perform his functions, he requested the present writer, then residing at Ryde, to act as Vice-Consul during his absence. The day after his departure, while I was on a visit to Admiral Locke, then at Portsmouth, two officers came to announce the arrival of the fugitive king, Charles X., and his family, on the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll*, American packet-ships, attended by a French frigate, corvette, and yacht. As they were under the American flag, and time was needed to arrange with the British Cabinet certain preliminaries supposed to be necessary, it was obviously the duty of the only American Consul in the neighborhood to repair on board. Friendly relations existing between the United States and France, it would have been presumption for him to pass judgment upon the merits of the controversy which had driven the aged king into exile. The warm acknowledgments with which proffers of service were received proved how sincerely they were appreciated. In the king's situation it would have been surprising if some sensibility had not been testified at any well-intended courtesy. The whole group around him entered with alacrity into consideration of different propositions that were made for their reception on shore. The consulate at Cowes, a large and well-furnished establishment, was offered for their accommodation, no doubt being entertained, and very justly, that such an arrangement would have been proposed by Colonel Hunter if present.

The king decided it was best for himself to remain aboard, as also for the Duke d'Angoulême, but requested that apartments might be procured for

the ladies and children at the hotel at Cowes, their disembarkation at which place was not so likely to attract attention as at Portsmouth. General Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, who had commanded the royal forces during the three days, was to proceed to London to confer with the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister. It was desirable that his baggage should pass the customs without delay. As it was thought this could be best effected through the consulate, it was so arranged.

Preparations were made forthwith at the hotel for the reception of the family the next day. The landlord consented to remove some partitions, that the dining-room assigned for their use might be made sufficiently spacious, several officials of the late court being in attendance. The Duchess d'Angoulême had mentioned in conversation, that, among other friends in England who had been intimate at the Tuileries, was the Marquis of Anglesey, a member of the Cabinet, who was then governor of the Isle of Wight, and residing at the castle at Cowes. She expressed a wish that he might be unofficially and confidentially apprised of their arrival, as she did not wish that any crowd should be attracted to the landing when they disembarked. It chanced that, when the first arrangements were completed at the hotel, it was towards ten o'clock, — in that latitude and season not quite so late in the evening as farther south. The circumstances warranting some disregard of conventional usage, it seemed best not to defer communicating with the governor. The Marquis had retired indisposed, but being ushered into the library to write him a note, intimation was given me that his son was passing through the hall. As it was important that the posture of affairs should be fully explained, an interview with him was requested upon a matter of some urgency. The reply was that he did not know me, and that the communication should be made through the servant. Displeased at an apparent discourtesy, I returned for answer

that the visit was to inform his father of a circumstance in which it was believed he would take an interest, but which he would probably learn soon enough in the morning.

Early the next day I went to find the collector of the port, still at his slumbers, some little distance from the town. Permission was obtained from him to expedite Marmont to London, where upon his arrival he was with some difficulty extricated from the clutches of a mob by the Duke of Wellington, who took him into Apsley House. On my return from the collector one of the consular clerks announced that they had been aroused at night by a messenger from the governor, his family having been alarmed in consequence of the visit the evening before. They were apprehending some attack by the Chartists on the castle, which not long before had been threatened; and imagining I had come to warn them of some pressing danger, his son and servants had been despatched to ascertain the purport of my intended communication.

After receiving on shore the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Duchess of Berri and her children, the Duke of Bourdeaux and his sister, later Duchess of Modena, and seeing them established in their apartments, it seemed due to the official position of the Marquis, his age, and well-earned celebrity, to acquaint him with what had occurred. He sent down at once to request that his visitor would come up to his dressing-room, where he was seated with his wooden leg — the substitute of the limb lost at Waterloo — under the table. He was very polite, excusing himself for continuing his task of shaving, in which I had interrupted him, as his complaint, the *tic douloureux*, to which he was subject, might return and prevent him from completing it, if this interval of relief were not improved. He confirmed what the Duchess had said of his intimacy at the palace, and expressed his willingness to do what he could for the royal exiles, but said that, as a member of

the Cabinet and governor at Cowes, he must await the action of the Duke of Wellington. He promised, nevertheless, to do what was in his power, though that was not much. When his inquiry as to what was intended for their occupation during their stay had been answered, he requested to be daily informed of what was done. As no allusion was made to the message which had given offence, this last request seemed more than could be reasonably complied with. The Marquis called soon after upon the ladies at the hotel; left flowers with his compliments, but did not ask to be admitted. Some days later his son called at the consulate, at his father's request, "to do away the impression left by his message," which visit was duly returned. A general sense of uneasiness and insecurity prevailed throughout England at the time, in consequence of the menacing attitude of the reformers, who it was thought might seek occasion in the disturbances in France to create commotion. This may in a measure explain the policy of the British Cabinet in avoiding any marked attention to the exiles.

The same day that the party came ashore the Duchess of Berri intimated a desire to exchange the napoleons brought from Paris for English gold. They had been received from the Bank of France, in a rough box, which she opened after securing the door of her apartment. When they were counted, their value, about three thousand pounds, was procured for her in sovereigns.

In consequence possibly of the feeling alluded to, delays attended the arrangements for the formal reception of the king, and nine days elapsed before it took place. Meanwhile daily excursions for health and exercise were contrived to the many interesting localities of the island. The party was sufficiently numerous to fill two carriages, the young Duke usually driving in a pony phaeton, the gentlemen in attendance and myself — then rather unexpectedly called upon to do the

honors for the Stars and Stripes—in the saddle.

Carisbrooke Castle was too famous as a picturesque relic of the past, as well as from historical association, not to be known to them. As the place of imprisonment for Charles I., just before his execution, it was likely to awaken mournful memories in the mind of the Duchess d'Angoulême, whose father, Louis XVI., had met the same fate at the hands of his subjects. But when she manifested an inclination to go there, it seemed best not to interpose any obstacle. As we stood together in the ruined chamber where Charles had been confined, the Duchess showed great agitation. Regret was expressed that we had come, and an attempt made to draw her away. Conquering her emotion with much effort, she said the place could not but painfully remind her of the misfortunes of her family.

With much natural sensitiveness, quickened by recent events, she could not hear music without tears, and pains were taken, whenever politeness permitted, to stop the bands which as a mark of respect had been introduced at different places that we visited. Although endeavoring not to attract more attention than could be avoided, towards the close of their sojourn on the island several of the prominent residents testified much sympathy for their distinguished visitors, and would have gladly extended to them civilities had any encouragement been given.

The Duchess d'Angoulême had frequently manifested a wish to go to my cottage at Ryde to see my children. As their mother was not able to receive her, the youngest child being but a few weeks old, such advances were met as simple expressions of civility, in acknowledgment of my evident wish to make their days pass agreeably. But when one day intimation was given by one of the party that there was a settled purpose that day to let me know how much they would be pleased to see my family, nothing was left but to make preparation. A boat was

despatched to give notice of what was to be expected, and to carry such refreshments as might be needed. As we were proceeding in the direction of Ryde, the carriages came to a halt, and when I rode up to that in which the Duchess d'Angoulême was driving she asked me if I had any objections to her going to see my children; adding that if I felt any hesitation on account of their mother, she would not ask for her. Of course the only reply was that I should feel much honored by the visit, and would lead the way.

Due preparation had been made in pursuance of the order sent, and a table laden with fruit and flowers stood ready for their entertainment. As Charles X. had abdicated in favor of his grandson, the young Duke was invariably addressed as "Monseigneur." With our republican notions, it may seem strange to us that this child of ten years was treated even by his mother with marked deference. He was required to take precedence of all present, being first served, and while he partook of his fruit the rest stood aside. He was considered, in virtue of the abdication, as their king, if not king of France, and established etiquette forbade that any one should eat before him. When he had finished his repast he went into the garden, and the rest of the party were permitted to refresh themselves after their drive.

When we returned to the drawing-rooms, the children were brought in, the boys in petticoats, the infant in arms. The Duke went up to one of the boys, since a tall West-Pointer and victim of the war, and placed his arm upon his shoulder. The child, somewhat belligerent, repulsed his caress by boxing his ears. When something was said in extenuation of so rude a procedure, the Duchess, with true French politeness, took the child on her lap, and, calling the Duke to admire him, soon restored peace.

Meeting, the morning after the visit, the Duchess on the street quite early, she told me she had just been carrying to the consulate a baby-house for my

daughter, the child in arms. It was a handsome toy, and was carefully preserved for a dozen years, but, with nearly as many boys and girls in the family, it finally came to grief. I am not so great an admirer of rank as to be easily dazzled by it, but I feel it is due to the character of one who bore her trials nobly to bear witness to the excellent traits the Duchess daily exhibited. It would be out of place to dwell on the many interesting conversations held both with her and her companions, and after so great a lapse of time only dimly remembered; grateful for those attentions it was my official duty to render, they all conversed with me, without reserve, on what chiefly engaged their attention in their own situation as well as on other topics. However much our social ideas were modified by our free institutions, it was pleasant for us to see the unabated devotion of those who, having shared the prosperity of the royal family, never permitted them to realize their changed condition by any want of zeal or respect.

As the king had chosen to remain in an American ship and under the protection of its flag, and had suggested that a daily visit, when convenient, would be acceptable, this was made a rule. Each day at noon he was glad to hear of the party ashore, taking an interest in their occupations as well as in what was transpiring of a public nature.

These visits apparently afforded him much satisfaction. Indeed, in a life so monotonous, any interruption was a diversion. He always gave me a cordial greeting and conversed pleasantly and without formality on whatever subject was started. The brilliant Count d'Artois, fifty years earlier the ornament of the court of his brother, had led a life of vicissitudes calculated to sadden the gayest nature. He had been but six years on the throne when called upon to leave it; he was now aged, and under afflictions that might have crushed the stoutest heart. Though grave and dignified, he had lost little of the

refinement and grace which distinguished his earlier years. He was gentle and kindly, more thoughtful of others than himself. His manner had an indescribable charm, partly from the politeness of his nation and growing out of the obligations imposed by his position as a king, but probably in some measure the product of a life which had had its share of the blessed influences of adversity.

It was gratifying to receive his warm acknowledgments for such service as it had been in my power to render. On one occasion, as the boat was ready for shore, coming to the gangway he told me with much earnestness, in English, — in which, from his want of familiarity, he did not generally care to trust himself, — that he had heard from his family how well I understood the ladies, and that he thanked me. The Duke d'Angoulême, standing by, said his father had spoken to me in my own language, that it might be the greater compliment, and hoped that I should so consider it. It was natural to reply, that it had given me much pleasure to be useful, and I had done no more than my country would consider my duty, since they had been pleased to find a home under our flag.

As the time drew near for his departure for Lullworth Castle, his new abode, an entertainment was given me by the king on board the ship, at which his son presided. Polite speeches were made, highly complimentary to the United States. Reference was frequent to the friendly relations that had so long subsisted between the two countries, and to the exiles' grateful sense of the kindness shown them in their necessity. It is superfluous to say that, in reply, I did not forget to speak of the aid extended to America in its struggle for independence, or to say that, in remembering the unhappy crisis from which Louis XVI. so generously had extricated us, to make any return was a privilege. Americans have too much experience in speech-making at home to be wanting on such occasions. It did not matter much, however, in the

friendly disposition that prevailed, what was said. It was an occasion of enjoyment to all, especially to the hosts, whose opportunities for hilarity or social intercourse were rare.

A day or two later a steamer brought the Duke of Wellington to accompany Charles X. to Lullworth. He had not seen the children since they left the ship, and the meeting was evidently one of much genuine delight, both to him and to them. As they were taking their departure, the Duke of Bordeaux, having been probably instructed to do so, in a manner quite commendable in a child of ten years of age, made me a little speech of his own. After expressing his acknowledgments to the country for its protection to himself and his family, and his gratitude for my personal attention, he prayed at the close that, whatever might be his condition in life, whether high or low, I would not fail to make myself known to him.

In following out the dictates of my own judgment in the peculiar circumstances in which chance had placed me, care was taken not to subject Mr. McLane to any responsibility. The privilege of being attached to his legation, which he had kindly allowed me, was promptly surrendered, so as not to embarrass him. He was kept informed of what was done. The interruption of the mail, in consequence of the disturbances, prevented much intercourse with Colonel Hunter, to whom was regularly despatched the report of my proceedings as his representative. But he, as well as the Minister, expressed himself entirely contented; and when he returned, he gave his hearty approval to all that had been done. I was constantly in correspondence also with Mr. Bates, of the house of Baring, who added to his approbation and encouragement cordial congratulations upon my good fortune in having this favorable opportunity of witnessing what, if a very sad, was still a most interesting incident of that memorable history.

Hostile as we naturally are in this country to political or social distinctions

which have survived the condition that produced them,—as great a disadvantage to the few who possess as to the rest who do not,—they exist elsewhere beyond our reach or power to disturb. There seems reason to believe they are losing their prestige and hold in all civilized countries, and it is almost safe to hazard the prediction that in half a century they will be as much a matter of the past as predial servitude. But however just our jealousy against a system differing from that of our own adoption and preference, interest in what concerns monarchs, throned or dethroned, will long continue to hold sway, and it would be affectation even for an American not to value the chance of helping royalty in distress, or to profess indifference to the minute details which form part of so great catastrophes.

Sixteen years later I was again in England, but this time alone. Numerous acquaintances and friends of my former visits, besides many more well known at home, now found abroad, made every moment devoted to society agreeable. Lord Morpeth, our Minister, and many persons of scientific celebrity, were untiring in attention. At one house, where it had been an especial privilege for me to be intimate whenever in London, Louis Napoleon was also a frequent and favored guest. Boulogne and Strasburg, his somewhat Quixotic efforts to overthrow the government of France with means altogether inadequate, had been forgotten in the good sense and ability of his various publications, in his agreeable conversation and prepossessing traits. He was justly popular in the circles in which he was moving, many persons of the highest standing, who would not have been attracted towards him had he not possessed sterling qualities, holding him high in their regard.

Meeting him frequently at the same table, various topics of mutual interest drew us together. He had been, in America, acquainted with persons nearly allied to me, and this fact and the incidents already related, connected

with his kinsfolk in Italy in 1824, and with the royal family of France six years later, naturally afforded much subject for discourse. No one could then, or can now, justly deny Louis Napoleon credit for great ability. His information was extensive and exact. His natural endowments, carefully developed by early training, had been ripened and strengthened by the study and meditations of his six years' imprisonment. It seems difficult to believe he should have escaped from Ham without the connivance of the French government. The circumstances attending both his escape and detention, which he related to me, are too well known for repetition here; but it was easy to see that his confinement, in its effect upon his mind and disposition, had been a blessing in disguise.

Upon these topics, and numberless others of equal interest, we discoursed when brought into companionship. We occasionally traversed together the London streets or visited the theatres, frequent opportunities being offered and improved for long and instructive conversation. The brilliant ladies whom I had known so well in Rome he spoke of as his favorite cousins; and whenever the great Emperor was the topic, his eye kindled and his animation indicated the pleasure it gave him. His earlier aspirations, his works on military science, the pains he took when first upon the throne in organizing the armies that gained Solferino and Magenta, all prove how gladly he would have emulated his uncle in the field, if his military training had been complete.

It was his especial delight to converse on political questions, and the fulness of his information and the broad and philosophic views which he took of them, showed how much they had engaged his attention. He was then, in faith and principle with regard to France, a republican, expressing his confidence in the capabilities of the people to govern themselves. One day in alluding to the opinions expressed by the Duchess d'Angoulême, — for

whose judgment and good sense he professed much respect, as did also, as is well known, the elder Napoleon, — that the French required a strong government, he combated the idea as doing injustice to a noble and generous people, who had not had a fair chance to try the experiment of free institutions. He avowed his belief that in process of time they would become capable of a large degree of political liberty, and that no government could be strong and enduring that did not rest on their consent, and which did not conciliate their affection.

Louis Napoleon was then in the prime and vigor of manhood, his mind fully matured by study and observation, his manners highly polished and agreeable. As there was no reason then to anticipate the marvellous career the outset of which he was rapidly nearing, the impression he made on his friends could not have been prejudiced by even the possibilities of his subsequent elevation. If his good sense and cleverness inspired respect, it was his amiability and generosity of character that won regard.

However much he may have shaped his opinions on those of his uncle, he certainly was not, like him, a fatalist, or believer in destiny. He had an enlightened trust in Providence, and the way in which he alluded to serious subjects proved he was very far from being indifferent to such considerations. There is a feeling that few Frenchmen care much about any world but this, and that Napoleon never looks beyond it. Human nature is much the same everywhere, and the possession of faith depends much upon individual character. It was evident enough, from the tenor of his remarks on other subjects, that he was neither infidel nor scoffer.

Nothing in his words or conduct betrayed any aspirations beyond his actual position. He had been too far sobered by disappointments to indulge in extravagant delusions or impracticable dreams. He did not fail to perceive the growing disaffection in France towards Louis Philippe, who reigned

without glory, and without that zeal in promoting alike the internal prosperity and external influence of France, which the French people require of their rulers. Communism was spreading secret and infectious detestation of arbitrary power throughout the land; and though the last agony of legitimacy was a simple quarrel about political banquets, the throne of the barricades had been completely undermined, and left without affection or respect to support it. Louis Philippe, an exemplary and most respectable character, was forced in his old age to flee in disgrace under a feigned name from the wrath of his fickle countrymen, who had received him from the hands of Lafayette as the royal apostle of liberty and of the best of republics. It cannot be denied that it was the wisest choice in the existing conjuncture, for Europe was not inclined to tolerate in France either a radical or aggressive government. But under the influences of the palace and of old tradition, the salutary lessons he had given and received in America faded out, and he, too, was a fugitive.

It would have been better for his peace had he left the dry bones of Napoleon in their island sepulchre. The old fondness was not dead, but slumbered. It needed but a spark to rekindle glorious associations that clustered around the memory of the idolized Emperor. The Red Republic was made heroic by the genius of Lamartine, but the workshops proved agrarianism and social order incompatible. That bubble burst, and no alternative was presented but the constitutional government which a single day in February, 1851, transformed into the Second Empire.

If alive to indications of coming change, Louis Napoleon, in 1847, was identified with no party or intrigue to bring it about. His pursuits were social, among the refined and educated, and if he had any of the defects of his nation, they were studiously kept out of sight. It was not long before the overthrow of Louis Philippe that he

wrote to request me to come and see him in his apartment. Some reference to his uncle suggested the act, and now, avoiding all appearance of display, he took from a wardrobe a gray coat, believed to have been that last worn by the Emperor at St. Helena, his sword, chapeau, boots, and spurs. Placing them on the sofa, he said: "Some day, my friend, you may remember that I have shown you what you see I take pleasure in showing, knowing also that you respect the memory of one I loved so much." Public opinion, apt to be dastard, is now (October, 1870) setting strongly against him in his adversity, and these little incidents, which exhibit an amiable disposition, may serve to lessen in candid minds the growing prejudice. The personal popularity which constituted him the choice of the French people needs no explanation with any one familiar with much that was kindly in his nature.

After the establishment of the provisional government, his application to Lamartine for leave to enter France was refused. But when he had been chosen with triumphant majorities by two separate constituencies to the Chamber, and the influence of Lamartine was on the wane, he passed the frontier without being recognized and took his seat. His election as head of the French Republic followed.

The day that the messages from Lamartine reached London I met him looking ill and dejected. Without any attempt on my part to question its cause, he discovered easily my ready sympathy with his depression, and seemed peculiarly grateful. He invited me to go with him to purchase a horse, and we sauntered along to a fashionable stable near Regent Street. His manner was especially friendly and confiding. He was, and still is, an admirable horseman, bearing himself in the saddle, as in society, with much grace and elegance. Having also some knowledge of horses, it chanced, when several were brought out, I praised that which he himself had selected, and it was bought.

Though evidently possessed with the idea that the future promised him a fitting field for his aspirations, no expression ever betrayed overweening conceit of his own importance. Certainly he never would have gained ascendancy over the hearts of the French people had he not traits which compel respect as well as affection. When, by the Revolution of 1848, the way was opened for his return to France and to its chief magistracy, it seems reasonable to believe he intended fair by its liberties. Controlled by the course of events when the alternative was presented of his overthrow or that of his enemies, he acted with vigor for his own preservation certainly as a motive, but also, it may be, from conviction that the course he was taking was best for the country. It is impossible to say what might have been had he been sent back into exile; I believe that for nearly a quarter of a century he proved himself one of the best monarchs France has ever had.

He never lost sight of his obligations to promote the material welfare of France by developing its industry, improving its means of communication, embellishing its cities, improving the public health, insuring justice. His foreign policies secured for France, until within a year, an honorable place among nations at little cost of blood or treas-

ure, and the recent plebiscite proved that his popularity was undiminished. It must of course be admitted that his persistency, after the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern prince as a candidate for the Spanish throne, in exacting guaranties compromising the dignity of King William, was a political blunder, but the odium of the present war rests not so much upon him as upon his Ministers and the excitable temper of the French people.

Certainly in one respect Louis Napoleon deserves especial commendation. In the days of his prosperity he was never unmindful of his obligations to those who had earlier befriended him; he was never disloyal to any claim from former intimacy. When in Paris in 1851, just before the *coup d'état*, I accompanied our Minister to his reception, and his cordial greeting and immediate reference to our pleasant intercourse in London was followed up by a disposition to renew it. Engagements which took me away from Paris prevented me from availing myself of his advances. Neither the *coup d'état* nor the present war, so far as he brought it about, are grounds for admiration; but whoever feels inclined to condemn him should bear in mind what he has done for his country, and, if the conclusion is to his disadvantage, some little allowance must be made for circumstances beyond his control.

J. A.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER VIII.

LET us skip on to Hartland, ahead of Mr. Frank McAlister, and see what immediate chance he has for putting an end to the family feud.

Is there any possible reader of this story, who does not know what a church fair is? The Presbyterian church of

Hartland has no steeple, except a little, undignified, rusty-white bob of a belfry, which puts irreverent people in mind of a wart, or a baby's nose, or a docked puppy-dog's tail. After having slumbered for years over the pointless state of their tabernacle, the members of the congregation have suddenly awakened to a sense of the absurdity

of its appearance, and have resolved (as one old farmer expressed it) to grow a steeple. Every one of them has built imaginary spires in his soul, and has perhaps tumbled out of them in dreams. The result of all this longing is a church fair in the court-house.

The court-house is not only the *palais de justice* and the *hôtel de ville* of a Southern shire town, but is also its political club-room, its theatre, opera, lecture-hall, and coliseum. In it the party leaders shout, "Fellow-citizens, we have arrived at a national crisis," with other words to that effect. In it the scientific or historic or theologic gentlemen, who have been "invited" by the village lyceum, wipe their spectacles, look at their manuscripts, and begin, "Ladies and gentlemen of Hartland," or whatever the place may be. In it the musical concerts, tableaux vivants and charades of native talent unfold their enchantments. In it strolling actors, nigger or other minstrels, black-art magicians and exhibitors of panoramas, make enough to pay their hotel bills and get on to the next town. In short, the court-house is the academe of all exceptional instruction and amusement.

On the ground that the pews of the church will not give free circulation to the business of a fair, and on the further ground that the prosperity of every religious body is intimately connected with the public good, that crafty and potent seigneur, Judge McAlister, has secured the court-room gratis for the use of his society, notwithstanding much dumb jealousy on the part of Methodists, Baptists, etc. The greasy wooden seats have been "toted off"; the tobacco-stained floor has been scrubbed into a speckled cleanliness; there are plenty of gayly decked tables, with pretty girls smiling over them; there are alcoves of greenery, glowing with other pretty girls; the walls are fine with flowers, drapery, and festooned paper: it is a very lively and very pleasant spectacle. The squeezing, buying, prattling, laughing, and staring crowd enjoys the scene heartily. A

decent and civil crowd it is, although far from being purely aristocratic, for it exhibits many plain people, many unfashionable garments and some homespun ones. No negroes, barring a few as attendants: the slave population is to have an evening by itself; then there will be goggling wonder and roaring laughter.

Even now there is plenty of noisy amusement, for the *Howling Gyascutus* is on exhibition, and what a funny beast it is!

"The howling gyascutus, ladies and gentlemen!" calls one of the junior managers from a stage at the upper end of the hall,—"the howling gyascutus!" he proclaims, leading out what seems to be a hairy quadruped, with very thick and long hind legs and very short fore ones. "I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to be the first to exhibit to the human race this remarkable animal. The howling gyascutus is the wonder of the age,—at least for the present occasion. He humps himself up to the dizziest summits of the persimmon-tree, and devours green persimmons by the peck without puckering,—a feat accomplished by no other living creature. He has been known to eat a pickaninny from wool to heel, as if he were a card of gingerbread. His strength is supposed to be equal to that of Samson, and he would pull down a temple of Dagon if he could find one, which he cannot in this virtuous community. His howl is the envy of auctioneers, deputy sheriffs, and congressmen." (Here the nondescript roars in a manner which may be described as nothing less than human.) "It is not recorded that any other specimen of the breed has ever been captured. It is not believed that this one could have been overcome and brought here, but for his lurking desire to look at the beautiful ladies whom I see before me." (Loud applause from the dandies of Hartland, every one glancing at his particular Dulcinea.) "Such is the force of the howling gyascutus that he defies the unassisted power of the human biceps and other

more unnamable muscles. If I should let him loose, you would see this magnificent court-house" ("Hi! hi!" from the bigger boys, appreciating the irony of the adjective) "disappear in his jaws like the bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim and break on the lips they're meeting. There would be a scene of destruction which the past cannot parallel, and which the future would look upon with a palpitation of the heart and other sentimental organs. I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that, notwithstanding this enchanted chain and other favorable influences too numerous to be mentioned, it takes all my strength to hold him."

Here of course the gyascutus went into a paroxysm. He ran at the shins of his keeper; he stood five feet eight in his boots, and pawed the kerosene-lit air; he howled in his manly fashion until the blood of small boys curdled with horror. A terrible nondescript; long gray fur, such as one sees in travelling-rugs; a head wonderfully like that of a stuffed bear; the tail of an alligator. After much roaring and clanking, and a good deal more of speechifying from his exhibitor, he was led away behind a green cambric curtain, followed by laughter, stamping, and clapping.

A little later, Wallace McAlister, next oldest of the breed to Frank, strolled out from unknown recesses, his pleasant, plain face unusually flushed and his prematurely bald crown damp with perspiration.

"O Wally!" laughed his sister Mary, beckoning him to her alcove. "How could you make such a guy of yourself! But really, it *was* funny."

"Just to get it done," said Wallace, — a good-natured reason, which was quite characteristic of him. "Everybody else afraid of being undignified. But, after I had volunteered to be gyascutus," he added, looking a little disgusted, "the fools put in Bent Armitage as keeper. I didn't know who was holding the chain till it was too late."

"Was n't it stupid in them!" murmured Mary. "But never mind."

It must be understood that Bentley Armitage was a connection of the Beaumonts, and so not entirely to the taste of the McAlisters.

"Somebody had to be gyascutus and start the thing," continued Wallace, apologizing for himself. "A fellow must do something to get the fair along."

"O, it's very well," nodded Mary, cheerfully. "You howled to perfection. Now go and buy something. Do buy something of Jenny Devine, — won't you?"

Mary's eyes were very appealing. Jenny Devine was her friend, her pet, her wonder. It was odd, too, or rather it was not at all odd, for Mary was quiet and very good, while Jenny was rather hoydenish and over-coquettish. There she was, peeping out of an alcove of hemlock a few steps farther on, a dangerous-looking fairy, rather of the brunette order, sparkling with black eyes, glistening with white teeth, and one shoulder poked high out of her dress for a temptation.

"What does Jenny Devine want of *me*?" mumbled modest Wallace. "A bald old fellow like me!"

"You are *not* old," whispered Mary, coloring with sympathy for his mortification as he alluded to his defect. "Do go!"

For Mary wanted to bring about a match between this brother whom she loved and Jenny Devine whom she also loved.

"Stop! don't go now," she hastily added. "Vincent Beaumont is talking to her."

"Oh!" returned Wallace, casting a sidelong glance, rather watchful than hostile, toward the representative of the inimical race.

It may as well be explained here that at this period the men of the rival houses did speak to each other when they met by chance in society, but that they met as little as possible and their speaking was of the briefest description. As for their respective women

folks, no communication ever passed between them.

Until Vincent Beaumont goes his way, and Wallace can find a chance to drop into the toils of Jenny Devine, let us amuse and instruct ourselves by studying Judge Donald McAlister. How bland and benignant this mighty personage looks as he paces grandly from table to table, and says a few no doubt fitting words to every lady, not to mention intermediate hand-shakings with every male creature ! He a fighter of duels, a champion of a family feud, an obstacle to the millennium of peace ! Why, bless you, he is obviously one solid chunk of goodness ; his philanthropy shines out of his large face like a Drummond light out of the lantern of a lighthouse ; his very accessories, as, for instance, his scratch and spectacles, beam amity. One would say, after taking a cursory glance at him, that here is an incarnation of the words, "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

His very figure has outlines which seem to radiate promises of tranquillity and mercy. It is not that he is corpulent, for although he weighs at least two hundred, he is so tall that he carries his avoirdupois well. But get behind him ; notice the feminine slope of his shoulders ; survey the womanly breadth of his hips. Is that a form, lofty and vigorous as it is, which one couples with the idea of pugnacity ? It is the build, not of a gladiator, but of a "gentle giant," and that too of the female order. Even his walk is matronly ; the great "second joints" wheeling slowly and with dignity ; the large knees almost touching as they pass each other ; the deliberate feet pointing tranquilly outwards ; the coat-tails swinging like petticoats. Not that the Judge is ludicrous, unless it be to very light-minded persons, such as would "speak disrespectfully of the equator." He is not, — it must be emphatically repeated, — he is not fat nor clumsy. He simply has the form which is most common to tall men who have developed into a certain measure of portliness.

It is proper to state that he looks

more bland than usual. His wife has managed the fair successfully, and he sympathizes with her satisfaction. His only daughter is looking her best amid the evergreens of her alcove, and Heaven has not been chary to him of the pride and love of a father. Furthermore (very characteristic, this) he has carefully calculated what the fair will cost him, and finds it barely one half of what he would have been expected to pay, had the expense of the steeple been raised by subscription. Finally, it is his ancient, deliberate, and judicious custom to look especially benignant upon public occasions.

But the Judge must not at this time be described fully. If we should attempt to do him justice, he would betray us into great lengths. An exhaustive study of him would fill a bigger volume than the pyramid of Cheops. We must let this monument go ; we must open the door for him as he swings out of the court-room ; we must turn to more manageable personages.

"Great is avoirdupois," said Vincent Beaumont to Jenny Devine, as he watched the departure of the somewhat ponderous senior.

"What do you mean ?" asked the young lady, suspecting one of Vincent's sarcasms and not willing to lose the full flavor of it.

"Character goes by weight. Every large man gets a certain amount of reverence which doesn't fairly belong to him. There is the Judge, for instance. Just because he is an inch or so over six feet, and exhibits the outlines of an elephant when he stoops to pick up his hat, even I feel inclined to fall into his wake."

"He is a much finer man than you think," said Miss Jenny, one of those young ladies who rule by pertness.

"Thank Heaven !"

"And he is a much older man than you."

"Thank Heaven again !"

"What do you mean ?"

"There is a chance that he won't last my time."

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Mr. Beaumont?"

It was a common phrase with Jenny, and she meant almost nothing by it. In reality Vincent's sub-acid prattle gave her vast amusement and pleasure. Sarcasm was the young man's strong point in conversation, causing a few to admire him immensely and a great many to dislike him. A born trait in him, the legacy perhaps of his French ancestors, he had greatly increased his proficiency in it by familiarity with a certain chaffing French society, for he had studied medicine in Paris. A doctor, by the way, he would not be called, for he had cut the profession immediately on returning home, and never prescribed unless for one of his father's negroes.

"And there is our downy friend, the gyascutus," he continued, glancing with a scornful languor at Wallace McAlister. "As he weighs fifty pounds less than his father, I suppose I may say a word about him."

"You may praise him as much as you like," said Jenny, an audacious coquette, who liked to play off one man against another.

Vincent was annoyed; not that he cared about Jenny Devine, but that he wanted her to care about him; for he too was a flirt, and a flintily selfish one. He could scarce forbear turning his satire upon the girl herself.

"I mean to praise him," he replied. "His humility in playing gyascutus deserves eulogium. And that he should accept my relative—the relative of a Beaumont, remember—for his keeper! I can't imagine a more graceful and delicate advance towards a reconciliation of the families. I should like to pat him on the head, as one does a fuzzy-crowned baby. Do you think he would let me?"

All this was nuts to Jenny, amused by the satire and delighted with the jealousy. Not a bad-hearted girl, but a decidedly mischievous one; something of the pet monkey in her brilliant composition; fond of making a sensation and of being a torment. Resolving

on a great blow for notoriety, she poked up one of her bare shoulders with a saucy air of power which a more experienced belle would not have ventured, and throwing out a rosy hand authoritatively, beckoned Wallace to come to her. What a triumph it would be if she could make a Beaumont and a McAlister stand side by side before her table and meekly play the rivals! No other girl in Hartland District had ever attempted such a feat.

The unwilling but fascinated Wallace approached. Vincent, anxious to avoid the meeting, was held fast by an idea that it would be ridiculous to go. It was like the nearing of two ships of war, each of whom is a stranger to the other's purpose, and is therefore silently clearing for action. Persons in the crowd looked on with anxious surprise; querying whether the young men were about to draw pistols, or whether the millennium were at hand.

"Mr. Beaumont—Mr. McAlister," said the triumphant, reckless, dangerous Miss Jenny.

The two men bowed; no quarrelling before ladies: they were as courteous as if they were friends.

"I want you two to bid against each other for this pair of gloves," said the mischief-maker. Then a thought of the trouble that such a contest might cause dropped into her giddy head, and she hastily added, "The bidding is not to go above ten dollars."

"I bid ten dollars at once," calmly remarked Vincent, looking Jenny gravely in the face.

"So do I," said Wallace, his loose blue eyes wandering in a troubled way, for he thought all of a sudden that the girl might make a bad wife.

"Here, take each one," returned Jenny. "Five dollars apiece."

There was a moment of hesitation during which each man queried whether he were not bound to demand the pair. Then Wallace's good-nature put down his irritated sense of honor, and handing Jenny a five-dollar piece, he took a single glove. Vincent did the same, thrust his glove petulantly into a pocket,

bowed in silence to the lady, and turned to go.

"Wait, Mr. Beaumont," called Jenny, who saw the eyes of fifty women fixed on her triumph, and was not willing to let it end so abruptly. "Trading is over, and we are about to talk. Both you gentlemen love to talk dearly. So do I. Let us have a delightful time of it. Mr. Beaumont, we are very much obliged to you for coming here. Considering that you are an Episcopalian, and don't believe that our church is a church, your conduct is very liberal, and we ought to thank you. Don't you think so, Mr. McAlister?"

"I do indeed," assented the much-enduring Wallace.

He said it to please the lady, but he said it stiffly and dryly, for the situation was not an agreeable one to him. Moreover he did not like the habitual sneer which played around Vincent's flexible mouth. All the Beaumonts were unpleasant to him, and especially this would-be witty mocker.

"I have been exceedingly entertained," returned Vincent, with a slight, Frenchified bow, half a shrug. "Mr. McAlister here has been good enough to be very amusing."

The young man, it must be explained, had conceived an inflammatory suspicion that these two were in combination to put him at a disadvantage, with the purpose of laughing at him after his departure.

Wallace colored at the reference to his undignified exhibition as a gyascutus.

"I had no special intention of troubling you to laugh, Mr. Beaumont," he observed in a rather too positive tone.

"We are often most amusing when we least mean it," was the snaky answer. "I have seen people who never knew how comic they were," added Vincent, his pugnacity rising as he tasted first blood.

Wallace, who was not quick at repartee (unless thinking of a retort next day can be called quick), simply stared his indignation. Jenny Devine saw that there was a quarrel, and rushed in

with some of her girlish prattle, hoping to make things pleasant again. But the mischief was done; the smouldering fire of the old feud had been blown to a flame; the two young men were in a state of mind to shoot each other. Jenny saw so much of the ill-humor, and was so far alarmed by it, that when Vincent again bowed himself away she did not detain him. She now talked to Wallace, with the intention of keeping him from following the other. But he was moody; could not answer her, and hardly heard her; and at last, in a girlish pet, she let him go.

Knowing that he had been satirized, and feeling that he had been insulted, Wallace watched Vincent until he left the hall and then hastened after him.

"Mr. Beaumont," he called, when they were both in the moonlit street.

"Well, sir?" returned Vincent, facing about.

"I don't know exactly how to take what you have said to me," continued Wallace.

"I don't find that I am bound to assist you, sir," was the cool reply.

Wallace's hot temper immediately boiled over; he muttered some indistinct but evidently angry words.

"Perhaps you would be good enough to say something comprehensible," sneered Vincent.

"Yes, sir!" burst out Wallace. "I will be kind enough to say that I consider your style of innuendo not gentlemanly. Do you hear me, sir? Not gentlemanly!"

"I comprehend perfectly," replied Vincent, in a furious rage at once, but still preserving the clear even tone of his tenor voice. "I will send you my answer."

"Very good," said Wallace, and the two separated without another word, the one mounting his horse and riding away, the other turning to re-enter the court-house.

Meantime Mary McAlister had rushed at Jenny Devine, whispering, "Where is my brother?"

"I don't know," answered the flirt, suddenly very much alarmed, but try-

ing to smile. "He is about somewhere."

"He is n't. What did you make him talk with that Mr. Beaumont for? O Jenny! I thought you were a friend."

Jenny rustled out of her alcove, caught Mary by the arm and hurried her towards the door, saying, "Let us look for him."

On the stairway they met Wallace, slowly ascending. He was very grave, but at sight of them a smile came over his homely, pleasant face, and he said cheerily, "What now? Do you want anything?"

Mary flew to him. "Is there any trouble, Wally?" she whispered. "You know how our mother would feel. O Wally, if there is any trouble, do stop it!"

"All right," laughed Wallace, putting his arm around her waist and helping her up stairs. "It's all right, Molly."

There was dire trouble, of course; but, as he believed, he could not stop it; and that being the case, he would say nothing about it!

CHAPTER IX.

"Hi! — Yah! — Ho! — Mars Peyt! — Gwine ter git up to-day?"

This incantation is heard in the bedroom of the Honorable Peyton Beaumont. It is pronounced by a shining, jolly youngster of a negro, seated on the bare clean pitch-pine floor, his legs curving out before him like compasses, a blacking-brush held up to his mouth for further moistening, and an aristocratic-looking boot drawn over his left hand like a gauntlet. The incantation is responded to by a savage grunt from a long bundle on a tousled bed, out of which bundle peeps a grizzled and ruffled topknot, and some portion of a dark face framed in iron-gray beard and whiskers. After the grunt comes a silence which is followed in turn by a snore so loud and prolonged that it reminds one of the long roll of a drum-corps.

The negro resumes his work, whistling the while in a sort of whisper and bobbing his head in time to the tune. Presently he pauses and takes a look at the bundle of bedclothes. "Ain't gwine ter wake up yit; mighty sleepy dis mornin'." More brushing, whistling, and bobbing. Then another look. "Done gone fas' asleep agin; guess I'll catch 'nother hold." There is a small table near him, with a bottle on it and glasses. Hand goes up; bottle is uncorked; liquor is decanted, very neatly done indeed. More brushing, whistling, and keeping time, just to lull the sleeper. Hand seeks the table once more; glass brought down and emptied; set back in its place; no jingle. Then further brushing, and the job is finished.

His work done, the negro got up with an "O Lordy!" walked to the bedside, dropped the boots with a bang, and shouted, "Hi! Mars Peyt!"

"Clear out!" growled Mars Peyton, and made a lunge with a muscular hand, so hairy that it might remind one of the paw of an animal.

There was a rapid rectification of the frontier on the part of the darky; he retreated towards a doorway which led into what was obviously a dressing-room. At a safe distance from the bed he halted and yelled anew, "Hi! Mars Peyt!"

Mars Peyt disengaged one hand entirely from the bedclothes, seized the top of a boot and slung it at the top of the negro, who dodged grinning through the door just as the projectile banged against it.

"Hi! Yah! Ho! ho, Mars Peyt!" he shouted this time with an intonation of triumph, aware that his toughest morning job was over and pleased at having accomplished it without barking a shin.

"Now den, Mars Peyt, you dress yourself," he continued. "When you's ready, I'll fix you cocktail."

"Fix it now," huskily growled the lord of the manor. "I'm dressing, — confound you!"

Such was the Honorable Peyton

Beaumont ; something like a big, wilful, passionate boy ; such at least he was on many occasions. As for his difficulty in waking up of mornings, we must excuse him on the ground that he slept badly of nights. Went to bed on brandy ; honestly believed he should rest the better for it ; after two hours of travelling or fighting nightmare, woke up ; dull pain and increasing heat in the back of his head ; pillow baking hot, and hot all over ; not another wink till morning. Then came a short, feverish nap ; then this brushing, whistling, shouting Cato ; — who would n't throw boots at him ? But Cato was continued in the office of valet because he was the only negro in the house who had the impudence to bring about a thorough waking, and because Mr. Beaumont was determined to be up at a certain hour. Not the sort of man to let himself be beaten, not even by his own physical necessities.

What was he like when he entered the dressing-room in shirt and trousers, with the streaky redness of soap and water about his sombre face, and plumped heavily into a high-backed oak arm-chair, to receive his cocktail and to be shaved by Cato ? At first glance he might seem to be a clean but very savage buccaneer. It would be easy to imagine such a man grasping at chances for duels and following the scent of a family feud. His broad, dark face, overhung by tousled iron-gray hair and set in a stiff iron-gray beard, had just this one merit, of being regular in outline and feature. Otherwise it was terrible ; it was nothing less than alarming. Paches, the Athenian admiral who massacred the garrison of Notium, might well have had such a countenance. In the bloodshot black eyes (suffused with the yellow of habitual biliousness), in the structure of the Grecian mouth, in the cattish tremblings of the finely turned though hairy nostrils, and in the nervous pointings of the bushy eyebrows, there was an expression of intense pugnacity, as fiery as powder and as long-winded as death.

In fact, he had all sorts of a temper.

It was as sublime as a tiger's and as ridiculous as a monkey's. His body was marked by the scars of duels and rencontres, and the life-blood of more than one human being was crusted on his soul. At the same time he could snap like a cross child, break crockery, and kick chairs. Perhaps we ought partly to excuse his fits of passion on the score of nearly constant and often keen physical suffering. People, in speaking of his temper, said, "Brandy" ; but it was mainly brandy in its secondary forms, — broken sleep, an inflamed alimentary canal, and gout.

Meanwhile he had traits of gentleness which occasionally astonished the people who were afraid of him. While he could fly at his children in sudden furies, he was passionately fond of them, supported them generously, and spoiled them with petting. Barring chance oaths and kicks which were surprised out of him, he was kind to his negroes, fed them liberally, and kept them well clothed. As proud as Lucifer and as domineering as Beelzebub, he could be charmingly courteous to equals and friends.

"How you fine that, Mars Peyt ?" asked Cato, when the cocktail had been hastily clutched and greedily swallowed.

"Devilish thin." Voice, however, the smoother and face blander for it.

"Make you 'nother ?"

"Yes." Mellow growl, not exclusively savage, much like that of a placated tiger.

This comedy, by the way, was played every morning, with a variation Sundays. Mr. Beaumont, having vague religious notions about him, and being willing to make a distinction in days, took three cocktails on the Sabbath, besides lying in bed later.

The shaving commenced ; the patient bristling occasionally, but growing milder ; the operator supple, cautious, and talkative, slowly getting the upper hands.

"Now hold you head still. You jerk that way, an' you'll get a cut. How you s'pose I can shave when you's

slammin' you face round like it was a do'?"

"Cato, I really need another cocktail this morning. Had a precious bad night of it."

"No, you don', now. 'T ain't Sunday to-day. Laws bless you, Mars Peyt, ho ho! you's mos' 'ligious man I knows of, he he! befo' breakfus. You'd jes like t' have Sunday come every day in the week, so's you could have three cocktails. No you don', no sech thing. 'T ain't good for you. There, like to cut you then. Hold you nose roun', *dere*." (Pushing the noble Greek proboscis into place with thumb and finger.) "Now then; shut up you mouf; I'se gwine to lather. Them's um. This yere's fus-rate soap. Makes a reg'lar swamp o' lather."

"Well, hurry up now," growls Mr. Beaumont, a little sore because he can't have his third cocktail. "Don't stand there all day staring at the soap-brush."

"What's Mars Vincent up to this mornin'?" suggests Cato, seeking to lull the rising storm with the oil of gossip.

"What *is* he up to?" demands Peyton Beaumont with a fierce roll of the eyes. As much as to say, If anybody is up to anything without my permission, I'll break his head.

"Flyin' roun' greasin' his pistils an' talkin' softly with Mars Bent Armitage. Don't like the looks of it."

Mr. Beaumont uttered an inarticulate growl and was clearly anxious to have the dressing over. At last he was shaved; his noble beard was combed and his martial hair brushed upward; he rose with a strong grip on the arms of his chair and slipped his arm into his extended coat. He was much improved in appearance from what he had been; he still looked fierce, but not uncouth, nor altogether uncourtly. One might say a gentlemanly Turk, or even a sultan; for there is something patrician in the expression and port of the man.

In his long, columned piazza, whither he went at once to get a breath of the

morning freshness which came in over his whitening cotton-fields, he met his eldest son, Vincent. The young gentleman was sauntering slowly, his hands in the skirt-pockets of his shooting-jacket, a pucker of thoughtfulness on his brow, and the usual satirical smile rubbed out. With dark, regular features, just a bit pugnacious in expression, he resembled his father as a fresh young gamecock resembles an old one tattered by many a conflict.

A pleasant morning greeting was exchanged, the eyes of the parent softening at the sight of his son, and the latter brightening with an air of confidence and cordiality. It was strange to see two such combative creatures look so amiably upon each other. Clearly the family feeling was very strong among the Beaumonts.

Instead of shouting, "What's this about pistols?" as he had meant to do, Mr. Beaumont gently asked, "What's the news, Vincent?"

Then came the story of the previous evening's adventure. It was related to this effect: there had been some ironical sparring between a Beaumont and a McAlister; thereupon the McAlister had said, substantially, "You are no gentleman."

"How came you to go near the clown?" growled Peyton Beaumont, his hairy nostrils twitching and his thick eyebrows charging bayonets.

"He approached *me*, while I was talking to Miss Jenny Devine."

Vincent did not think it the honorable thing to explain that the young lady was much to blame for the unpleasantness.

"The d—n quarrelsome beasts!" snorted Beaumont. "Always picking a fight with our family. Trying to get themselves into decent company that way. It's always been so, ever since they came to this district; always! We had peace before. Why, Vincent, it's the most unprovoked insult that I ever heard of. What had you said? Nothing but what was — was socially allowable — parliamentary. And he to respond with a brutality! No gentle-

man! A Beaumont no gentleman! By heavens, he deserves to be shot on sight, shot at the first street-corner, like a nigger-stealer. He does n't deserve a duel. The code is too good for him."

"That sort of thing won't do now, at least not among our set."

"It did once. It did in my day. You young fellows are getting so d—n fastidious. Well, if it won't do, then—"

Mr. Beaumont took a sudden turn and walked the piazza in grave excitement. When he returned to face the young man, he said with undisguisable anxiety: "Well, my boy! You know the duties of a gentleman. I don't see that I am permitted to interfere."

"I have put things into the hands of Bentley Armitage," added Vincent.

"Very good. Do as well as anybody, seeing his brother isn't here. Come, let us have breakfast."

At the breakfast-table appeared only these two men, and the second son, Poinsett. There was not a white woman in the house, though we must not blame Mr. Beaumont for the deficiency, inasmuch as he had espoused and lost two wives, and had been known to try at least once for a third. His eldest daughter, Nellie, was married to Randolph Armitage, of Brownville District; his only other daughter, Kate, and his sister, Mrs. Chester, were, as we know, in Charleston.

For some minutes Poinsett, a fat, tranquil, pleasantly spoken, and talkative fellow of perhaps twenty-five, bore the expense (as the French say) of the conversation.

"Our feminine population will be home soon, I venture to hope," he said, among other things. "Then, it is to be cheerfully believed, we shall come out of our slough of despond. American men, if you will excuse me for saying so, are as dull and dry as the Devil. They manage matters better in France, and on the Continent generally, and even in England. There, yes, even in England, common prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, the genus

homo is social. Conversation goes on in those countries. I don't say but that we Southerners are ahead of our Northern brethren; but even we bear traces of two hundred years in the forest. We do speak; there is much monologuing, and I perform my share of it; but as for talking, quick interchange of ideas, fair give and take, we are on a par with Cooper's noble savage. Let me hope that I don't wound your patriotism. I admit that I have an immoral lack of prejudices. But I want to know if you don't find life here just a little dull?"

"Why the deuce don't you go to work, then?" burst out Peyton Beaumont. "Here you two fellows are as highly educated as money can make you. You are a lawyer, graduated at Berlin. Vincent is a doctor, graduated at Paris. And yet you do nothing; never either of you had a case; don't want one."

"Ah, work! that is dull too," admitted the smiling, imperturbable Poinsett. "Idleness is dull; but work is duller. I confess that it is a sad fact, and painful to me to consider it. So let us change the subject. Most noble Vincent, you seem to be in the doldrums this morning."

"He has an affair on his hands," muttered the father of the family.

"Ah!" said Poinsett, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, comprehending perfectly that a duel was alluded to.

"Another McAlister impertinence," pursued Mr. Beaumont, and proceeded to tell the story with great savageness.

"Wallace!" exclaimed Poinsett, "I confess that I am the least bit surprised. I thought Wallace an amiable, soporific creature like myself. But the spirit of the breed—the oversoul of the McAlisters—is too much for his individuality. We are drops in a river. I shall fight, too, some day, though I don't at all crave it. Vincent, if I can do anything for you, I am entirely at your service."

Vincent's smile was noticeably satirical. He was disagreeably amused

with Poinsett's coolness over another's duel. And he did not believe that Poinsett could be easily got to fight.

"I suppose that Bent Armitage will do all that is necessary," he said.

"Let us hope that the loading of the pistols will be all that is necessary," replied Poinsett. "Let us hope that Wally will bend his stiff knees, and confess that we march at the head of civilization."

"By heavens, I want him shot," broke in Beaumont the elder. "I can't understand you young fellows, with your soft notions. I belong to the old sort. There used to be shooting in my day. Here is the most unprovoked and brutal outrage that I ever heard of. This beast calls a Beaumont no gentleman. And here you hope there'll be an apology and that end it. I want Vincent to hit him. I want the fellow shelved; I don't care if he's killed; by heavens, I don't."

Mr. Beaumont was in a fit state to break glasses and overturn the table. His black eyes were bloodshot; his bushy eyebrows were dancing and pointing as if they were going through small-sword exercise; there was a dull flame of blood all over his dark cheeks and yellowish mottled forehead. Vincent, the medical graduate of Paris, surveyed his father through half-shut eyes, and thought out the diagnosis, "Temporarily insane." There was no audible response to the senior's good old-fashioned Beaumont burst of rage.

After some minutes of silence, during which Poinsett smilingly poured himself a second cup of coffee (holding that he could do it better than any waiter), the father recovered his composure somewhat, and added gravely: "Of course this is a serious matter. I hope, trust, and believe that Vincent will receive no harm. If he does" (here his eyebrows bristled again), "I shall take the field myself."

"We will see," smiled Poinsett. "My impression is that my turn comes in somewhere."

Here Cato, head waiter as well as valet, put in his oar.

"That's so, Mars Poinsett. We all has our turn, fightin' these yere McAlisters."

"Why, what have you been at, Cato?" asked the young man. "Challenging the Judge? Or pulling the wool of his old mauma?"

"No, sah. Yah, yah. I don't go roun' challengin' white folks; knows my business better. An' when I pulls wool, I pulls he wool. Jes had a tackle yesterday with Matt McAlister, the Judge's ole man that waits on him. Matt he sets out, 'cause he's yaller, an' comes from Virginny, that he's better than we is, we Souf Carliny nig-gahs. So every time I sees him I sasses him. Yesr mornin' I meets him down to the sto' — Mars Bill Wilkins's sto', don' ye know? — kinder lookin' roun' for bar'l o' flour. 'So,' says I, 'Boss,' says I, 'how is things up to your ole shanty?' He's a kinder gray ole fellow, don' ye know? puttin' on airs like he was Noah, an' treatin' everybody like they's childern, rollin' his eyes out o' the corners kinder, an' crossin' his arms jes as the Judge does. So he looked at me, an', says he, 'Boy, who is you?' Says I, 'I'm Cato Beaumont.' So says he, 'I thought it mought be some o' that breedin'.' Says I, 'I was jes happenin' down here to teach you your manners.' So says he, 'Boy, my manners was learned befo' you ever heerd they was sech things.' Then I kinder tripped him, an' he kinder tripped me, an' then I squared off and fatched back, an' says I —"

"Why did n't you hit him?" roared the Hon. Mr. Beaumont, who had been listening with great interest. "What did you say another word for?"

"I was jes gwine to tell you what I said," returned Cato. "But now, 'fore gracious, you done made me forget it. I said a heap to him."

"And so there was n't any fight after all," inferred the smiling Poinsett. "And nobody got hurt. Heaven favors the brave."

"It did n't 'zactly come to a wrastle," confessed Cato. "But I 'specs it

would, for I was gittin' powerful mad : only jes as I was thinkin' o' gwine at him one o' Mars Wilkins's clerks come out, an' says he, 'Boys, don' make so much noise'; an' so I quit."

Beaumont senior gave forth a mild growl of disapprobation, as deeply mellow as the anger of waters in caves of the sea-shore. "Cowardly niggers," was one sound which came from him; and yet, although he despised negroes for being cowardly, he did not blame them for it; he knew that chivalry, prowess, and the like were properly white man's business.

Half an hour after breakfast pistol-shots resounded from an oak grove in rear of the mansion. Vincent was practising; had a board five feet eight inches high planted in the ground; hit the upper part of it with fascinating accuracy. "Getting my hand in," he remarked to his father, when the latter came out to look on; and presently the elder gentleman became interested, and made a few exemplary shots himself. The two men were in the midst of this cheering recreation when Cato came running upon them with frantic gestures and a yell of "Mars Peyt! Stage come! Miss Kate come!"

"What's that, you rascal?" roared Beaumont, his grim face suddenly transformed into the likeness of something half angelic, so honest and pure and fervent was its joy. Plunging a hairy hand into his pocket he drew out a grip of coins, threw them at the negro, and started for the house on a run which knocked him out of his wind in twenty paces. Then he halted, and shouted back, "Vincent, hide those pistols. Cato, if you say a word about this business, I'll skin you."

Then away again, on a plethoric canter, to meet his youngest daughter, his darling.

In the rear piazza of the house a tall and lovely girl rushed into his arms with a cry of, "Father!" to which he responded with a sound which was much like a sob of gladness. There were tears of joy shed by somebody; it was impossible to say whether they

came from Kate's eyes or from her father's; but they were dried between their nestling, caressing cheeks.

"Why, Kate! what a woman you are!" exclaimed Beaumont, holding her back at arm's length to worship her.

Vincent and Poinsett already stood by, waiting their turns for an embrace. It was clear enough that, whatever defects there might be in this Beaumont breed, the lack of family feeling was not one of them.

Meantime Mrs. Chester and Tom were coming through the house, the former chattering steadily in a high, joyful soprano, and the latter roaring his lion-cub content in slangy exclamations.

The scene contrasted with the pistol practise of the oak grove somewhat as paradise contrasts with the inferno.

Of the paradise and the inferno, which is to win?

CHAPTER X.

"WHY did n't you write that you had reached Charleston?" demanded Mr. Beaumont, when the first tornado of greeting had blown over. "I have been very anxious for the last few days," adds this affectionate old gladiator.

"Write? Did write," answered Tom. "Sent off a three-decker of a letter. You'll get it in an hour or so. Came up in the same train with us probably. The mail service is n't worth a curse. But hain't you got your papers? So you don't know anything about the shipwreck? Shipwreck! Yes. Do you think I'd come home in Charleston store-clothes if I had n't been shipwrecked? Trunks and steamer gone to the bottom of What's-his-name's locker."

And then came the story, Mrs. Chester and Tom telling it at once, the former in a steady gush of high soprano, and the latter in boisterous ejaculations. We will pass over this two-horse narrative, and come promptly to the amazement of Mr. Peyton Beau-

mont when he learned that there had been a McAlister on board the *Mersey*, breaking bread daily with his sister and his children.

"What the— Why the—" he commenced and recommenced. Then, like a pistol-shot, "How did he behave himself?"

His eyes began to flame and his phalanxes of eyebrows to bring down their pikes, in suspicion of some insult which he would be called upon to avenge.

"Did n't know him at first," explained Tom. "Did n't find him out till— till I got ashore. Played possum. Incognito."

"Incognito!" trumpeted Mr. Beaumont. "The scoundrel!"

"Incognito!" repeated Vincent and Poinsett, exchanging a look which also said, "The scoundrel!"

Kate flushed deeply; of course she remembered the offer of marriage and the salvation from death: but either she did not think it wise at that moment to speak in the young man's defence, or she could not muster the courage.

"And he dared to make your acquaintance under his incognito!" trumpeted away the senior Beaumont. "I never heard of such infamous trickery, never! It's the most outrageous insult that ever our family was subjected to. By heavens, I am stupefied. I can't believe it. And yet it is so like a McAlister. A mean, sneaking, underhanded lot. Possums! Foxes! Cats!" This last word in a hiss and with a bristling worthy of the most beligerent of old Toms.

"I say," began Tom. Then he turned to the two women. "Now look here. You two ought to tell how the thing went. It'll come best from a lady," explained Tom, who did not think that a male Beaumont ought to be a peace-maker, not at least in a matter of McAlisters.

"It certainly was very singular conduct," twittered Mrs. Chester. "I was excessively indignant when I first discovered the mystery. But—"

"But what?" broke in Beaumont senior. "What the d— dickens are you driving at?"

Kate, who was sitting on a sofa beside her father, slipped her hand around his neck, pulled his rugged cheek toward her and kissed it. She remembered what a pet she had been in her childhood, and she had perceived within the last few minutes that she was a pet still, and she felt now that it was time to begin to use her power. Beaumont fondled her with his mighty arm, and uttered a chastened, not unmelodious growl like that of a panther at the approach of his favorite keeper.

"But the truth is," continued Mrs. Chester, "it is a very strange story, I am aware. It seems incredible, in one of that family. But I really believe the young man had good motives."

The truth further is, that Mrs. Chester had had a few pleasant words of explanation and of parting with "the young man" in the hall of the Charleston Hotel. Tom had not called on Frank McAlister; no, Tom could not shoulder the responsibility of such a move as that; he must leave the whole matter to the elders of his tribe. "Look here, now," he had said to Major Lawson, when the latter suggested the visit; "I ain't ungrateful to the chap for saving my sister's life; but then you know the bloody old row; he's a McAlister, you see." And then the Major had replied: "My de-ar young fellow, you are, I have no doubt, perfectly judicious; see your ex-cel-lent father first."

But woman may do what man must not. Mrs. Chester, bewildered by some blarney of the Major's (who had told her that Frank raved—"Yes, my dear madam, fairly raved"—about her) seized an opportunity to meet the handsome youngster in one of the passages. There he explained the motives of his incognito, expressed his respect for the Beaumont name, and sagaciously added some incense for herself. Of course, too, he was wise enough not to say a word about his offer to her niece. The result of this conversation, and of some judicious remarks from Kate on the

way up to Hartland, was that Mrs. Chester (very weak on the subject of young men, remember) was half inclined to forget the family feud and quite willing to say a good word for Frank McAlister.

"I at least acquit him of bad motives," she spunkily added, firing up under her brother's glare of angry amazement.

"Just so," put in Tom. "The chap did play possum, but don't believe he meant any harm. Said he wanted to keep out of a quarrel, and I feel bound to believe him."

"Then he must be a coward," scoffed Beaumont senior.

"Scarcely," said Tom. "Did n't show that style. Tell him about it, aunt, or sis, one of you."

"Papa, he saved my life," whispered Kate, her voice failing at thought of that awful moment. "I went ten feet under water."

Her father caught her as if he were himself rescuing her from death.

"You went — ten feet — under water!" he gasped. And he looked for a moment as if he could cry ten feet of water at the thought of her danger and her deliverance.

"And *he* saved her, after I'd lost her," added Tom, walking up to Kate and kissing her. "I tell you, I ain't a going to be very hard on a fellow that did that. He went clean under, slap into the middle of the ocean, right off the stern of the wreck."

"By heavens!" uttered Mr. Beaumont. It was almost a groan; his solid old heart was throbbing unusually; he felt as if he were going to have a stroke of some sort. Presently he looked up, his yellow forehead wrinkled all over with perplexity, and gave Vincent a stare which said, "How about that duel?"

The young man's habitual smile of self-sufficiency and satire was gone. Respectably affected for the moment, he earnestly wished that the difficulty with Wallace had not happened, and queried whether he were not bound, as a gentleman, to fire in the air.

"But what is your opinion about this business, Kate?" asked Poinsett. "You have said nothing."

The girl threw off her beautiful timidity, and spoke out with beautiful firmness: —

"Of course, I am under the greatest obligations to Mr. McAlister. And, even if I were not, I should have nothing to say against him. I don't know whether he did right or not in concealing his name —"

"He did n't," Mr. Beaumont could not help muttering, while Vincent and Poinsett shook their chivalrous heads.

"But that began with an accident," continued Kate. "The captain made a mistake: he thought McAlister was McMaster; and then *he* let it go so. He said that he did it for the sake of peace; and I believe him. He seemed to be a gentleman. I believe every word he said."

"So do I," added Mrs. Chester, remembering how tall he was, and what a fine complexion he had.

"And I," confirmed Tom, rather hesitatingly, as if it were not quite the thing for a Beaumont to say.

"We are in what vulgar people call a fix," laughed that easy old shoe of a Poinsett. "My dear little Kate," playing with her chestnut ringlets, "if he had n't saved you, we should have gone mad, every soul of us. No further use for our sanity. But since he has saved you, we are in sloughs of perplexity. My respected father and my much esteemed brothers (descendants of the De Beaumonts of Kent and other places), we are threatened with the loss of our family institution, our race palladium. The feud with the McAlisters has been to us more than our coat of arms. I may almost call it the Beaumont established religion. It is impossible to conceal the fact that it has received a rude shock. Are we to drop away from the creed of our forefathers? Are we to have no faith? A merely human mind — such as I grieve to say mine is — recoils at the prospect."

Vincent, somewhat recovered from

his first emotion, gazed through half-shut eyes at the joker, and inclined once more to fight his duel seriously. Beaumont senior got up, strode like a lion about the room, glared once or twice at Poinsett, and growled, "This is jesting, sir, on a very serious matter."

"I understand my brother," struck in Kate, with a clear, sweet, firm note, which sounded like a challenge from a cherub's clarion, if cherubs carry such an article. "Why should n't the quarrel end?"

All the men stared. Even Poinsett had not meant half so much. The words were audacious beyond any remembered standard of comparison. Words of such import had perhaps never before been uttered in the family.

Mr. Beaumont halted abruptly, and gave the girl a look of astonishment and inquiry which seemed to ask, "Have we a queen over us?"

Poinsett made a gesture of taking off a hat, and whispered smilingly, "Portia!"

Mrs. Chester rustled her skirts in perplexity, and Tom's eyes asked counsel of his father.

"My dear Kate, don't be flustered," said Poinsett, seeing that the child looked frightened at the sensation she had created; "what you have said was a perfectly natural thing to say, and, from the ordinary human point of view, a perfectly rational one. At the same time I suspect that we Beaumonts, not being of the ordinary human mould, are not fitted to discuss such a proposition without time for meditation. I apprehend that we had better lay it aside until our eyes have somewhat recovered from the first dazzle. Suppose you proceed, some one of you, or all three of you, with the shipwreck."

The counsel seemed to suit the feelings of every one. Mr. Beaumont stopped his walk, nestled down again by his daughter's side, and listened quietly to the threefold narrative. Not another word was said concerning the feud during the interview.

But, two hours later, the story of the duel got wind among the new-comers. Mrs. Chester, seated in her room amid old dresses which it was now necessary to make over, listened to a stream of respectable gossip from her ancient maid and foster-sister, Miriam, a tall, dignified, and of course middle-aged negress, leaner and graver than is usual with her species.

"Laws, Miss Marian!" said Miriam, using the girlish title which she had always given to her born mistress. "Skacely a thing to wear! And all them trunks full of beautiful things gone to the bottom of the sea! Well, honey, it's a warnin' of the Lord's not to set our hearts on the vanities of this world. We oughter feel mighty grateful to him when he takes the trouble to warn us. The blessed Lord he's been powerful good to ye, Miss Marian. Mustn't forgit he's saved yer life, honey. Gin ye one more chance to set yer face straight for his city. An' perhaps he had other plans, too. Perhaps he saw ye was comin' to a time when ye would n't be able to wear the fine fixin's. We 'se no idea gin'lly, how keerfully the Lord looks after us."

"What do you mean, Miriam?" demanded Mrs. Chester, pettishly. "Do you mean to say I'm getting old? I don't see it."

"Laws, honey, you's young enough. Never see no lady hold out better'n you do. Must say it: that's a fact. But I 'se talkin' of somethin' more solemn than growin' old. You may be called on fo' long, if the Lord don't help in his mighty mercy, to put on mournin'."

"Who's sick?" demanded Mrs. Chester, more curious than anxious.

"It's Mars Vincent is sick. He's sick with sin an' wrath an' anger. Perhaps he's sick unto death. They's gwine to be another duel, Miss Marian."

Mrs. Chester looked up from her old dresses; duels had always been very interesting to her. She had been the cause of two, and they were pleasant

remembrances. She liked to hear of such things and to talk of them, as much as that non-combatant hero-worshipper, Major Lawson.

"They've been tryin' to keep it shet from you an' Miss Katy," continued Miriam. "Mars Vincent tole Cato he'd boot him, if he let on. But I'm gwine to tell of it, an' I'm gwine to bear my witness agin it. It's Satan's works, this yere duelling is, an' I'm gwine to say so. I don't care who hears me. Mars Vincent may boot me if he likes, I ain't afeard of bootin'."

"Vincent sha'n't hurt *you*," declared Mrs. Chester, with that feeling of loyalty towards an adherent which made a Southerner of old days fight for his slave, and makes a Southerner of these days fight for his dog.

"That's you, Miss Marian. I know'd you'd say jest that. But you need n't git mad on my 'count. The Lord he'll take care of me. Bless your soul, he allays does. But about this duel. It's Satan's works, as I 'se sayin' ever sence the Lord had mercy on me, though you don't think so. You has white folkses notions, all for fightin' an' shootin'. It's Satan's works, an' I've prayed agin it; prayed many a time there might never be another duel in this fam'ly; prayed for this poor bloodstained fam'ly, all covered with blood an' wounds; duels on duels an' allays duels, ever sence I can 'member; never hear of no sech folks for it. But 'pears like Satan's got the upper hands of my prayers, an' here's Mars Vincent led away by him, prehaps to his own destruction."

"But who is it with?" demanded Mrs. Chester, vastly more interested in the news than in the sermonizing which accompanied it.

"With Wally McAlister, that other poo' fightin' creetur, the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

"McAlister!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, in sudden excitement, not at all pleasurable.

"Yes. Some mis'able chipper at the Presbyterian fair, not enough for two goslins to hiss about. Mars Vincent

he kinder sassed Wally, an' then Wally he kinder sassed Mars Vincent, and now Bent Armitage he's been over with the challenge, an' it's to be some time this week. An' jes's likely's not one o' them poor silly creeturs'll be standin' befo' the bar of God befo' 'nother Sunday comes roun'. Won't be able to call the Judge out there, if the judgment don't suit him."

Mrs. Chester had dropped her dresses. She had forgotten her usual gossiping interest in duels. She was leaning back in her arm-chair, reflecting with a seriousness which wrinkled her forehead more than she would have liked, had she seen it.

"Miriam, we must try to stop this," was her conclusion.

"Why, bless your darlin' heart!" burst out the negress. "Why, laws bless you, honey! Has the blessed Lord touched your sperit at last? Never heerd you say that sort o' thing befo', never. Stop it? Why, we'll try, honey, hopin' the Lord'll help us. But how's we gwine to work? Who's we to go at?"

"Go and call Miss Kate," ordered Mrs. Chester.

"Miss Katy? That poor, dear, little thing? Gwine to tell her about it, an' she jes come home this very day?"

"Go and call her," repeated Mrs. Chester, who cared little for any one's feelings, so that she compassed her ends.

Kate came in, hair down and shoulders bare, more charming than usual. Elderly Miriam devoured her with her eyes, but kept a discreet silence as to her loveliness, remembering "Miss Marian's" jealous spirit. The story of the duel was told.

"O dear!" was the brief utterance of Kate's vast sorrow and despair, as she seated herself on a stool and clutched her hands over her knees.

"Laws bless you, chile!" was the answering groan of Miriam. "I did n' want Miss Marian to go for to tell you. The Lord help this poo' fam'ly! Allays in trouble!"

"But do you think he'll be shot?" asked Kate.

"What, Mars Vincent? Dear me, chile, he may be. He's been shot twice."

"But can't it be stopped?"

"That is what I called you in for," said Mrs. Chester. "I don't believe this quarrel rests upon anything very important. I think it ought to be stopped. I do, indeed, Beaumont as I am, and Beaumont all over. But who's to stop it? What can *you* do?"

"Can't my grandfather do something?" suggested the girl.

"The very man!" shouted and laughed Miriam, jumping up from her squatting posture on the floor and waving her arms as if in benediction. "Jes the very man. Send over for Colonel Kershaw. Laws me, when I'se in trouble, I goes first to the Lord, an' he gen'rally sends me to Colonel Kershaw. Why did n' I ever think of him befo'? Specs I'se gittin' old an' foolish."

"Yes, your grandfather will come into play very nicely," said Mrs. Chester, who did not fancy the old gentleman overmuch, principally because she was somewhat afraid of him.

"I'll cut right out an' start off a nigger after him," volunteered Miriam. "You, Miss Katy, you jes write him a little letter, askin' him to come right away to see you, jes saved from shipwreck, you know. Tell him not to fail on no account; you wants to see him powerful, this very day."

In ten minutes a mounted negro was galloping over the ten miles of country which separated the Beaumont from the Kershaw plantation. Late in the afternoon the Colonel arrived, bringing with him our gracious friend, Major Lawson.

Colonel John Kershaw was one of those noble souls who look all their nobility. In his youth he had been a very handsome man, and at eighty he was venerably beautiful. His massive aquiline face, strangely wrinkled into deep furrows which were almost folds, was a sublime composition of dignity,

serenity, and benevolence. You would have been tempted to say that a great sculptor could not have imagined anything better suited to typify an intelligent, good, and grand old age. Indeed, this head had been wrought patiently with both great strokes and tender touches by the mightiest of all sculptors. Perhaps no man ever looked upon it without feeling that it called for entire confidence and respect. Its *moral grandeur of expression* was heightened by the crown of nearly snow-white, though still abundant hair which overhung the deeply channelled forehead. Even the stoop which diminished the height of his tall figure seemed to add to the spiritual impressiveness of his appearance.

Colonel Kershaw's countenance perfectly expressed his character. He was one of those simple, pure, honorable, sensible country gentlemen (of whom one meets more perhaps in our Southern States than in most other portions of this planet) who strike one as having a reserve of moral and intellectual power too great for their chances of action, and who lead one to trust that Washingtons will still be forthcoming when their country needs. For the readers of this story it is perhaps a sufficient proof of the weight and humanity of his influence, that, since his daughter had married a Beaumont, there had been only two duels between that race and the McAlisters, although there had been endless political differences and other bickerings. In doing this much towards quelling the family feud, it was generally acknowledged that Colonel Kershaw had done wonders.

"How do you do, Beaumont?" he said in a deep, tremulous, mellow voice. "I have come to stay a day or so with you, and I knew you would be glad to see Lawson, who had just arrived to cheer me up. So Mrs. Chester, and Kate, and Tom have got home? Where are the dear people?"

There was a little scream and rustle behind him; it was the cry and the approach of girlish love. The next mo-

ment Kate, always a worshipper of her grandfather and still fanatical in the old faith, was on his shoulder and in his arms.

"Why, my dear little child!" said the old man. "Why, my grand young lady!" he added, holding her back to get a fair view of her. "Ah, I never shall hold you in my lap again," he changed, one more of the joys of life gone. "Shall I? shall I?" he laughed when she told him that he would.

Next Major Lawson seized the girl, holding and patting her hand and staring at her face and smiling. "Beautiful creature!" he murmured. "Beautiful creature!" he whispered. "Beau-ti-ful crea-ture!" he sighed into silence. But he was in earnest, not flattering purposely nor even consciously; quite out of himself and quite sincere. "How like your mother!" he continued to flute. "Dear me, how like your grandfather! Colonel, your image! Your continuator. All your virtues and more than your graces!"

Notwithstanding the differences of sex and years, the resemblance between the two faces was indeed remarkable. Looking at the old man, you could see where the girl got her almost sublime expression of dignity, purity, and sweetness.

"O, go along, she's all Kershaw," soliloquized black Miriam, her arms akimbo, worshipping the pair. "An' her mother was, too, poor thing! Though how she could marry sech a tearer as Mars Peyt, beats me. Wal, women is women, an' they's most all fools, specially when it comes to marryin'. I s'pose it's for some wonderful good end, or the Lord he would n' make 'em so."

In short, the Colonel had an ovation from the whole household, male and female, white, black, and yellow. Beaumont senior was almost petulant with jealousy, as he often had been before on such occasions; for he, too, domineering and passionate as he was, desired to be worshipped, especially by his youngest daughter.

Presently the visitors were led away

by grinning negroes to their rooms over the columned veranda, which ran along the whole front of the mansion. Half an hour later, when the Colonel had washed off the dust of travel and combed his noble mane of silver, there was a little tap at his door and a silvery call, "Grandpapa."

The old man started with pleasure; he had been wondering whether she would come to him; he had thought of it several times.

"Why, come in, my darling!" and opening the door for her, he led her proudly to a chair.

"I am housekeeper," she smiled, shaking her bunch of keys.

"And Mrs. Chester? I hope she is not discontented."

"Papa settled the thing himself. You know papa. But I don't think aunt cares for the trouble. So we are all pleased. But O, I am so delighted to see you! And you have n't changed; you are so like yourself. Is n't it nice that grandpapas don't grow? I am going to be silly with you; I am going to behave very little. You make me feel just like a child again. I want to sit in your lap as I used to do. Just this once, at any rate."

She installed herself on her throne, slipped a hand over his shoulder and smiled in his face.

"Is n't it doleful for you to live all alone? I wish our houses could be moved alongside each other. I hate to think of you all alone."

"I have my land and my people to take care of, dear. The time passes. Perhaps I am all the more fond of my friends for being a little lonely. Lawson was really very kind to come and see me. I was quite obliged to him."

"Grandpapa, I am going to trouble you," was the girl's next speech. Her face suddenly lost the petting, gleeful, childlike expression which had shone from it hitherto. It assumed womanliness; it ripened at once into a grave maturity; it was dignified, anxious, and yet remained beautiful; perhaps it was even more lovely than before.

"It is too bad in me, but I must

worry you," she went on. "There are very serious matters passing here. There is to be a duel, grandpapa."

"A duel!" he repeated, his noble old face becoming still nobler with regret.

"It is a quarrel between Vincent and Wallace McAlister."

"The old story," murmured the Colonel, shaking his head at bloody reminiscences. "My child, tell me all you know about it. We may be able to prevent it."

"But first I must tell you something else," she said, blushing slightly. "There are special reasons why a duel between the families should not happen now. It would be, I think, a great scandal."

Then she hurried through the story of her salvation from death by Frank McAlister.

"My dear, Lawson told me this," said the Colonel. "Yes, as you think, a duel would be a scandal. It would be not only a crime, but a shame. I will see your brother. I will go at once."

"O, thank you! You will succeed," cried Kate, her face flushing with hope.

"Let us hope so; but I may not. This old, old quarrel!"

CHAPTER XI.

WITH slow, heavy steps Colonel Kershaw descended the stairs, seeking for some one who would aid him in preventing the duel.

Meeting the head of the family, he took his arm, led him out upon the lawn in front of the house, and asked, "Beaumont, when is this affair between Vincent and Wallace McAlister to come off?"

"O, so you have heard of it!" stared Beaumont. "I am sorry. Come off? I understand it is to be day after tomorrow."

"It is a very unfortunate business, Beaumont. Under the circumstances, doubly unfortunate. Only a few days ago Frank McAlister saved Kate's life.

And now Frank's brother and Kate's brother are to shoot each other."

"Yes, by heavens it is unfortunate!" admitted Beaumont with loud candor, very creditable to him. "It's a devilish ugly piece of business, under the circumstances. It's, by heavens, the awkwardest thing in my experience. I wish it had n't happened. I wish—under the circumstances, you understand—that Vincent was honorably out of it. That insolent, boorish, blasted McAlister ought to apologize. A more villainous, brutal insult I never heard of. Calling a Beaumont no gentleman! Good heavens!" Here his eyebrows bristled, and he breathed short and hard with rage. "But, under the circumstances, I would say take his apology," he resumed. "Yes, Colonel, I've come to that. I have, indeed."

And Mr. Beaumont seemed to think he had come a long way in the path of peace.

"But, if no apology arrives, then what?" gravely inquired the octogenarian.

"Why then, I don't see — What *can* Vincent do? He's pinned. No getting out of it. Must go out. Good heavens! I don't want him to fight. But a gentleman can't accept such language. You know as well as I do, Colonel, that he can't."

"But under the circumstances," persisted Kershaw, not domineeringly, but meditatively.

"Yes, I know, — the circumstances," almost groaned Beaumont. "We *are* under obligations to those people. First time, by heavens! But so it is. And, as I said, I'd like to have the thing settled, of course honorably."

He was not a little afraid of the old gentleman. Kershaw had long ago fought duels, and, moreover, he had served gallantly in the war of 1812; thus he was a *chevalier sans reproche* in the eyes of fighting men, and even Beaumonts must respect his record. Such a gentleman, too; he could no more counsel an unworthy deed than he could do it; it was not supposed

that he could so much as conceive of anything dishonorable. And here he was meditating, and evidently meditating how to stop the duel, and so keeping his son-in-law on the anxious seat. At last came his decision, uttered in the impressive tones of old age, — tones which gave it the weight of an oracle.

"I think, Beaumont, that, considering what we owe to the McAlisters, Vincent might honorably withdraw the challenge, assigning our obligation as the cause of the withdrawal."

"You don't mean it!" gasped Beaumont. "Withdraw the challenge! Why, Colonel, — why, good heavens!"

All his respect for the old man (and he did respect him above any other being that he knew of) could hardly keep him from exploding with anger.

"That is my advice," proceeded Kershaw, gently. "You know who I am and what my opinion is worth. I solemnly believe that, in withdrawing the challenge on that ground, Vincent would not only do a gentlemanly thing, but would do the only thing that a gentleman in his position should do."

Beaumont was cowed by this great authority, and, after some further ejaculations, lapsed into perplexed silence.

"Are you willing, my dear Beaumont, that I should advise Vincent to this step?" inquired the Colonel.

"Well, well, have it your own way," returned the other, a little impatiently. "You ought to know, of course you do know. I put the whole matter in your hands. You have my consent, if you can get Vincent's. But for God's sake, Colonel, remember that the honor of the family is in your hands."

He writhed as if he were handing over his whole fortune to be the gage of some more than doubtful speculation.

"If the step is taken, I will make it known that it is taken by my advice," promised Kershaw.

"Ah!" breathed Beaumont, much relieved.

"Who is Vincent's second?" asked the Colonel.

"Bentley Armitage. And there —

speak of the Devil, you know — there he comes. Well now, you won't mind my quitting you; you won't take it hard, Kershaw? I don't object to your proposition; but I don't want to be responsible for it."

"I thank you, Beaumont, for letting me assume the responsibility."

And so they parted, the Honorable dodging shamefacedly into the house, and the Colonel advancing to meet Armitage.

"Colonel, good evening," was the young man's easy salute. "Glad to see you looking so hearty, sir."

"You are well, I hope, sir?" bowed Kershaw. "And your brother and his wife?"

"All peart, I thank you. Never better."

Bentley was a tall young man, rather too slender to be well built, with a swinging, free-and-easy carriage. He had a round face, a moderately dark complexion, a deep and healthy color, coarse and long chestnut hair, and a small curling mustache. The smile with which he spoke was a very curious one, being marked by a drawing up of the right corner of his mouth into the cheek, which gave it an almost unpleasantly quizzical expression. There was something odd, something provincial, or one might say old-fashioned, in his tone of voice and pronunciation; but you were disposed to infer from his manner that this peculiarity was the result of an affectation, rather than of a lack of habit of good society. It was evident enough that he used such rural terms as "peart" and "hearty" in the way of slang.

"Excuse me, Mr. Armitage, for being direct with you," said Kershaw. "I understand that you are the second of Vincent in this affair with Wallace McAlister."

"Just so, Colonel," replied Bentley, striding along beside the old man, and speaking as composedly as if it were a question of possum-hunting. His gait, by the way, was singular, his right foot coming down at every step with a slap, as if it were an ill-hung wooden

one. This was the result of a shot received in a duel (he generally spoke of it as his snake-bite), which had caused a partial paralysis of the lifting muscle.

Kershaw now repeated what he had said to Beaumont, advising and urging that Vincent should withdraw his challenge.

"I don't think that cock would fight, Colonel," coolly judged Bentley. "I allow due weight to the motive which you suggest. It is a hefty one. But withdrawing a challenge, without a previous withdrawal of the affront, is a step which has no sufficing precedent, at least so far as I know. I presume that, if it were left to my principal, he would not consent to it."

"I am speaking with the knowledge of Mr. Beaumont," continues the patient and persevering peacemaker. "Have you any objection to my discussing this point with Vincent in your presence?"

"Not the slightest, Colonel. Walk this way. We'll nose him out in the oak grove, I reckon. You see, Colonel, aside from other considerations, this move might be taken advantage of by the McAlisters. They might do bales of bragging over it. Just imagine old Antichrist blowing his trumpet."

"Who?" inquired the elder, with a puzzled and rather shocked stare.

"I beg pardon. I mean Judge McAlister. It's a poor joke which pleases our friend, Mr. Beaumont. — It's a compliment to your mas'r, anyway," he added with a smile, addressing Miriam, who was just then passing the couple.

"Ah, Mars Bent!" replied the pious negress. "You best quit that kind o' jokin' befo' you gits into t' other world. You may laugh on t' other side o' your mouf yet, Mars Bent."

Bentley took his reproof good-humoredly, curling up his odd smile into the dimple of his right cheek, and nodding pleasantly to Miriam.

"There's Vincent," was his next remark. "Hul-loo, there! Hold your horses. — Colonel, excuse me for yelling. My clapper does n't work well

to-day. I mean my right foot; it flops more than usual. I call it my clapper, and the other one my clipper."

"Can't that trouble be cured?" inquired Kershaw, with honest interest.

"Don't suppose it. In fact, know it can't. I am doctor enough to know that."

Yes, Bentley was a physician; had graduated at Philadelphia. By the way, it is perfectly amazing how many medical gentlemen there are in the South. A literary friend tells me that, during a six months' experience among the smaller towns and ruder taverns of the slave States, he slept with nearly a hundred doctors. Concerning Bentley it is almost needless to add, that, being a planter of considerable means, he never prescribed, except for his own negroes.

"I should be very glad to obtain your influence on the side of peace in this affair," continued Kershaw. "We are both connections of the family."

"Exactly, Colonel," answered Bentley, remembering with the utmost *nonchalance* that his brother Randolph was the husband of Peyton Beaumont's eldest daughter. "Well, I will say this much, that I've no objection to any course that my principal will accept."

Half disgusted with this cool and irreverent youngster, Kershaw pushed on in thoughtful silence, and soon met Vincent.

"A proposition," was Bentley's brief introduction to the matter in hand. "The Colonel has something to suggest which I approve of his suggesting."

Vincent, his habitual ironical smile dismissed for the present, bowed respectfully, and listened without a word until the old man had stated his proposition. When he spoke it was with a perfectly calm demeanor and a bland finish of intonation.

"It appears to me that I am called upon to subordinate myself too entirely to the — we will say duties of the family. After I have obtained my personal reparation from Mr. Wallace McAlister, I am willing to enter into

an expression of our common obligation to Mr. Frank McAlister. What does my second think ?”

“Just to oblige the Colonel,” explained Bentley, “I agree to throw the affair entirely out of my hands, and replace it entirely in yours. That is, with your permission, you understand. So why not play your own cards, Vincent ?”

“Come into the house, gentlemen,” begged the Colonel.

“Why so ?” asked Vincent.

“The affair *is* a family affair. I must beg leave to insist upon that view of it. It is so complicated with family obligations and proprieties, that it cannot be treated separately. Such is my opinion and such will be public opinion. Let me beg of you to discuss it in family council. I ask this as a personal favor. I ask it as a great favor.”

If Kershaw's request was a strange one, and if he supported it by neither precedent nor sufficient argument, it must be remembered that he was very old and very good, and was, in short, the most venerable being whom these two young men knew. After a brief hesitation, Vincent nodded an unwilling assent, and the three walked back to the house. Passing the door of the dining-room, Bentley Armitage, who was lagging a little behind the others because of his “snake-bite,” was arrested by a vision. Kate was looking out upon him, beautiful enough to fascinate him and eager enough to flatter him.

“Mr. Armitage,” she called, — in her anxiety it was a whisper, — unmeant but intoxicating compliment.

“Miss Beaumont.” And Bentley bowed in the stiff way common to men with “game legs.” “My relative, I venture to put it. I have n't had the pleasure of meeting you before in five years.”

“Yes, and I have grown and all that,” replied Kate, trying to laugh and look coquettish, for she was hysterically eager to please him. “Mr. Armitage, after five years, the first thing is that I want a favor of you.”

“To hear is to obey,” said Bentley, quoting from the “Arabian Nights,” — favorite reading of his.

Desperation made Kate eager, audacious, and straightforward.

“I know all about this duel,” she went on. “I don't know whether you consider it proper for me to talk about it. But I must. Do you think, Mr. Armitage, that I like to come home and find my brother on the point of risking his life ?”

Bentley wanted to say that he was not responsible for the duel, but did not feel that the code of honor justified him in such a speech.

“It would n't be natural,” he admitted. “I don't suppose you do like it. Very sorry for the circumstances.”

“It makes me miserable.” (Here there was a quiver of the mouth which moved Bentley to his fingers' ends.) “If you can say anything, — and I am sure you can say *something*, — do say it. Do give me your help to make peace. I am sure you can find a word to say, I don't know what. You will oblige me so much. You will oblige my grandfather. You will do right. I know it must be right to stop this duel. Won't you, Mr. Armitage, can't you, do me this great favor ?”

There was no resistance possible. There was a hand laid upon Bentley Armitage stronger than the code *duello*. He promised that he would throw his influence — or, as he slangily phrased it, drop his little ballot — on the side of peace. Kate gave him a smile which suggested a better world, and sent him on his way a softer-hearted man than he had ever been before.

In a few minutes there was what might be called a family parliament in the long parlor. Mr. Beaumont, his three sons, Colonel Kershaw, and Bent Armitage sat as gravely as Indian sachems in a council.

“We ought to have calumets and wampum belts,” whispered Bentley to Tom ; but the youngster, reverent of the code *duello* and of the family honor, declined to smile.

"Gentlemen, this is an extraordinary occasion," said Colonel Kershaw, rising as if to address the United States Senate.

"It is, indeed," burst out Vincent, unable to control the excitability of his race. "I believe I am the first gentleman who ever had his family called in to prevent him from demanding reparation for an insult. It is a most extraordinary and embarrassing situation. I make my protest against the absurdity of it."

"You're right, old fellow," declared Tom. Tom was young, and he was boyish for his age; like all boys, he felt it necessary to take the warlike side of things; it seemed to establish his courage and make a man of him. "I'd like to have this thing blow over," he continued. "I was mightily in favor of having it blow over. But after the challenge has been sent, don't see how you can withdraw it. That's where I draw my line."

"You are interrupting the Colonel," said Vincent, who felt that everybody was interfering with his business, and so was petulant with everybody.

"I understand that my principal assented to this council," put in Bent Armitage, seeing that things were going against peace, and remembering his promise to Kate.

Vincent stared. Was his second to be against him? Was Bent Armitage going to turn peacemaker?

"I did assent," he muttered, fixing his half-shut eyes on the floor, and softly clutching his hands to keep down his irritability.

"Gentlemen," resumed the patient Kershaw, "I have but a few words to say. I do not propose to attack the code *duello*. Although it is repugnant to my feelings, at least in these latter years, I do not propose to ignore it. I know how thoroughly it is fixed in your views of life and in the habits of our society. I consent, though not with satisfaction, that you should in general be guided by it. But the code does not include the whole of human duty and honor; you will admit thus

much. There are other proprieties and gentilities. Now on this extraordinary occasion it seems to me that these other proprieties and gentilities are more imperative than the demands of the code. You, Beaumont, have had a daughter saved from death by a McAlister. You, Vincent, have had a sister saved from death by a McAlister. Under the circumstances, is it right for Beaumonts to shoot McAlisters? I put one duty against another. I say that the obligation of gratitude overbalances the obligation of vindication of gentility. What I propose, therefore, is this: withdraw the challenge, because of the debt of gratitude; make that debt the express ground of the withdrawal. If Mr. Wallace McAlister does not then retract his epithet, he will, in my opinion, prove himself ungentlemanly, stolid, and brutal, and we can afford to despise his comments. What do you say, my dear Beaumont?"

"By heavens, Kershaw! By heavens!" stuttered Beaumont. "It's puzzling, by heavens. Well, if you must know what I think, I admit that you have made a strong point, Kershaw. A very strong point indeed, Kershaw. We don't want to go before the world as ungrateful and that sort of thing. That is n't gentlemanly. On the whole, Kershaw, — well, on the whole, I say, taking into view all the circumstances, you know, — I don't see any valid objection to your proposition. Hem. I don't object. That's just it; I don't object."

With these words, Beaumont bowed his bristling head in great perplexity, wondering whether he had done right or wrong. Colonel Kershaw and Bent Armitage both glanced anxiously at Vincent. The curious Lawson, who had been dodging about the hall and had overheard most of the proceedings, peeped through a door-crack to get a view of the same young gladiator. The fat Poinsett nodded his large head two or three times, as if in assent to the proposition, but said nothing. Tom, overwhelmed by his father and the

Colonel together, stared vacantly at the floor.

"I venture to say that I see no valid cause for objection," observed Bentley Armitage, remembering his promise to Kate.

"I do," burst out Vincent, looking up angrily at Armitage. "I wish it understood that I am as grateful as I ought to be to Mr. Frank McAlister for his act of common humanity. But when it comes to withdrawing a challenge, — good heavens! I had abundant provocation, and I have it still. Let Wallace McAlister withdraw his epithet. He is at full liberty to do so. That is where peace should begin."

Major Lawson left his post near the door, and skipped across the hall into the dining-room. In ten seconds more Kate Beaumont, as pale and mild as a saint newly taken to glory, came out of the dining-room, crossed the hall, and entered the awful family council. Bentley Armitage rose and offered a chair. Poinsett smiled with an amused look, and beckoned her to his side. Kershaw held out his hand, and Vincent turned away his head. Mr. Beaumont said, in a tone of much wonder and faint remonstrance, "Kate!"

The girl, without noticing any of the others, advanced upon Vincent, seated herself beside him, looked eagerly in his averted face, and seized one of his hands.

"O Vincent, this is my first night at home in four years," she said in a trembling voice. "I shall not sleep

to-night. I shall do nothing but see my brother brought home —" She could not finish this sentence. "And my first night at home! You could make it such a happy one, Vincent! Don't you think anything of my being saved from death? There was no hope for me, if it had not been for this man's brother. I had bid good-by to you all."

Here her father's grim face had a shock; he twisted his mouth oddly, and rolled his eyes like a lunatic; he was trying to keep from blubbering. Colonel Kershaw clasped his wrinkled hands suddenly, as if returning thanks to Heaven, or praying. Lawson, listening in the hall, capered from one foot to the other as if he were on hot iron plates, and drew his cambric handkerchief.

"I don't want such a duel as this," Kate went on. "It does seem to me so horribly unnatural. Not this time, Vincent; don't fight this time. Do make this my first night at home a happy one. O, I will be so grateful to you; I will be such a sister to you! Dear, can't you answer me?"

Mr. Beaumont rose abruptly and got himself out of the room. He did not fully want his son to do what he still considered not quite chivalrous; and yet he could not bear to hear him refuse Kate this great and passionately sought for boon. One after another, Kershaw, Bent Armitage, Poinsett, and Tom followed him. The pleading sister and the sullen brother were left alone.

J. W. DeForest.

JOHN WESLEY.

THERE have been many lives of Wesley and histories of the rise of Methodism written already, but there is still another before us by Julia Wedgwood, an Englishwoman, who states in her Preface that her book "is not to be regarded as a biography. It is an

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attempt to delineate the influence of a particular man upon his age. Hence the background to the central figure is treated with an attention which will seem out of proportion to the slightness of the whole sketch, unless it is constantly borne in mind that the ob-

ject of representation is, not the vicissitude of a particular life, but that element in the life which impressed itself on the life of a nation,—an element which cannot be understood without a study of aspects of national thought which, on a superficial view, might appear wholly unconnected with it.” On reading the book and comparing it with the previous lives of Wesley, we are pleased by the authoress’s impartiality and the absence of that partisanship or dislike which appeared in his earlier biographers ; it is hard to write of any great man and “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice” ; she seems to have preserved a happy medium in her sketch. Whether we could have a life of any man so wholly devoted to the interest and welfare of others, and gain from it any impression of the man and his character in all its weakness, strength, and peculiarities, without at the same time studying his influence on and relation to the age in which he lived and labored is very doubtful. Though the condition of society and the various phases of the life of the period are sketched with skill and clearness, we confess to feeling a lack of personality in the narration of Wesley’s private life, but, perhaps, that is a morbid fancy which has grown by what it feeds on, for this is a very anecdote-loving, biographical, lion-hunting, interviewing world that we live in, and from a fallen emperor to the adventurous aeronaut who escapes the Prussian sharpshooter’s ball in fleeing from the besieged city, the actions, sentiments, and habits of each must be chronicled. Perhaps Wesley’s natural coldness of manner and rather imperious habits of command made intimate relations with him difficult ; and his infelicitous matrimonial experience would rather strengthen that belief, if the harsh tone of his letters to his wife is taken into consideration.

At the time of Wesley’s appearance as a religious teacher England was in a sad state of irreverence, indifference, and atheism, if the complaints of the writers of that day are worthy of belief.

One historian says : “It was the transition period from an age in which the decencies of life were very imperfectly observed, to an age in which decorum was beginning to assert an authority, which has steadily gone on, to preserve a greater semblance of morality, and, therefore, in no inconsiderable degree, to hold fast its substance.” Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, neither of them among those likely to take a severe estimate of vice, mention the low state of morals. Lord Chesterfield, in 1737, in his famous speech against licensing the stage, says, after the fullest admission that the complaint was justified : “When we complain of the licentiousness of the stage, I fear we have more reason to complain of the general decay of virtue and morality among the people.” Lady Mary writes in a letter to the Countess of Mar, in 1723 : “I am told that there is at this moment a bill cooking up at a hunting seat in Norfolk to have *not* taken out of the Commandments, and inserted in the Creed at the ensuing session. It certainly might be carried on with great ease, the world being utterly *revenu des bagatelles* ; and honor, virtue, and reputation, which we used to hear of in our nursery, are as much laid aside as crumpled ribbons.”

If we can judge anything by the amusements of a people, the lower classes were very brutal and degraded. Steele writes, in the *Guardian*, in 1713 : “I am sorry that this temper (an enjoyment of the sufferings of animals) is become almost a distinguishing characteristic of our nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners on our beloved amusements, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. It will be said that these are the amusements of the common people. It is true, but they are the amusements of no other common people. I wish I knew how to answer the reproach which is cast on us thereby.” Hogarth says of his “Progress of Cruelty,” that if “it has checked the progress of cruelty the very sight of which renders the streets

of our metropolis so distressing to every feeling mind, I am more proud of having been the author than I should be of having painted Raphael's Cartoons." Richard Lovell Edgeworth, in his egotistical but entertaining Memoir of himself, speaks of his sufferings at school from the ill-treatment of those older than himself, one "a full-grown boy, just ready for college. A little boy, with remarkably long flaxen hair, and myself, were the chosen objects of his cruelty; he used to knot our hair together and drag us up and down the school-room stairs, for his diversion." That may be excused on the ground of the high spirits and playfulness of youth, but in such cases it would seem as if "the child is father of the man." There was a brutal indifference to human life. Death, when the result of accident, was considered a fair subject of mirth. During the severe winter of 1737, when the Thames was frozen over and booths erected upon it, an exciseman fell into one of the holes made in the ice, and the brutal jest made on the drowned man, "that if the owner of the booth had any run goods he was lost, as an exciseman was gone into his cellar," is merely given as the good saying of a 'merry fellow' against the member of an unpopular class. Robberies were committed with perfect impunity in the very heart of London, and ladies returning from the opera were stopped and relieved of their watches and jewels, the thieves being undeterred by the fact that the theft of even as small a sum as five shillings was often punished with hanging, if they were so unfortunate as to be caught. The massacre of the prisoners of Culloden and the merciless laws, so modified and softened by the untiring labor of Romilly, by which people were hung for the most trifling offences, amid the jeers and jests of a drunken and savage crowd gathered for the show, are unpleasant pictures of the refinement of the eighteenth century; but there is a fair side as well, and we can see the dawning of brighter days in the evident

desire for a better state of affairs, by the mere fact of the mention of these events with regret by the writers of that time.

Though there were pure and learned men in the Church at this period, they were the exception rather than the rule, and there was very little respect shown to the clergy; if we may judge of their position by the literature of the day, it was far from enviable. In one letter in a magazine, a writer complained that the chaplain was not expected to remain at table during the second course. Another paper narrates the rebuff experienced by a clergyman who ventured to help himself to a jelly: "The lady of the house," says the writer, "*though otherwise a devout woman*, told me that it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food." Knight says: "The apathy of the clergy at this period was imperious as their indecorum. Their eloquence was of the tamest character." An accomplished foreigner, M. Grosley, thus describes their sermons: "The pulpit declamation was a tedious monotony. With regard to the truth of this assertion I appeal to themselves and to the progress which religion thus inculcated makes in England." Dr. Campbell says of the Temple Church, where the brother of Thurlow preached: "The discourse was the most meagre composition, and the delivery worse. He stood like Gulliver stuck in the marrow-bone, with the sermon, newspaper-like in his hand, and, without grace of emphasis, he in slow cadence measured it forth." Goldsmith wrote of the lower classes: "They who want instruction most find least in our religious assemblies." It is evident that the great founders of Methodism filled by their earnest and impressive preaching and fervent prayers a vast and increasing need, especially among the middle and lower classes of England, and Wesley was one of the great leaders in the work.

He was born at Epworth in Lincolnshire in 1703, and passed his early years there; when only six years of

age he very narrowly escaped being burned to death, and in after life commemorated the event by the selection of the saying, "Is not this a brand snatched from the burning?" for his epitaph. John was the second son of his parents, and there were born to them nineteen children, most of whom died in infancy. His father, from the description given of him, we fancy rather timid and narrow in his views, and though zealous and devout, ill suited to the rough Fenmen over whom he was settled. His mother was a woman of marked character, and her sons referred many doubts and questions to her strong, clear judgment. She evidently influenced them much, and, though stern in her discipline, was not unworthy such sons. We are not surprised at Mrs. Wesley's account of her management of children, when we reflect on the size of her family. She wrote to John, at his request, telling him her ideas: "In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will." This difficulty was overcome so effectually with the little Wesleys, that "when any of them were ill there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine," — a triumph which comes vividly home to one's imagination. "When turned a year old they were taught to fear the rod and *cry softly*." Perhaps repression at that early age caused the Wesleys to be so irrepressible and strenuous to be heard in after life. Mrs. Wesley was only following out the common practice in her severe discipline; at that time obedience of the most rigid kind was exacted by, and usually paid to parents, and even in a Royal Palace we read of a Crown Prince unmercifully beaten with a rattan cane by a stern parent for some trifling offence; and princesses obliged to stand hours before their mother, till ready to drop with fatigue. People then felt that in sparing the rod they spoilt the child. As the son of a pious and devout mother, Wesley early received from her religious instruction. She wrote to her

husband: "On Thursday I talk with Jacky, and on Saturday with Charles." We nowhere find any instances of that early and distressing piety usually ascribed to such children, which are probably for the most part fictitious.

He was educated first at the Charter-House, and entered Christ Church, Oxford, at the age of seventeen. It is stated that the condition of Oxford at that time "may be regarded as the lowest point in the history of that University"; and Cambridge was not behind Oxford in its capacity "for ruining its students." Many years later Wilberforce says, "I was horror-struck at their conduct." Of Oxford Gibbon wrote, and has portrayed one of his tutors, supposed to be a fair specimen of the class, as one who "remembered that he had a salary to receive, and forgot that he had a duty to perform"; and says of the management, "that at the most precious season of youth, whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labor or amusement, without advice or account"; and the time he spent there was to him "the most idle and unprofitable period of his life." Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," says that, "In the University of Oxford the greater part of the professors have for these many years given up even the pretence of teaching."

While at Oxford at the age of twenty-two, Wesley made the first protest against Predestination, "which, fifty years later, split the body formed by him into two parts, separated by a deadly antagonism; and it is interesting to mark the complete identity of the nascent and mature thought"; for a time he was much influenced by William Law, who says, "I was once a kind of oracle to Mr. Wesley." Two or three times in a year the brothers John and Charles travelled the whole distance from Oxford to London, on foot, to visit this oracle, — "the mark of a devotion in which they were not singular," as Law occupied at this time the position of a kind of spiritual physician. One of his remarks to his pupil is worth noting: "We shall do well to

aim at the highest degrees of perfection, if we may thereby attain at least at mediocrity." Wesley became curate at his native place, Epworth, in 1727, but returned to Oxford in 1729, having been previously elected to a fellowship in Lincoln College. At this time he was very unsocial in his habits, and was "strongly tempted to accept the mastership of a Yorkshire school," from no other attraction than the "*frightful description* given of the situation, which was," he writes, "so pent up between two hills, that it was scarce accessible on any side, so that you can expect little company from without, and within there is none at all." This pleasant plan of a cheerful residence he was obliged to relinquish, as the school was given to another. He excited dislike in others by his unsocial disposition, and it brought on him manifestations which his mother called "brisk buffoonery," and which drew from his father the warning, that "it is a callow virtue that cannot bear to be laughed at." After Wesley's return to Oxford, he and his brother, with some others, endeavored by their example and teaching to induce many to turn from their evil ways. They brought on themselves much dislike; and attempts to detach from their little society different members, "not only by idle lads, but by men of position and learning; by violence, by threats, or by persuasion," did succeed with some few of their band.

In 1735 General Oglethorpe, then Governor of Georgia, the philanthropist whose "benevolence of soul" is eulogized by Pope, — the accomplished veteran whose life Johnson desired to write, "the delightful old beau" of that pink of propriety, Hannah More, — invited John and Charles Wesley to return as parish priests to the young colony founded by him, and settled by the unfortunate people whom he had taken from the debtors' prisons of London. This proposal they both accepted, though John at first refused on his mother's account. She was then left to her sons' care, as Mr. Wesley had died a short time before. John wrote,

"I am the staff of her age, her support and comfort." She however wrote, when told of his hesitation: "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were so employed, though I should never see them more." General Oglethorpe was accompanied by several Indian chiefs, who appeared at court in European costume, though they had desired at first to wear their usual attire, which was very scanty. "Prince William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland, — the 'butcher' of Culloden notoriety, — now a lad of fourteen," presented a young chief with a watch, accompanied by the admonition to "call on Jesus Christ every morning, when he looked upon it, which he promised to do"; — "a quaint symbol of the Christian religion, and a singular missionary to preach it," as the biographer aptly remarks. Wesley was very enthusiastic about these red men, and strongly imbued with an idea of his work among them. To a friend who advised him not to go he wrote as follows: "I hope to learn the true sense of the Gospel of Christ by preaching it to the heathen. They have no comments to construe away the text, no vain philosophy to corrupt it, no luxurious, sensual, covetous, ambitious expounders to soften the unpleasing truths. They are as little children, humble, willing to learn." His "high anticipations of his future converts found vent in so glowing a description of the ideal Indian to a friend that she exclaimed, 'Why, Mr. Wesley, if they are all this already, what more can Christianity do for them?'" Mr. Wesley's answer is not on record. Wesley and his brother reached Georgia, and he wrote his mother soon after his arrival, "The place is pleasant beyond all description." On the voyage he became acquainted with some Moravians, and was much interested in their faith.

In Georgia Wesley failed most completely, and neither converted any Indians, nor was he very popular from the first with the colonists. "Oglethorpe and Wesley seem not to have

entirely understood each other as to the object of this journey. He had come to America to preach to the Indians; Oglethorpe designed him for the position, wholly incompatible with this, of parish priest at Savannah." Wesley had, with a trifling exception, but one conference with the Indians, whom he had crossed the Atlantic to convert. His glowing anticipations were sadly chilled by what he saw and heard of them and their mode of life. He wrote of them before he left America: "They have no religion, no laws, no civil government. They are all, except perhaps the Choctaws, liars, gluttons, drunkards, thieves, dissemblers." And he gives as a reason for his failure in his labor, that he could not find "any Indians on the continent of America who had the least desire of being instructed." The authoress says that he "was destined to preach Christianity to heathens quite as savage as the Chickasaw Indians and more accessible to his teaching." His unfortunate love-affair, added to his rather austere and ascetic habits, finally made him obnoxious to the colonists, and he was forced to return to England. Wesley's own account of the affair would seem to indicate that the lady took the initiative, and he was pleased, and evidently hoped to convert her first to his ideas of living. He wrote of her in his journal: "I advised Miss Sophy to sup earlier, and not immediately before she went to bed. She did so; and on this little circumstance what an inconceivable train of circumstances depend! Not only 'all the color of remaining life' for her, but *perhaps all my happiness too*." After a short absence he writes that he "found her scarce the shadow of what she was when" he left her. He endeavored to remonstrate with her, but was not very fortunate in his attempt. He at last submitted the question whether he had better pursue the intimacy into marriage to the Moravians, who answered: "We advise you to proceed no further in this business." He answered, "The will of the Lord be done," though the

ending of the intimacy gave him some distress, judging from his own account of the event in his diary.

His field of work was the Old World, and he left to others the task of planting the seeds of Methodism in the New. It is singular to observe that, as the authoress states, "eight millions of religionists now call themselves disciples of a man who left their continent in disgrace, which we can hardly refrain from calling well deserved." Wesley had spent nearly two years in Georgia, and during that time been much with the Moravians, and he was led by his interest in their sect to visit their settlement in Germany. Shortly after his return to England he left for Holland, and landing at Rotterdam, he hurried on through Holland; of which country Voltaire, — who was perhaps of all the men of the eighteenth century the greatest contrast to Wesley, — wrote about that time, "Adieu, pays de canards, de canaux, et de canaille." Wesley makes but little mention of his route, merely admiring in passing what glimpses he had of the country. He first visited Count Zinzendorf's abode at Marienborn; thence he went to Herrnhut, the Moravian village from which the sect sometimes takes the name of Herrnhutters. After a short visit he returned to England.

Wesley, of a very different nature from Whitefield, — less impulsive, and slower to move, — was not the first to adopt the custom, afterwards so universal among the sect, of field-preaching, and we hear first of Whitefield as drawing immense crowds of eager listeners. Wesley was for some time very unwilling to preach on unconsecrated ground, and wrote, after the churches had been closed to him: "I could scarce reconcile myself, at first, to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he (Whitefield) set me an example on Sunday, having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." In 1772

he wrote: "To this day field-preaching is a cross to me." Shortly after he heard Whitefield he began himself to preach, and says in his journal that he had an attendance of three thousand people. One of the first interruptions of Wesley's field-preaching was at Bath, where Beau Nash, who was then at the zenith of his popularity, "no doubt trembled for his empire," when he watched the crowds who thronged to hear his dangerous rival; he confronted him with but little success, and after failing to insult or intimidate Wesley, interrogated the people as to their object in going there; an old woman in the crowd cried out, "You take care of your body, Mr. Nash. We take care of our souls, and for the good of our souls we come here." He made a hasty retreat, and left Wesley master of the field. One funny interruption Wesley records in his journal, when "an ass walked gravely in at the door" as he was preaching at Rotterdam, and he adds, "It was well only serious people were present."

Whitefield attracted great numbers, and made many fashionable converts in the great world. George II. rallied one of these, the Lady Gertrude Hotham, at court, on her sober but costly attire, which he rightly estimated as "Mr. Whitefield's choice." Many of his converts were moved in the same direction as regards dress; we learn from a magazine that "ladies who used to wear French silks and French hoops of four yards wide, *tête de mouton* heads (a kind of wig), and white satin smock petticoats, are now turned Methodists and followers of Mr. Whitefield, whose idea of the new birth has so prevailed over them that they now wear plain stuff gowns, no hoops, common night mobs (caps), and plain bags for underclothes." Wesley evidently disliked very much contact with the higher classes, and always avoided them as much as possible; while Whitefield was the centre of a fashionable circle in Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room at Chelsea, and flattered by the doubtful compliments of Lord Chesterfield

and Bolingbroke, who were attracted to his preaching as a new sensation. Wesley wrote in 1758: "We need great grace to converse with great people, from which, therefore, except in some rare instances, I am glad to be excused." And again he writes: "How unspeakable is the advantage in point of common sense which middling people have over the rich! There are so many unmeaning words and senseless customs among people of rank! It is well that a few of the rich and noble are called, but I should rejoice that it were done by the ministry of others."

Near the close of the year 1741 came the division between the three sects,—the Moravians and the followers of Wesley and Whitefield. The Wesleyan branch rapidly organized under Wesley's care and management. Knight says of the two leaders: "The characters of Whitefield and Wesley were very different. Whitefield was satisfied with rousing the sinful and indifferent by his own fervid eloquence, without providing for the systematic continuance of his personal efforts. His preaching created a host of followers, who, branching off in their several localities, were content to be led by men without education. Starting up as teachers from lowest ranks, such men, although too vain and presumptuous to see their own incompetence, were nevertheless better judges, in many cases, than the educated clergy of the mode in which rude natures could be most effectually awakened to penitence for sin. Wesley, on the other hand, saw the danger of this indiscriminate admission of every fanatic to be a Gospel preacher; and he instituted and perfected by his incessant labors that remarkable organization known as Wesleyism." For many years the sect was much abused and persecuted. Wesley himself was insulted and attacked more than once by furious mobs while preaching. "In 1770 persecution was at end; field-preachers were (with few exceptions) no longer a mark for stones and rotten

eggs; and those intellectual missiles, sometimes as hard as the first, sometimes as unsavory as the last, with which their reverend adversaries had greeted the Methodists, ceased to issue from the press or to be discharged from the pulpit. The result was what no doubt all established religions have exhibited under like circumstances. While individual conviction was the sole basis of Methodism, the Methodists were a picked body of deeply religious persons; after the lapse of a generation, such members did not form a larger proportion of this sect than of any other; and this inevitable deterioration is more obviously disastrous among those whose bond of union is a common discipline than among those with whom it is a common creed." Dr. Johnson, who Boswell says "was himself in a dignified manner a Methodist," speaking of their success, said: "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people." And "polished periods and glittering sentences" fly over their heads, "without any impression on their hearts. The mind, like the body," he observed, "delighted in change and novelty." The observant Frenchman, M. Grosley, says of the Methodists: "This establishment has borne all the persecutions that it could possibly apprehend in a country as much disposed to persecution as England is the reverse." Knight says: "The light literature of forty years overflows with the ridicule of Methodism. The preachers are pelted by the mob; the converts are held up to execration as fanatics and hypocrites. Yet Methodism held the ground it gained. It had gone forth to utter the words of truth to men little above the beasts that perish, and it brought them to regard themselves as akin to humanity. The time would come when its earnestness would awaken the Church itself from its somnolency, and the educated classes would not be ashamed to be religious. The power could not be despised which

made floods of tears roll down the sooty cheeks of the colliers of Kingswood, and which, penetrating to Scotland, had called forth the lowest of the population of Glasgow to go forth to Cambuslang, and there, 'at the foot of the brae near the kirk,' hear the word preached in the open fields, and surrender themselves to an irresistible influence, such as was wielded by the Puritans of old. To assist in 'the extraordinary work of Cambuslang' Whitefield came, and saw thirty thousand persons assembled to receive the Sacrament."

Wesley had written "Thoughts on a Single Life," and strongly disapproved of the marriage of ministers; but finally he married, in 1751, a widow by the name of Vizelle, with four children, and an independent fortune, which he settled on her, and of which he declined to make any use. His was a very unfortunate marriage. Southey says of Mrs. Wesley: "She tormented him in such a manner, by her outrageous jealousy and abominable temper, that she deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe and the wife of Job, as one of the three bad wives. Wesley, indeed, was neither so submissive as Socrates nor so patient as the man of Uz." "Know me," said he in one of his letters to her, "and know yourself. Suspect me no more, asperse me no more, provoke me no more; do no longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." Speaking of her efforts to vindicate her character by various underhand proceedings, he concludes: "Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you was buried just now, or if you had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?" Southey adds: "This was true, but not very conciliating; and there are few stomachs which could bear to have humility administered in such doses." It is said that she frequently travelled a hundred miles for the sole purpose of watching from a

window who was in the carriage with him when he entered a town. She searched his pockets, opened his letters, put his papers into the hands of those unfriendly to him, in hope that they might use them to injure his character, and sometimes rudely treated him and tore his venerable and scanty locks. After thus trying him for twenty years, she left him for the last time, and carried with her parts of his journal and other private papers. He simply states the fact of her departure in his journal, and adds, "I did not forsake her, I did not dismiss her, I will not recall her." Whitefield's wife and Mrs. Wesley are spoken of by Berridge of Everton as "a brace of ferrets."

Till Wesley was sixty-nine years old he travelled always on horseback; and he says, "I commonly read on horseback, having other employment at other times." He used to lay the rein on the horse's neck, and in that way he "rode in the course of his life above a hundred thousand miles." We can only admire the energy of the man who travelled so constantly over roads which Arthur Young in 1770 wrote of as follows: "The roads of the North, and especially Lancashire, were mostly execrable." Speaking of one turnpike road, this shrewd observer says: "Let me most seriously caution all travellers, who may accidentally purpose to travel this terrible county, to avoid it as they would the Devil." Wesley's friends, fearing some accident for him, at last persuaded him to travel in a carriage. He continued to travel and preach till very near his end, and showed great endurance. "He notices every birthday, only to wonder at his marvellous immunity from all the trials of old age. At the age of seventy-three he writes, 'I am better able to preach than I was at twenty-three.'" At eighty-five he writes, "How little have I suffered by 'the rush of numerous years.'" One biographer speaks of him as "rising in the morning at four, travelling from thirty to seventy miles a day, preaching daily four or five sermons, reading, writing, visiting the sick, and superin-

tending the societies wherever he came, after he was more than fourscore." He himself writes that he travelled above "four thousand miles a year."

Southey says of his appearance at this time: "His face was remarkably fine, his complexion fresh to the last week of his life, his eye quick, keen, and active, and his long hair white and bright as silver." For some months before his death he was very feeble. Crabb Robinson, in his *Diary* lately published, describes hearing and seeing Wesley: "I was at an exhibition equally admirable [he had just heard Erskine] and which had an equal effect on my mind. It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round meeting-house in Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind I never saw anything comparable to it in after life." He writes his brother more at length, and says: "Not knowing the man, I should almost have ridiculed his figure. Far from it now. I looked upon him with a respect bordering on enthusiasm. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn he arose and said: 'It gives me great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing, neither men nor women; you have not forgotten a single note. And I hope that by the assistance of the same God which enables you to sing well you may do all other things well.'" Mr. Robinson's biographer adds: "I have heard Mr. Robinson tell this more than once at his own table, with the addition, that so greatly was the preacher revered, that the people stood in a double line to see him as he passed through the street on his way to the chapel." Wesley died March 2, 1791,

after a short illness, which was more the exhaustion of nature than any active disease.

He seemed to work on the fear and imagination of the assemblies he addressed, and it is worthy of note that neither Charles Wesley nor Whitefield produced a like effect; and the fact that Charles Wesley's notification "on one occasion that any one who was convulsed should be carried out of the congregation insured perfect quiet, is enough to prove, what we might be sure of without any proof, that the love of producing a sensation was sometimes the agent at work." There must have been something in the personal influence of Wesley, for his sermons certainly do not produce any such exciting effect on the reader. It is interesting to observe, as we read his life, how very unwilling Wesley was to destroy the old landmarks and barriers of form. Whatever he felt later, he did not at first desire to leave the Church of England. His biographer says of him and his relation to that body: "He was ready to occupy towards the Church of England a position only so far different from that which Ignatius Loyola occupied in the Church of Rome as the circumstances of the Anglican Church in the eighteenth century differed from those of the Roman Catholic in the sixteenth." The English bishops did not realize his state of religious conviction; "it was not in their power to crush the new order, but the strange anomalies of the English law had left it in their power to force it to become a sect." In that way they lost all the advantage which they might with care and moderation have turned to the future welfare and glory of their church.

Wesley's own temperament was rather cold, and he had probably from that cold and calm nature, and the great self-control and presence of mind which he possessed, the power to awe, subdue, and thrill an audience. While Whitefield on many occasions preached dissolved in tears, and so moved vast numbers, the strong and determined will of Wesley was almost electrical in its in-

fluence and even frightful in its effects on the assemblages he preached before. Frequently, when he had concluded his discourse, the whole of his congregation appeared to be riveted to the ground, and not a person moved till he had retired. We have perhaps the best proof of Wesley's power over an audience, and the extraordinary effect of his preaching, in an incident he himself records in his journal. The account of it is rather comical to read. On one occasion a long wall, built of loose stones, on which many of his hearers were seated, suddenly gave way and fell down; it did not produce any interruption of his discourse, or divert the attention of his audience. "None of those who had fallen," he observes, "screamed; and none being hurt, they appeared sitting at the bottom just as they had sat at the top."

It was evidently more the manner than the matter of his sermons that moved and agitated his hearers. "His own temptations were those of a cold temperament, and he never considered any other. His characteristic word of approval was 'lively'; and a congregation in a satisfactory state was a 'lively congregation,'" says the biographer. Judging from the descriptions of the scenes attending his preaching, we should use much stronger language than "lively" to describe it, for we read of people struck down as with a sudden blow, and writhing on the ground in convulsions and paroxysms of the most violent and distressing kind; and only Wesley himself, with the same eloquence which caused these manifestations of awful excitement, could soothe and quiet the victims of the attacks.

Johnson said "he could scarcely doubt the sincerity of that man who travelled nine hundred miles in a month, and preached twelve times in a week; for no adequate reward, merely temporal, could be given for such indefatigable labors." Southey says that "no conqueror or poet was ever more ambitious than John Wesley." Macaulay eulogizes him as "a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness

might have made him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu." Though that may appear rather extravagant, it would seem that he may with justice be classed among the great religious teachers of the world, as one largely gifted with the eloquence to move and convince an audience, the

clear executive mind to organize, and the tact and energy to control and govern with success a large and constantly increasing number of followers. He may without too great encomium be named in the long list of the great reformers of the world, as one of the last but not the least in that "glorious company."

G. A. E.

MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew;
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew!

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay,
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day,

Through the dusty window curtained by the spider's warp and woof,
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of roof,

The bed-quilt's faded patch-work, the teacups on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle as it dropped from her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm morning light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her bitter bread;
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time: she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the Basin of Minas and set over Gaspereau.

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to upland wood;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in moonshine over the dark coast wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang,
And far-off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang!

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat smoothing the wrinkled sheet,
Peering into the face so helpless, and feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and long abuse,
By care no longer heeded, and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped,
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother who watched him, sharply, with brow a-frown,
"What! love you the papist, the beggar, the charge of the town?"

"Be she papist or beggar, who lies here, I know and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever she goes!

"O mother! that sweet face came pleading, for love so athirst;
You saw but the town-charge; I knew her God's angel at first,,

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down a bitter cry;
And, awed by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible, but closer the young girl pressed,
With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice cruel grown;
"She is joined to her idols like Ephraim: let her alone!"

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear,
And he called back the soul that was passing: "Marguerite, do you hear?"

She paused on the threshold of heaven; love, pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living long for he spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard where buds to blossoms grew;
Of the folded hands and the still face, never the robins knew!

John G. Whittier.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

III.

BAD PRINT.

NO protest can be too earnest
against the manner in which
many books, especially school-books,
are printed. Surely, if an author's
work has any value, it deserves better
than to be sent forth in so poor a garb

What is worth printing at all, at least
as regards books intended to be con-
stantly used or extensively read, is
worth being well printed, with clear
type upon a fair page. Everything
should be done, so far as the arts may
serve the interests of learning and
science, to make study a pleasure in-

stead of rendering it an irksome and injurious task.

If and while eyes are strong, they may offer only feeble remonstrance against the harm they suffer in being forced to decipher that which bad type, ink, and paper have combined to make illegible; but the day of reckoning comes at last, and many eyes must cease their labors, and many minds, full of useful projects, must abandon their plans, because the eyes, those long-enduring instruments of research, have given way to the continued strain to which they have been needlessly subjected.

WOUNDS AND INJURIES OF THE EYE.

The subject of accidental injuries of the eye is one of great importance, as the recovery or loss of sight may often depend on what is done immediately after the accident, before the eye is seen by a physician.

Travellers, especially by railroad, are liable to the lodgement of small particles of dust or cinders inside the lid or upon the front of the eyeball, causing great suffering. These should be removed as soon as possible, before the eye becomes excessively sensitive, and before they give rise to inflammation. Sometimes these foreign bodies are to be seen, on close inspection, lodged in the front of the cornea, where they are not felt when the eye is open, though every movement of the lid over them causes much pain. If not firmly imbedded they may be removed by means of a bit of wood, say a toothpick, sharpened to a flat point, or even by a camel's hair brush; but when forcibly implanted they are sometimes so firmly held in place that their extraction requires a skilful hand. When fixed in the centre of the cornea, with the dark pupil as background, they are frequently overlooked at a first inspection. If the foreign body is not found in this situation, it will be discovered, in nine cases out of ten, inside the upper eyelid, and generally at about the centre of the lid near its border. Thus placed, it scratches the cornea at each motion

of the lid or eyeball, and causes great irritation. Such particles once slightly imbedded in the membrane lining the lid may remain there a long time before being expelled by natural efforts.

If the eyelids are closed for a few minutes, soon after the entrance of the foreign body, so as to allow the tears to accumulate, and the skin at the centre of the upper lid is then taken hold of with the thumb and finger and drawn forward so as to lift the lid from the eyeball, the intruding particle is often washed away with the outflow of tears.

If relief is not obtained after two or three trials of this plan, and no physician is at hand, it will be best to ask a travelling companion to turn the lid and remove the offending substance. But if this should be a grain of light-colored dust or sand, good eyes or eyeglasses will be needed to detect it.

The upper eyelid may be easily turned by taking hold of the eyelashes and edge of the lid with the thumb and finger of the left hand and drawing the lid outwards and upwards, while at the same time a small pencil, a knitting-needle, or some similar thing held in the right hand is placed against the centre of the lid, pressing it backwards and downwards towards the eyeball. The person should look down, as this greatly facilitates the eversion of the lid, which may be easily accomplished if these directions are followed. The cinder or dust may then be wiped off with a handkerchief or the finger.

Smoothly worn bits of shell from the beach are sometimes inserted as "eye-stones," the popular idea being that they pursue the foreign body and bring it out, *vi et armis*. But these generally only add to the sufferer's discomfort; and in the few instances where their introduction is followed, after more or less delay, by the escape of the original intruding substance, they merely serve by their bulk to separate the eyelid from close contact with the globe and thus allow the sand or cinder to be washed from its position by the abundant tears. Much harm is often

done by their presence, the remedy proving even worse than the disease.

It is so common for machinists and stone-cutters to have atoms of metal driven into the cornea, that in most shops some one of the workmen acquires repute for a certain skill in removing them. But when the metal is deeply lodged their efforts often fail, and the cornea is sometimes injured by their attempts, or so much abraded that the eye becomes exquisitely sensitive, and when the sufferer applies for professional aid, it is almost impossible for him to keep the eye still enough to allow of the extraction of the metallic fragment. Sometimes etherization is necessary in such cases before the removal of the foreign body can be effected.

But workmen are also liable to far graver injuries, from bits of metal which penetrate the eyeball instead of lodging upon its surface. In using a hammer and cold-chisel small bits of steel are often broken from the edge of the tool and driven with great force into the eye. Having once passed through the tough external coats of the eyeball, there is little to prevent their going on to the very bottom of the eye. These accidents are very deceptive; the workman perhaps thinks his eye has only been hit, externally, by a bit of metal which he was chipping off; and as he feels at first very little pain, and his vision, it may be, is not much affected, he is unwilling to believe that anything has entered the globe. But if examined, conclusive traces are often found of the course of the missile towards the back of the eye; or it may sometimes be seen lodged in the iris or the crystalline lens; or the ophthalmoscope may even detect its presence in the deeper parts of the globe. Usually the man is soon convinced, by the continued irritability of the eye and the increasing failure of his sight, that his is more than an ordinary trivial injury.

Many eyes are yearly lost from bits of percussion-caps, which boys amuse themselves in exploding by carelessly striking them with a stone or hammer.

Such dangerous playthings should be absolutely forbidden.

In any of these cases no time should be lost before consulting a skilful oculist if possible; if not, the ablest medical practitioner within reach; as the chance not only of retaining any vision in the wounded eye, but of preserving it in the other, may depend on the advice given and the treatment adopted immediately after the injury. The possibility or expediency of the removal of the foreign body should be determined by a man of experience; as, if such a substance is allowed to remain in certain parts of the eyeball, it excites, in very many cases, a peculiar form of sympathetic inflammation in the other eye and destroys the sight.

Grains of powder are frequently driven into the eye by premature explosions, etc. If near the centre of the cornea and of some size, they should be carefully picked out, as far as may be, soon after the accident. But small particles may remain even in the cornea, without doing harm; and if they have been some time in the eye, they become incorporated in the surrounding tissues, and should not be disturbed unless they cause conspicuous deformity.

Burns, or injuries from acids or other chemical substances, or freezing of the cornea during exposure to intense cold, are usually followed by dangerous ulceration or even by complete loss of vitality in the cornea. Such cases should never be neglected.

Clean cuts of the eyeball, with sharp instruments or pieces of glass, even when quite large, often result in a good recovery. Lacerated wounds, made by blunt instruments, sticks, horns, and the like, terminate less favorably. In all these cases the friends of the injured person should avoid curious meddling with the eye "to see how much it is hurt," and it is well to keep both the eyes closed and quiet, as if asleep, that the wound may be as little disturbed as possible, until it can be seen by a physician. No other applications should be made than a thin

folded rag wet with cold water ; close heavy bandages, which might press heavily upon the eye, and everything like poultices, being especially avoided. No eye-water, of any description, should be used, except under the direction of the medical adviser ; for the redness and swelling of the eyeball and lids depend on the existence of the wound, and will subside as this is healed, but are not to be got rid of by mischievous activity in the use of such remedies as might be serviceable in a different form of inflammation.

Penetrating wounds of the eye from scissors, pin-darts, needles, etc., *may be* trivial, if the important internal parts are not involved ; but they are often more serious than appears at first sight, and the fact that a child makes little complaint after such an injury should not put a parent off his guard. For in these cases, as in most lacerated wounds and those produced by blows from blunt objects, we have to fear, not merely loss of vision, but shrinking or deformity of the eyeball ; and, what is far more serious, there is in many cases a risk of loss of the other eye from sympathetic inflammation. This last consequence is especially likely to happen if the injured eye continues irritable and sensitive, or if it becomes so after having been for a time free from active symptoms.

The very frequent occurrence of total loss of sight from sympathetic disease, coming on insidiously in the internal parts, and with very little warning, ought to be kept in view in every case of injury of the eyeball, until such time as the danger is pronounced by some competent authority to be past ; and if threatening symptoms present themselves there should be no hesitation in sacrificing the injured globe, if necessary to the safety of the other eye.

SYMPATHETIC INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE.

When one eyeball has been seriously injured, or a foreign body remains within it, especially in the ciliary region, a little behind the line of union of the

transparent cornea with the sclera, or in some instances of displacement or disorganization of internal parts, the other eye, previously healthy, becomes affected with a slow internal inflammation of a most destructive nature.

The early symptoms are often so slight as not to attract notice, unless they have been watched for ; and they are at length observed only too late for effective treatment, if they are looked for only in the uninjured eye. The first premonitory signs are to be seen in the eye which has been diseased or hurt, and it should be vigilantly watched as long as any sensitiveness lingers to justify suspicion.

Should warnings in the injured eye be disregarded, the other eye may begin to show a faint blush of redness just beyond the margin of the cornea ; the movements of the pupil become sluggish ; and it is perhaps found that vision is less good than usual in a feeble light. These changes increase, though varying and seeming to improve at times, until at last the eye becomes very red, watery, and perhaps painful, the pupil is closed by a deposit of opaque material, and the globe finally shrinks and is sightless.

Occasionally an eye escapes without loss of vision after these processes have begun, provided the injured eye, the source of the sympathetic irritation, is promptly removed ; but it is best, where the state of the other eye indicates a tendency to mischief, not to wait for the appearance of even slight symptoms of disease in the sound eye, as, unfortunately, they cannot always be arrested, when once established, by even the promptest action on the part of the surgeon.

When an eyeball is removed under these circumstances, there is often an immediate sense of relief from dull pain which had previously existed in the eyes and forehead. The globe being enucleated without the removal of the muscles and other contents of the orbit, a sufficient support is left for an artificial eye. Though such an opera-

tion is formidable in anticipation, it is painless in execution after etherization, and the wound is readily healed, often within two or three days.

More or less serious changes may occur within the eye as the result of concussion, without external wound; as, for instance, from a hit by a cork from a bottle, the end of a whip-lash, a ball, or any other sudden shock. The anterior chamber, the space between the cornea and the iris, is often at once filled with blood, and vision temporarily lost; but the blood is reabsorbed and sight restored in a few days, if no other harm has been received. The iris may be partially torn or separated at its border, forming a second pupil, but not seriously damaging the visual functions. Sometimes the crystalline lens is dislocated, or the capsule enclosing it is ruptured. This may lead to inflammation, by pressure upon neighboring sensitive parts; or, where no change is immediately apparent, may result in the formation of cataract, the lens gradually becoming cloudy within a few months; or the retina may be separated from its connections, and its perceptive faculty destroyed. As in any such injury from concussion there is a possibility of sympathetic ophthalmia at a subsequent period, all such cases should receive careful attention.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

When vision is lost in one eye, and the globe is more or less disfigured or shrunken, a person is often desirous to conceal the deformity, in order not to attract notice and to restore the natural expression of the features.

An artificial eye may be worn when the eyeball is but slightly lessened in size, or when the globe has been removed; but the most favorable condition for its use is where the anterior parts of the eye have been destroyed or removed, leaving a somewhat diminished globe, to which the muscles remain attached. It is important that no extensive adhesions should exist between the eyeball and the lids.

Artificial eyes are in the form of a

thin shell, made of a sort of glass termed enamel, and as light as possible, that they may be moved readily by the muscles of the globe in harmony with the movements of the other eye. They should not be too large, as in this case their movements will be limited. The form should be adapted to that of the socket in which they are to be worn, their edge not pressing too much against any part of it. They should appear, when worn, a little smaller, rather than larger, than the other eye, as a staring look is thus avoided. In color and in size of the iris and pupil they should correspond as nearly as possible with the other eye; but a difference of color is of less importance than to have the eye of a form and size which will be comfortable and movable.

Very slight differences greatly alter the effect of the eye when inserted. It is therefore very difficult to obtain a suitably fitting eye, except by personal selection from a large number of specimens; and, if once well fitted, a person would do well to order other eyes of the same pattern, otherwise it may not be easy to replace an eye with another as well adapted, when the first becomes rough or is broken.

Like other modern substitutes for natural deficiencies, — hair, teeth, wooden legs, etc., — artificial eyes should be laid aside at night. In fact, it is well to take them out occasionally in the daytime and bathe the orbital cavity, in order to avoid the slight irritation caused by their constant presence, and to preserve the eyes from becoming roughened by constant soaking in the tears and other discharges. But even with these precautions, the surface of the enamel loses its polish after a while, usually in from one to three years, and the eye must then be exchanged for another. If worn after becoming rough, the secretions from the lining of the cavity are greatly increased, and it becomes inflamed and covered with fungous granulations to such an extent that the artificial eye can no longer be introduced. But these granulations, how-

ever large, must be left to shrink away under the soothing effect of frequent lotions with water or other mild means. If they are cut off, the cavity is almost always rendered smaller, and subsequently will not admit the false eye. Of course, in these circumstances, the eye must be laid aside until the recovery of the healthy condition.

Where a good fit, well matched with the other eye, is obtained, artificial eyes are not to be detected by an ordinary observer, and they restore good looks and a natural expression to the face so completely that after a time even a person's friends forget the counterfeit. They require care, however, both in their selection and use, and those to whom looks are a matter of slight consideration sometimes find them more trouble and expense than they think them worth.

CREDULITY AND PRESUMPTION IN REGARD TO THE EYE.

The willingness of the public to patronize pretended oculists, and to recommend certain popular remedies as being infallible for the cure of eye-disease, is a source of pain to every one who witnesses in our hospitals and blind asylums the lamentable consequences. Intelligent people would be slow to confide their important business, their farms and merchandise, to the hands of travelling lawyers of uncertain reputation, whom they saw for the first time and never expected to see again; yet they intrust their eyes, worth more than house or lands, to the care of roaming pretenders, whose own assurances are the only warrant of their skill, and who, when their ignorance

and failures become too glaringly evident in one place, flee into another. Or, again, a mother thinks it no harm to follow the recommendation of nurse or neighbor, and apply a poultice to the inflamed eyelids of her babe, little dreaming that in so doing she is dooming it to blindness, and never asking herself how much the presumptuous adviser could know about the matter. An individual who has suffered from some affection of the eye, and found relief in a certain remedy, too often seems to feel himself authorized to advise all the rest of mankind attacked with eye disease to use the wonderful specific to which he ascribes his cure. One person spoils the eye of a friend's child by recommending a wash containing sugar of lead. Another, equally ignorant where he assumes to be wise, destroys sight by advising in a case of internal disease a wholly inappropriate eye-water, because it had suited his own case of external inflammation.

The dictates of good sense would really seem to be forgotten where the eye is in question; for surely, if there be any faculty of the body of pre-eminent importance and value, it is the faculty of seeing; and if there be any organ whose delicate and intricate structure demands the most patient and intelligent study and finished skill for its proper comprehension and successful management, it is the organ of vision. Yet this seems to be a lesson which the community is most unwilling to learn; and multitudes of eyes, too valuable to be thus thrown away, are sacrificed to ignorance and neglect.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

SHODDY.

AFTER the firing on Fort Sumter had proved the malignity of the Rebel feeling, there was a general burst of patriotism out of the depths of the nation's heroic heart, which seemingly swept into its current and overwhelmed in its flood every mean prejudice and huckstering policy and selfish impulse on the surface of the public mind; but events soon proved that while honest men were eager to sacrifice everything for the country, knaves were scheming to make money out of the country's necessities, and coolly seizing on the very disinterestedness of their nobler neighbors as an excellent occasion to glut their ravenous greed. The marvels of moral inspiration all round them, emancipating men from the dominion of mercenary motives, only seemed to sharpen their vulpine minds and intensify their wolfish instincts; and to prey on the patriotism they disdained to emulate became the one object of their ambition. To pillage the government which they would not defend, and swindle the soldiers whose breasts shielded them from pillage, seemed a proper exercise of their peculiar gifts, while the nation, realizing the vision of the poet, "was rousing herself, like a strong man out of his sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." Soon came the cry from the camps that cheats at home were thriving on the miseries of the volunteers; that the soldier starved in order that the contractor might feast; especially that the defenders of the nation, hurrying from their homes to insure safety to the homes of their plunderers, were so sleazily clothed that they were literally "left naked to their enemies"; and a word of ominous and infamous significance, a word in which is concentrated more wrath and wretchedness than any other in the vocabulary of the camp, the word "shoddy," flew into general circulation, to embody

the soldier's anathema on the soldier's scourge.

But it seems to us that a word of such ill repute should not be confined to one class of offences, but should be extended to follies, errors, vices, and policies which, though they boast of softer names, illustrate the same essential quality. For what is the essential characteristic of shoddy clothing? Is it not this, that it will not *wear*? In its outside appearance it mimics good cloth, but use quickly reduces it to its elemental rags. Now, it might be asked, have we, in our experience during the past ten years, been deceived by no other plausible mockeries of reality than shoddy uniforms? Have we not all, more or less, been wearing shoddy clothing on our minds and consciences? Have we not seen it fall into shreds and tatters with perhaps only a week's use? And have we not quickly replaced the sleazy garment of opinion and prejudice with one only a little less "ready made," anxious at all events not to be clad in the well-woven cloth of enduring principle? Is shoddy, in fact, anything more than a superficial symbol of a deep-seated moral disease? Shoddy in business everybody detects and denounces; let us see if we have not been fooled as much by shoddy politics, shoddy generalship, shoddy literature, shoddy ethics, and—shall I say it?—shoddy religion. In all these great instrumentalities of individual and national well-being have we always selected those which will stand the test of experience,—which will wear?

And first for our politics, and our politics in connection with the Confederate War. If there ever was an occasion in the history of nations when the national heart should have given depth and sagacity to the national mind, when principle should have been identified with policy and impassioned purpose

with practical performance, it was on the breaking out of that contest in which a perjured horde of slaveholders and liberticides attempted to destroy a republic and give the law to a continent. The crime was patent. It was stigmatized by all codes as the blackest of all iniquities. Yet through what confusing and slippery expedients did our policy stagger and stumble on before we reached the principle which should have guided us at the start! One is reminded of the story of the Englishman, who, riding in a remote Devonshire lane, came upon a swampy-looking place, and said to a rustic who was near, "I say, is there a good firm bottom here?" "O yeas, sir," was the reply, "that there be." He rode on, and soon plunged up to the horse's girths. "Hilloa, you rascal, did n't you tell me there was a good firm bottom?" "Soa there be, sir, when you come to it, but you beant half-ways to the bottom yet." That we might have avoided the swamp altogether is one of the plainest teachings of our exasperating experience in the mud! We were driven into ideas by the drift of events, instead of shaping events by the insight and foresight of ideas. The fault was in no particular man, but in the public mind, which could be taught to distrust shoddy maxims and shoddy expedients by no masters less austere than disaster and defeat.

Perhaps the most mischievous of these maxims was that which attempted to conceal the real nature of the late civil war by inculcating a superficial view of slavery, its real *cause*. There is, it may be said here, a class of persons who resent the intrusion into politics of a moral principle. They believe it has no business there, and they fear it will bite them; they go for the dear, old comfortable shams and lies on which, as they think, the safety of society reposes; and accordingly it is common even now to hear intelligent and worthy people assert that the whole outburst, which rent the continent like a convulsion of nature, was produced by a few Southern nullifiers

and a few Northern abolitionists; and that, if Calhoun and his set and Garrison and his set had been hanged at the start, honest men, who did n't care a straw for the matter they squabbled about, would have trudged peacefully on in their honest business, unvexed by any disturbance. Such reasoning as this seems founded on the precedent of the honest Hibernian, who, sweating at his work, indignantly smashed the thermometer, and then boasted that he had "killed the baste which made the weather so hot!" Indeed, this theory of the cause of the war seems to us as reasonable as it would be to seek the cause of an eruption of Vesuvius in a piece of the lava shot from its flaming mouth. The war was not only produced by slavery, but it was a perfectly logical and necessary result of the development of the principles inherent in that peculiar institution. Indeed, the principles on which a society is organized ever dictate the course both of its politics and politicians. Men are but the accidents and instruments of the system; and the course adopted by the leaders of the Southern slave aristocracy was one into which they were forced by the necessities of their system, and which we Northerners would have followed had we been in their place, and had we agreed in their views. Calhoun and McDuffie, Davis, Yancey, Toombs, and Mason, were but top twigs of that Upas-tree whose roots ran under the whole Southern soil.

If, then, we fasten our attention on the development of this system of slavery, passing over the persons accidentally connected with it, we shall find, independent of all philanthropic considerations, that its death was from the start the condition of national life; that it was more important to kill *it* than to hang *them*; and that it would be better that a thousand Jefferson Davises should live than that one infectious vice of slavery should be allowed to survive its legal abolition. The people of the States early discovered that the country was a geo-

graphical unit, and should be, for all general purposes, a political unit. The nation, an infant Hercules in all but this, that it did not strangle the serpents that strayed into its cradle, compromised with slavery on the implied condition that it should creep into a corner and die, giving little practical heed to the poisonous vitality of its animating principle. Accordingly, the Constitution, which seemingly made North and South one people, did not prevent the growth of those organic germs which really made them two communities, — communities guided by different ideas, impelled by different passions, a thousand miles apart in space, a thousand years apart in time, and sure to clash the moment they really came together, and the grown giant of Freedom met the grown giant of Slavery face to face. The terms of the written Constitution could only postpone the unavoidable collision; for written constitutions are efficient only when they reflect the unwritten laws of national habits, customs, sentiments, ideas, and character; and in their practical administration they are ever bent into the service of the great organic forces of the national life. In our country this is done by a process of legislative and judicial "interpretation" and "construction"; but these words could conceal from no intelligent politician the fact that the Constitution has repeatedly changed, without being constitutionally "amended," even if the shriek of the defeated party, that the Constitution was violated, did not constantly inform us of it. Now the method by which the Southern section of the United States changed the Constitution was by forcing its own ideas into the words of that instrument, — dosing it, in fact, with "plantation biters," and then threatening secession in case its construction was denied. It plainly said that it would belong to no government it could not rule, and dignified this impudence by calling it by the name of Southern Rights. Every instructed man knew that, entirely independent of the Constitution, the

"rights" of the South were recognized only so far as the "power" of the South was felt in Congress, and, in consequence of its power in Congress, on the decisions of the Supreme Court.

But why would the Southern States belong to no government they could not rule? It was because the South had sacrificed the interests of all other classes of Southern society to the slaveholding class; had organized its local governments on the basis of slavery; had fully committed itself to all the measures, no matter how absurd and atrocious, which that system dictated; and well knew that, if it could not wield the forces of the national government in aid of the institution of slavery, they would inevitably be directed against it. For the law which limits the profitableness of slave labor is as inexorable as any other law of political economy. It demands, against the interests and rights of human nature itself, that population shall be scanty and the area of territory large; and, as population increases, it exacts that the territory shall be correspondingly extended. The perpetuity of slavery was therefore inextricably connected with its spread, its indefinite preservation with its indefinite extension. To limit it was to ask it to die by inches. Calhoun long ago said that, if it perished at all, it would perish in a convulsion. The cry of "Liberty national, slavery local," contained its doom, for "liberty national" would, without touching a local law, have eventually made liberty local, by the peaceful operation of the law of population. But slavery national, which was necessary for its continued existence, made the free States accomplices in its extension; and it was inevitable that this fact should rouse a twofold opposition at the North, — an opposition of interest against the increase of the political power of slavery, and an opposition of conscience against its iniquity. As the development of slavery was the necessity of its existence, so the development of an opposition to it was a necessity of the existence of freedom.

The conflict came in the natural order of events. Individual statesmen may have postponed or hastened, but they could neither produce nor prevent it. Its causes were down deep in the instincts, passions, and ideas of the two societies which it brought into collision. Compromise and concession, though carried to their most cowardly extremes, would at last have been compelled to face demands which would have stung cowardice itself into the utterance of a heroic "No!"

Think of it; the nation, homogeneous but for one institution, became heterogeneous through that institution. We could easily mould into our free system Irishmen, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Italians, even Chinamen, but we could not mould slaveholders into it. A form of labor was more than a match for the assimilating genius which was peacefully fusing into one grand nationality the most various and discordant races. It was therefore inevitable that we must remove what refused to be assimilated, or be assimilated by it. It was a dragon in the path of our national progress, and our only choice lay between slaying the monster and being devoured by it!

The opposition to slavery, because of its principle, was confined to a few. The opposition to the logical development of that principle in slavery extension included large and continually increasing masses of the population. But if the death-grapple of the two principles had not occurred on that question, had concession or compromise patched up that cause of disturbance, it would have occurred on some other demand of slavery, — such as the re-opening of the slave-trade, — on which no concession or compromise was possible; for it is not to be supposed that we could have gone on forever, in keeping the favor of the South, as the patient wife of the legend kept the favor of her husband by doing all that pleased him and enduring all that displeased her. The fundamental fact to be considered is this, that the South, having come to the conclusion that

its great interest was slavery, having bullied Southern ethics, philosophy, and religion into declaring that slavery was reasonable and right, and having debauched education into a school where moral darkness was, on this point, taught as a duty, it was bound to stop at no absurdity and no atrocity which was a logical step in the development of its organic principle. It therefore seems to us that all our attempts, in the early part of the war, to blink the radical facts and principles of the case, to substitute plausibilities for realities, to shirk the grim duty for the amiable counterfeit, and to pour ever anew the waters of concession into the bottomless buckets of expediency, — that all these were but indications that the element of shoddy was in our politics. The cloth looked well, but it could not, and was not made to, stand the wear and tear of experience.

The essential mischief of this shoddy clothing for the popular mind is due, in a great degree, to the name it assumes. It eludes the grip of thought by calling itself common sense. If its object were to distinguish itself thus from real sense, its modesty might be commended; but when its purpose palpably is to point the finger at all clear perception and sound thinking, its impudence merits the rod. Common sense, in its just meaning, is that sense which one mind holds in common with all others. It is thus the intellectual bond of the human race. It is the effect of a combination of the instincts of the general reason with the results of the general experience. We all cry "halves" in it. It is my sense because it is yours, and yours because it is mine. Sydney Smith playfully says that common sense was invented by Socrates, that philosopher having been one of its most conspicuous exemplars, in conducting the contest of practical sagacity against stupid prejudice and illusory beliefs. It is also of the essence of common sense, that it understands that occasions will not wait, and must be seized at the instant they occur. We all remember the story of the negro soldier

who, in one of our Western battles, came up with a retreating Rebel officer and bade him surrender. "I never will surrender to a nigger," was the haughty reply. "Very sorry, massa," said the negro, pointing his rifle at him, "must kill you den; have n't time to go back and get a white man." There is wisdom in this for certain of our politicians, who have let some splendid opportunities slip, in their fastidious taste for white men to do the business.

The meaning of common sense, then, is plain; but how often do we use the term as a cover for common nonsense, the nonsense which one mind has in common with others; or, what is worse, as a convenient phrase to impart dignity to any narrow opinion or obstinate misjudgment or foolish crochet, which we may personally pamper and pride ourselves upon, and thus give to our private whim the character of a universal belief. This shoddy common sense is the most detestable of all forms of nonsense. For example, a philosophic statesman, with the sense to search into the law of events, offends my superficial notions or party creed, and I answer him with a passionate or pitying, "Pooh! the fellow has no common sense!" Another, comprehensively grasping a dozen or fifty facts and relations, links them in a chain of reasoning which I have n't the brains to follow; and, holding fast to my one fact, and making that the measure of all things, I shout, "Abstractionist! no common sense!" Another still thinks it is folly to let your enemies have the exclusive advantage of the labor and the lives of those who are naturally your friends, and that the negro's vote may be as necessary to our safety as the negro's musket has proved to be; and I, in my lofty scorn of "niggers," taunt him with the question: "Now, you miserable fanatic, why don't you take a common-sense view of the matter?" In this way I may do all I can to expel sense from the world, and put nonsense in its place, while I am perhaps all the while felicitating myself that human reason

is my debtor, and that with my decrease wisdom will make her disastrous exit from an unappreciating world.

Now in a republican government this mass of error, wilfulness, passion, narrow-mindedness, self-conceit, and self-deceit, which calls itself common sense, insists on having itself respected by the administration and represented in it. President Lincoln, that miracle and martyr of clemency, who not only seemed to have no malignity in his own nature, but to lack the perception of it in others, early took the ground that he must not only obey the impulses of the heroic popular heart, but must defer to whatever wrong-headedness there might be in the prejudiced popular mind. Well, we were indulged in that meanest and most expensive of all luxuries,—we had our prejudices petted, and it cost us millions of treasure and torrents of blood! There was a time, during the war, when domestic defeat and foreign intervention threatened our Republic with extinction; and had it been destroyed, its epitaph in history would have been, "Died of want of will and want of brains!"

See also how this shoddy element was projected into our generalship as well as into our statesmanship. Our military leaders were captains and colonels suddenly raised to be commanders of great armies; and we immediately treated them as though they were extemporized Napoleons and Fredericks. Our civil war, indeed, stands out from all other wars in history as having given birth to the "edited" Major-General; that is, to the hero created by the newspaper correspondent. "We keeps a poet," said the proprietors of Day and Martin's blacking; "We keeps a reporter," might have been said by the manufactured celebrities of some of our camps. But the rarity of the highest military genius was unaffected by these generous puffers of mediocrity. Though the world has been fighting ever since it was created, it has succeeded in producing only five generals of the first class, namely, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Freder-

ick, and Napoleon; and certainly our war has not added a sixth to the list. On the sea, however, it may be said we had, in Farragut, the most skilful and heroic naval commander of all time,—the man who did the most difficult things ever done with ships, with the most marvellous combination of science, genius, and dash;

“The Viking of our Western clime,
Who made his mast a throne!”

To generals of the more numerous second class, the Scipios, the Pompeys, the Wallensteins, the Turennes, the Condés, the Marlboroughs, the Wellingtons, we have probably added two, Grant and Sherman; and Grant we thought a blunderer, and Sherman we thought insane, at the time we looked at men and things through shoddy spectacles. But a man may not be even a general of the second class, and yet be a man of great ability, and fully competent to lead an army to victory. The trouble with us was that, after the first disappointment of our unreasonable expectations, we fell into the habit of judging our generals, not by their generalship, but by the notions they entertained on certain matters connected with the passions of conservatism or the passions of philanthropy; and we turned even our camps into debating societies, discussing the merits of their chairman, the general in command. The question whether a commander had the resolution and the resource, the quick eye, steady hand, and fertile brain of the accomplished soldier, was subordinated to the question whether he was “sound on the goose.” Nobody could behave so badly but he had a party ready to prove that his failures showed more genius than other men’s triumphs; and the incompetents perfectly understood the game. Thus one general was defeated in a battle, and he hastened to inform us that he went for “the vigorous prosecution of the war”; another surrendered a great strategic point, and he vehemently asserted his intention never to surrender “the principle of emancipation”; another lost a campaign, and then en-

lightened us by an elaborate essay on “the constitutional rights of the South.” Now we have a democratic bitterness of contempt against that custom in corrupt monarchies of putting the favorite of the monarch, or the favorite of the monarch’s favorite, at the head of the force which is to sustain the honor of the nation, as when Louis the Fifteenth’s Madame de Pompadour sent Prince Soubise, with a large French army, to be ignominiously routed at Rosbach by Frederick the Great; but we do the same thing when we force on an administration a general whose competency for command consists in his being a reflection of our party feelings and a courtier of the people.

Those who watched the surface of our “society” during the progress of the late civil war were wont to make themselves mad or merry over the sudden rush into social eminence of new millionnaires. The old aristocracy of wealth tried to distinguish itself from these *parvenus* of Plutus, these mushrooms of Mammon, by fixing on them the nickname of the aristocracy of shoddy, refusing to be softened by the glint of its satin or the dazzle of its diamonds. Fashion, as the supercilious custodian of manners and civilization, lifted its eye-glass to survey these bold intruders from unknown depths in the social scale, and pronounced them barbarie, though in broadcloth, and savage, though in silks. It is well, perhaps, to receive with caution this verdict of dandyism; for of all adepts in impertinence the most accomplished are the nominal professors of politeness. We all originally came from the woods; it is hard to eradicate from any of us the old taste for the tattoo and the war-paint; and the moment money gets into our pockets, it somehow or another breaks out in ornaments on our persons, without always giving refinement to our manners. Hence the prodigies of vulgar ostentation which accompanied and followed the horrors of our battle-fields, and the fierce scramble for wealth which threw into stronger contrast the sacrifices of our patriot-

ism. The larger portion of this new wealth, however, has been the production of individual genius and enterprise; and has not only more than offset the waste of war, but it supplied war with one of her two main sinews of "iron and gold." The true shoddy wealth is that which has been acquired by dishonest practices and reckless speculations, and which, though it has transferred money from one individual to another, and generally from the honest man to the trickster, has not added a dollar to the wealth of the nation. The actors in some of these so-called "enterprises" bring to mind the anecdote of the man who professed his intention to go West and open a jeweller's shop. "What is your capital?" he was asked. "A crow-bar," was his reply; "can't I open a jeweller's shop with that?" The last ten years have been fertile in examples of this burglary calling itself business. The swindling shoddy companies which have been started for the mere purpose of plunder put to shame the inferior contrivances of professional thieves. A French agrarian theorizer defined property as theft. Could he have come to the United States, he might have pointed to some fortunes which verify his definition to the letter. This speculation appeared all the worse when it followed in the path of our armies, and put on airs of patriotism, while it dabbled in cotton and sugar. "How did you get this fine house, these splendid grounds, these superb horses?" was asked of a patriot who had left the army. "O, you know I went out to New Orleans as adjutant of that regiment, and had opportunities to operate in sugar. Made a fine thing of it, I can tell *you*! Had n't a cent when I left, and am now worth a hundred thousand dollars." "But what made you leave the army?" "O, when Lincoln issued that infernal Proclamation of Emancipation I threw up my commission! I was n't a going to *fight* for them blasted niggers!" We are happy to say that this gentleman still enjoys his well-earned fortune!

But a great many of the sudden for-

tunes made by the war were the results of the development of new sources of national wealth. Petroleum, for instance, in spite of all the rascalities connected with it, has grown, since the war began, from comparatively nothing to an annual product of some thirty millions; and to the future historian of our society no story will be more significant than that told of the young woman, who, being reproved by a despairing lover for rejecting him three days after she had pledged to him her heart and hand, answered loftily, "Why, since I accepted you, dad's struck ile!" Now the "dads" that strike "ile" are infinitely of more importance to the country than the dandies who set fashions. There is a wretched cant current in certain circles, which professes a kind of sentimental horror of the material advancement of the nation at the expense of its intellectual progress; but it will be generally found that this genteel contempt of wealth is one of the luxuries of the rich, and is drawled out by *blasés* in purple, not by workers in homespun. Seneca, with two millions out at usury, can afford to chant the praises of poverty; but for our own part, we prefer the fine extravagance of that philosopher, who declared "that no man was as rich as all men ought to be." For what does competency, in the long run, mean? It means, to all reasonable beings, cleanliness of person, decency of dress, courtesy of manners, opportunities for education, the delights of leisure, and the bliss of giving.

The truth is that all countries, even England, France, and America, are, when their population is considered as a whole, relatively poor. The creation of wealth has nowhere much more than kept pace with the increase of population, and therefore no people has as yet attained that position of physical comfort which would allow free play to their intellectual and moral energies. In this country, where nearly forty millions of inhabitants are spread over a territory of over three millions of square miles, there is hope

that, by the application of science and inventive art, of capital and labor, to the unbounded, undeveloped wealth of the nation, the people, as a people, may get ahead of their daily necessities, force nature to yield greater products with less manual toil, substitute more and more labor-doing machines for laborers, and lift the whole population to a condition of material well-being which will literally make them masters of the situation. Once establish a people on this vantage-ground, and they will develop an amount of morality and creative intelligence, which will not only solve the problem of Malthus, but prevent them from ever falling back into poverty and destitution. It is for this reason that we cannot do too much honor to the creators of new wealth, to the Watts, the Arkwrights, the Stephenson, the Fultons, the Whitneys, the Goodyears, the Howes, the Bigelows, and the whole glorious brotherhood of industrial inventors. They outweigh in importance all the so-called cultivated society in the world, for, without them, cultivated society could have no existence. Take, for example, Henry Cort, the "Tubal Cain of England," whose machines created the iron manufacture of Great Britain. It is computed that his inventions have added £600,000,000 to the wealth of that nation, — a sum which is about five hundred millions of dollars more than our present national debt. What English lord, what English statesman, what leader of fashion, can afford to sneer at such a record as that? Again, Bessemer's process of making steel, a comparatively recent invention, is said to have added £200,000,000 to the wealth of Great Britain. The name of William Pitt, the haughty antagonist of Napoleon, occupies in history a more eminent position than that of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, who gave to Great Britain a power now representing a force equal to the manual labor of four hundred millions of men, or twice the number of male workmen on the face of the globe; but it al-

ways seemed to us that the peculiarity of Pitt, the uninventive head of "his Majesty's government" for so many years, consisted in this, that, with all his extravagance, he could not squander the national wealth as fast as James Watt created it. His part in developing the national resources, high as history estimates it, reminds one of the statement in Scott's novel of "The Pirate," that Mordaunt and Magnus Troil sat down to drink brandy and water, — that is, adds Scott, Magnus drank the brandy and Mordaunt the water.

Of the enormous undeveloped resources of the United States it is difficult to speak without an appearance of exaggeration. The taxable value, which all men of property well know is always far below the exchangeable value, of all the property in the United States was, in 1860, in round numbers, \$16,100,000,000, showing a rate of increase, in ten years, of a fraction over one hundred and twenty-six per cent. It has been computed that if this rate is preserved through the next four decades, the taxable value of the United States would, in 1870, be \$36,500,000,000; in 1880, \$82,800,000,000; in 1890, \$187,300,000,000; in 1900, \$423,300,000,000; — an increase of wealth which will be over eight times our estimated increase in population. Vast as these sums appear, drowning in their sound all shoddy groans over our predicted financial ruin, and making our big debt of two billions and a half shrink by comparison into dwarf-like dimensions, there is no reason that they should not be realized, provided the brain of the nation adequately seconds its hands. Massachusetts, with an area of only 7,800 square miles, now owns a seven-teenth of the whole taxable property of the nation. If the other States, with greater natural advantages, should increase, during the next thirty years, so that their wealth should bear the same proportion to the square mile of territory which the wealth of Massachusetts now does, the property of the nation in 1900 will be \$415,000,000,000.

Massachusetts now has machines which are said to represent the labor of a hundred millions of men. When the Constitution was established, and the South was granted representation in Congress according to three fifths of its labor-doing machines, the slaves, it was not dreamed that in less than ninety years one State would have labor-doing machines nearly equal to three times the population of both North and South, and equal to thirty times the whole slave population. Indeed, only let us have here an increasing throng of inventors of new methods for economizing labor, and discoverers and openers of new sources of national wealth, only let us have industry, skill, science, and genius combined, and the future of this continent is secure. We don't care if these industrial inventors are individually selfish, for we know they cannot help being benefactors of the community. We don't grudge their being individually rich, for we know that for every dollar they retain for themselves they give hundreds of thousands to the nation. And even if some of them be cursed with a foolish love of display, bespangle their clumsy persons with costly trinkets, and build palaces which only make their unpalatial manners more conspicuous, we still feel no temptation to taunt them as shoddy aristocrats; for beneath their weaknesses we discern minds which rightly claim our admiration and gratitude, — minds that force from niggard Nature her hoarded treasures, minds that wring from reluctant Nature her dearest secrets!

In passing to the consideration of the shoddy element in literature, the first thing which arrests the attention is the romance of rascality and the novel of sensation. The authors of these seem to plunge into the records of the criminal courts in search of their plots and characters, and such "swells" as Pelham and Pendennis give place to ruffians of the swell mob. The two chief elements of interest are bigamy and murder. In the old sentimental novel the heroine went through three volumes of difficulties to get one hus-

band; now, as in Miss Braddon's "Aurora Floyd," she begins with two, and devotes her energies through the three volumes to the getting rid of the superfluous one. And then the indifference to human life displayed by these romancers really demands the attention of the literary police. Thus if a character is in their way, or if they get tired of him, they coolly run him through the body with a goose-quill, and literally blot him out of existence, thus furnishing a new proof that "the pen is mightier than the sword." All their power is of the blood-letting, brain-shattering, teeth-gnashing, and interjectional sort. Strange that in a war so prolific in heroism as that we have gone through, with the newspapers crammed with incidents that exceed in interest the marvels of fiction, there should be found any class of our society that should go to such horrible trash as the literature of yellow covers for mental excitement! Nothing lives in literature but that which has in it the vitality of creative art; and it would be safe advice to the young to read nothing but what is old. In this way they would at least avoid being swindled by the perishable shoddy of the mind, which now woos their attention in the slop-shops of letters. The stuff will not wear; and if a person could only see his own mind, with the rags of these suits hanging loose on his thoughts and affections, he would start back amazed at the intellectual scarecrow he was made to appear.

But we fear the term "shoddy" cannot be confined to this kind of literature, but must be extended to many weak though well-intentioned volumes which propose a moral and religious aim. These books have a painfully childish and "do-me-good" air, and, while they evince a parrot-like memory of moral truisms and religious phrases, are without an atom of moral vitality and spiritual might. They superficialize the most important principles, are the mere shoddy covering of commonplace morality and lip religion, the text-books whence are drawn the ethics of weak-

lings and the theology of hypocrites. Good books are never written by "goodies"; and great ideas which represent the deepest facts of life, and which, when wielded by strong souls, communicate inspiration to the heart and power to the will, are soon shorn of their vitality, and dwindle into mere mockeries of spiritual experience, when manufactured mechanically for the religious market.

The literature of religion, so rich in works of religious genius, is strangely neglected in our day for the latest lifeless production of religious mediocrity. In this department of literature, as in all other departments, the test to be applied is vitality,—the positive communication to the recipient mind of new life and energy, so that the increase of power keeps pace with the increase of knowledge, and the intelligence is not only broadened and brightened, but the whole nature kindled, invigorated, and cheered. All moral books that do not do this are but the flimsy fabrications of shoddy, and, in Dr. Bushnell's phrase, may produce Christian mushrooms, but never Christian men. In seeing one of these sleazy professors of outside piety and inside nervelessness, one is inclined to exclaim with the satirist, "There is a point, sir, where religion ceases to be a virtue, and that is just the point where you take it up."

This superficial morality and religion looks all the more feeble when we consider the grim practical problem to be solved by Christianity. The question whether human life is a blessing is, should we take the votes of all human beings on the point, still a matter of controversy. Is the statement doubted? Let us refer, in confirmation of it, to a historical fact which appears to us of the profoundest significance. Seven centuries before the Christian era a prince of one of the royal families of India, having exhausted, in his twenty-ninth year, all the pleasures of the world, and having in him one of the deepest, most comprehensive, and most creative of human

intellects, suddenly abandoned in disgust his palace, his family, his treasures, and his state; took the name of Gotama, which means, "he who kills the senses"; became a religious mendicant; walked about in a shroud taken from the dead body of a female slave; taught, preached, and gathered about him a body of enthusiastic disciples, bound together by the most efficient of all ecclesiastical organizations; dictated or inspired works which, as now published by the Chinese government in four languages, occupy eight hundred volumes; and died at the age of eighty, the founder of the Buddhist religion. Compared with this man, Mahomet was an ignorant and ferocious barbarian; and the proudest names in Western philosophy lose a little of their lustre when placed by the side of this thinker, who grappled with the greatest problems of existence with the mightiest force of conception and reasoning. As a philosopher, he anticipated both the idealism of Berkeley and the positivism of Comte; as a political thinker, he anticipated the noblest truth of our "Declaration of Independence," and twenty-five hundred years ago taught, against the caste system of India, the doctrine of the equality of men; and, in that region of influence, higher than that in which either philosophy or statesmanship works, he founded a religion which is now professed by two fifths of the human race, and which thus exceeds, in the number of its votaries, that of any other religion in the world. Buddhism has been corrupted by a fantastic mythology, but its essential principle, derived from its founder's disgust of existence, is, that life is not worth living, and that the extinction of life is the highest reward of virtue. To pass, in the next world, through various penal or purifying transmigrations, until you reach the bliss of Nirwana, or mere nothingness and nonentity, that is the Buddhist religion. We have said that it was professed by two fifths of the human race, but its fundamental principle, that life is not worth living,

is believed, if not professed, by a large majority of mankind. Not to speak of the hundreds of wailing books which misanthropic genius has contributed to all modern literatures, not to remind the reader that the Buddhist Byron is the most popular British poet of the century, that person must have been singularly blessed with cheerful companions who has not met followers of Gotama among the nominal believers in Christ. The infection of the doctrine as an interpretation of human experience is so great, that comparatively few have altogether escaped its influence. In basing his religion on this disease of human nature, Gotama showed profounder sagacity than that evinced by any other founder of a false religion; and in the East this disease presented its most despairing phase, for there weariness of life was associated both with the satiety of the rich and the wretchedness of the poor.

But whence comes this disgust of life? We answer, from the comparative absence of life. No man feels it who feels the abounding reality of spiritual existence glowing within him; for rightly sings the poet,

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

"'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that we want!"

But this disgust of life comes with the decay of vitality; it comes with the experience that the inward strength is weak before the outward obstacle; it comes with the cares, perplexities, sorrows, failures, disappointments, deceptions, and *ennui* of the world. How, — and here is the essential question, — how is this vitality to be preserved and increased? The answer is, Activity for an object; for the mind grows by the vigorous assimilation of food which is external to the mind, and eats itself into leanness and imbecility when forced back on itself for nutriment. But, it may be objected, do not most

men exercise activity for objects? Yes, but the objects belong to that large class of things which allure in the pursuit, but do not satisfy in the possession. In other words, they do not *wear*, — they are shoddy. Hence dissatisfaction, discontent, disbelief, mental weariness, moral disgust. Now the Christian religion, the religion of life, is, in its spirit and essence, the exact opposite of Buddhism, the religion of death. When it is the object of the mind's activity, it overcomes disgust of life by the positive communication of life. But what if your Christian teaching is lifeless? What if you eat husks instead of bread? What if the Christian books you read are not reservoirs of spiritual vitality, but receptacles of juiceless commonplaces? You will then be Buddhists, though you may boast of sending missionaries to Burmah and thank Heaven you were born in a Christian land; for shoddy is shoddy all the world over, and the vital laws which make existence a blessing or a plague cannot be balked.

Thus, in whatever direction we look, we detect this pernicious element at work, waging continual war against the creative forces of civilization. In politics, it substitutes expedients for principles; in generalship, bulletins for abilities; in society, manners for merit; in business, trick for enterprise; in literature, form for substance and puerilities for power; in morals and religion, truisms for truths, shadows for substance, memory for insight, the discipline of death for the communication of life. In all it shows itself capable of producing nothing which is not a tissue of woven lies, and which does not drop into dishonored rags as soon as it is put to the test of use. And it is not the least of the compensations of the terrible war through which we have passed that it has taught us, in letters of fire and blood, the policy of freedom, the expediency of justice, the worth of reality, and the worthlessness of shams!

E. P. Whipple.

PRELUDE TO THE SECOND PART OF FAUST.

A PLEASANT LANDSCAPE.

TWILIGHT. — FAUST, *bedded on flowery turf, fatigued, restless, endeavoring to sleep. Circle of hovering spirits in motion : graceful, diminutive figures.*

ARIEL.

(Chant, accompanied by Æolian harps.)

WHEN the Spring returns serener,
 Raining blossoms over all ;
 When the fields with blessing greener
 On the earth-born children call ;
 Then the craft of elves propitious
 Hastes to help where help it can :
 Be he holy, be he vicious,
 Pity they the luckless man.

Who round this head in airy circles hover,
 Yourselves in guise of noble Elves discover !
 The fierce convulsions of his heart compose ;
 Remove the burning barbs of his remorse,
 And cleanse his being from the suffered woes !
 Four pauses makes the Night upon her courses,
 And now, delay not, let them kindly close !
 First on the coolest pillow let him slumber,
 Then sprinkle him with Lethe's drowsy spray !
 His limbs no more shall cramps and chills encumber,
 When sleep has made him strong to meet the day.
 Perform, ye Elves, your fairest rite :
 Restore him to the holy Light !

CHORUS

(singly, by two or more, alternatively and collectively).

When around the green-girt meadow
 Balm the tepid winds exhale,
 Then in fragrance and in shadow
 Twilight spreads her misty veil :
 Whispers peace in accents cheery,
 Rocks the heart in childhood's play,
 And upon these eyelids weary
 Shuts the golden gates of Day.

Now the Night already darkles,
 Holy star succeeds to star ;
 Dazzling lights and fainter sparkles
 Glimmer near and gleam afar :

Glimmer here, the lake reflecting,
 Gleam in cloudless dark aboon;
 While, the bliss of rest protecting,
 Reigns in pomp the perfect moon.

Now the Hours are cancelled for thee,
 Pain and bliss have fled away:
 Thou art whole: let faith restore thee!
 Trust the new, the rising Day!
 Vales grow green, and hills are lifting
 Through the shadow-rest of morn,
 And in waves of silver, drifting
 On to harvest, rolls the corn.

Wouldst thou win desires unbounded,
 Yonder see the glory burn!
 Lightly is thy life surrounded —
 Sleep's a shell, to break and spurn!
 When the crowd sways, unbelieving,
 Show the daring will that warms!
 He is crowned with all achieving,
 Who perceives and then performs.

(A tremendous tumult announces the approach of the Sun.)

ARIEL.

Hearken! Hark! — the Hours careering!
 Sounding loud to spirit-hearing,
 See the new-born Day appearing!
 Rocky portals jarring shatter,
 Phœbus' wheels in rolling clatter,
 With a crash the Light draws near!
 Pealing rays and trumpet-blazes, —
 Eye is blinded, ear amazes:
 The Unheard can no one hear!
 Slip within each blossom-bell,
 Deeper, deeper, there to dwell, —
 In the rocks, beneath the leaf!
 If it strikes you, you are deaf.

FAUST.

Life's pulses now with fresher force awaken
 To greet the mild ethereal twilight o'er me;
 This night, thou, Earth! hast also stood unshaken,
 And now thou breathest new-refreshed before me,
 And now beginnest, all thy gladness granting,
 A vigorous resolution to restore me,
 To seek that highest life for which I'm panting. —
 The world unfolded lies in twilight glimmer,
 A thousand voices in the grove are chanting;

Vale in, vale out, the misty streaks grow dimmer ;
The deeps with heavenly light are penetrated ;
The boughs, refreshed, lift up their leafy shimmer
From gulfs of air where sleepily they waited ;
Color on color from the background cleareth,
Where flower and leaf with trembling pearls are freighted :
And all around a Paradise appeareth.

Look up ! — The mountain summits, grand, supernal,
Herald, e'en now, the solemn hour that neareth ;
They earliest enjoy the light eternal
That later sinks, till here below we find it.
Now to the Alpine meadows, sloping vernal,
A newer beam descends ere we divined it,
And step by step unto the base hath bounded —
The sun comes forth ! Alas, already blinded,
I turn away, with eyesight pierced and wounded !

'T is thus, when, unto yearning hope's endeavor,
Its highest wish on sweet attainment grounded,
The portals of fulfilment widely sever :
But if there burst from those eternal spaces
A flood of flame, we stand confounded ever ;
For Life's pure torch we sought the shining traces,
And seas of fire — and what a fire ! — surprise us.
Is't Love ? Is't Hate ? that burningly embraces,
And that with pain and joy alternate tries us ?
So that, our glances once more earthward throwing,
We seek in youthful drapery to disguise us.

Behind me, therefore, let the sun be glowing !
The cataract, between the crags deep-riven,
I thus behold with rapture ever-growing.
From plunge to plunge in thousand streams 't is given,
And yet a thousand, to the valleys shaded,
While foam and spray in air are whirled and driven.
Yet how superb, across the tumult braided,
The painted rainbow's changeful life is bending,
Now clearly drawn, dissolving now and faded,
And evermore the showers of dew descending !
Of human striving there's no symbol fuller :
Consider, and 't is easy comprehending —
Life is not light, but the refracted color.

Bayard Taylor.

A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

I NTENDING to sail for America in the early part of June, I determined to spend the interval of six weeks in England, of which I had dreamed much but as yet knew nothing. I had formed in Italy and France a resolute preference for old inns, deeming that what they sometimes cost the ungratified body they repay the delighted mind. On my arrival in London, therefore, I lodged at a certain antique hostelry far to the east of Temple Bar, deep in what I used to denominate the Johnsonian city. Here, on the first evening of my stay, I descended to the little coffee-room and bespoke my dinner of the very genius of decorum, in the person of the solitary waiter. No sooner had I crossed the threshold of this apartment than I felt I had mown the first swath in my golden-ripe crop of British "impressions." The coffee-room of the Red-Lion, like so many other places and things I was destined to see in England, seemed to have been waiting for long years, with just that sturdy sufferance of time written on its visage, for me to come and gaze, ravished but unamazed.

The latent preparedness of the American mind for even the most delectable features of English life is a fact which I never fairly probed to the depths. The roots of it are so deeply buried in the virgin soil of our primary culture, that, without some great upheaval of experience, it would be hard to say exactly when and where and how it begins. It makes an American's enjoyment of England an emotion more fatal and sacred than his enjoyment, say, of Italy or Spain. I had seen the coffee-room of the Red-Lion years ago, at home, — at Saragossa, Illinois, — in books, in visions, in dreams, in Dickens, in Smollett, and Boswell. It was small, and subdivided into six small

compartments by a series of perpendicular screens of mahogany, something higher than a man's stature, furnished each on either side with a narrow, uncushioned ledge, esteemed in ancient Britain a seat. In each of the little dining-boxes thus immutably constituted was a small table, which in crowded seasons was expected to accommodate the several agents of a fourfold British hungriness. But crowded seasons had passed away from the Red-Lion forever. It was crowded only with memories and ghosts and atmosphere. Round the room there marched, breast-high, a magnificent panelling of mahogany, so dark with time and so polished with unremitted friction, that by gazing awhile into its lucid blackness I fancied I could discern the lingering images of a party of gentlemen in periwigs and short-clothes, just arrived from York by the coach. On the dark yellow walls, coated by the fumes of English coal, of English mutton, of Scotch whiskey, were a dozen melancholy prints, sallow-toned with age, — the Derby favorite of the year 1807, the Bank of England, her Majesty the Queen. On the floor was a Turkey carpet, — as old as the mahogany, almost, as the Bank of England, as the Queen, — into which the waiter in his lonely revolutions had trodden so many massive soot-flakes and drops of overflowing beer, that the glowing looms of Smyrna would certainly not have recognized it. To say that I ordered my dinner of this superior being would be altogether to misrepresent the process, owing to which, having dreamed of lamb and spinach and a rhubarb tart, I sat down in penitence to a mut-ton-chop and a rice pudding. Bracing my feet against the cross-beam of my little oaken table, I opposed to the mahogany partition behind me that vigorous dorsal resistance which ex-

presses the old-English idea of repose. The sturdy screen refused even to creak; but my poor Yankee joints made up the deficiency. While I was waiting for my chop there came into the room a person whom I took to be my sole fellow-lodger. He seemed, like myself, to have submitted to proposals for dinner; the table on the other side of my partition had been prepared to receive him. He walked up to the fire, exposed his back to it, consulted his watch, and looked apparently out of the window, but really at me. He was a man of something less than middle age and more than middle stature, though indeed you would have called him neither young nor tall. He was chiefly remarkable for his exaggerated leanness. His hair, very thin on the summit of his head, was dark, short, and fine. His eye was of a pale, turbid gray, unsuited, perhaps, to his dark hair and brow, but not altogether out of harmony with his colorless, bilious complexion. His nose was aquiline and delicate; beneath it hung a thin, comely black mustache. His mouth and chin were meagre and uncertain of outline; not vulgar, perhaps, but weak. A cold, fatal, gentlemanly weakness, indeed, seemed expressed in his elegant person. His eye was restless and deprecating; his whole physiognomy, his manner of shifting his weight from foot to foot, the spiritless forward droop of his head, told of exhausted purpose, of a will relaxed. His dress was neat and careful, with an air of half-mourning. I made up my mind on three points: he was unmarried, he was ill, he was not an Englishman. The waiter approached him, and they murmured momentarily in barely audible tones. I heard the words, "claret," "sherry," with a tentative inflection, and finally "beer," with a gentle affirmative. Perhaps he was a Russian in reduced circumstances; he reminded me of a certain type of Russian which I had met on the Continent. While I was weighing this hypothesis, — for you see I was interested, — there appeared a short, brisk

man with reddish-brown hair, a vulgar nose, a sharp blue eye, and a red beard, confined to his lower jaw and chin. My possible Russian was still standing on the rug, with his mild gaze bent on vacancy; the other marched up to him, and with his umbrella gave him a playful poke in the concave frontage of his melancholy waistcoat. "A penny-ha'penny for your thoughts!" said the new-comer.

His companion uttered an exclamation, stared, then laid his two hands on the other's shoulders. The latter looked round at me keenly, compassing me in a momentary glance. I read in its own high light that this was an American eyebeam; and with such confidence that I hardly needed to see its owner, as he prepared, with his friend, to seat himself at the table adjoining my own, take from his overcoat-pocket three New York papers and lay them beside his plate. As my neighbors proceeded to dine, I became conscious that, through no indiscretion of my own, a large portion of their conversation made its way over the top of our dividing partition and mingled its flavors with those of my simple repast. Occasionally their tone was lowered, as with the intention of secrecy; but I heard a phrase here and a phrase there distinctly enough to grow very curious as to the burden of the whole, and, in fact, to succeed at last in guessing at it. The two voices were pitched in an unforgotten key, and equally native to our Cisatlantic air; they seemed to fall upon the muffled medium of surrounding parlance as the rattle of pease on the face of a drum. They were American, however, with a difference; and I had no hesitation in assigning the lighter and softer of the two to the pale, thin gentleman, whom I decidedly preferred to his comrade. The latter began to question him about his voyage.

"Horrible, horrible! I was deadly sick from the hour we left New York."

"Well, you *do* look considerably reduced," his friend affirmed.

"Reduced! I've been on the verge

of the grave. I have n't slept six hours in three weeks." This was said with great gravity. "Well, I have made the voyage for the last time."

"The deuce you have! You mean to stay here forever?"

"Here, or somewhere! It's likely to be a short forever."

There was a pause; after which: "You're the same old boy, Searle. Going to die to-morrow, eh?"

"I almost wish I were."

"You're not in love with England, then? I've heard people say at home that you dressed and talked and acted like an Englishman. But I know Englishmen, and I know you. You're not one of them, Searle, not you. You'll go under here, sir; you'll go under as sure as my name is Simmons."

Following this, I heard a sudden clatter, as of the dropping of a knife and fork. "Well, you're a delicate sort of man, Simmons! I have been wandering about all day in this accursed city, ready to cry with homesickness and heart-sickness and every possible sort of sickness, and thinking, in the absence of anything better, of meeting you here this evening, and of your uttering some syllable of cheer and comfort and giving me some feeble ray of hope. Go under? Am I not under now? I can't sink lower, except to sink into my grave!"

Mr. Simmons seems to have staggered a moment under this outbreak of passion. But the next, "Don't cry, Searle," I heard him say. "Remember the waiter. I've grown Englishman enough for that. For heaven's sake don't let us have any feelings. Feelings will do nothing for you here. It's best to come to the point. Tell me in three words what you expect of me."

I heard another movement, as if poor Searle had collapsed in his chair. "Upon my word, Simmons, you are inconceivable. You got my letter?"

"Yes, I got your letter. I was never sorrier to get anything in my life."

At this declaration Mr. Searle rattled out an oath, which it was well perhaps that I but partially heard. "John

Simmons," he cried, "what devil possesses you? Are you going to betray me here in a foreign land, to turn out a false friend, a heartless scamp?"

"Go on, sir," said stout Simmons. "Pour it all out. I'll wait till you have done. — Your beer is very bad," to the waiter. "I'll have some more."

"For God's sake, explain yourself!" cried Searle.

There was a pause, at the end of which I heard Mr. Simmons set down his empty tankard with emphasis. "You poor morbid man," he resumed, "I don't want to say anything to make you feel sore. I pity you. But you must allow me to say that you have acted like a blasted fool!"

Mr. Searle seemed to have made an effort to compose himself. "Be so good as to tell me what was the meaning of your letter."

"I was a fool, myself, to have written that letter. It came of my infernal meddlesome benevolence. I had much better have let you alone. To tell you the plain truth, I never was so horrified in my life as when I found that on the strength of that letter you had come out here to seek your fortune."

"What did you expect me to do?"

"I expected you to wait patiently till I had made further inquiries and had written to you again."

"You have made further inquiries now."

"Inquiries! I have made assaults."

"And you find I have no claim?"

"No claim to call a claim. It looked at first as if you had a very pretty one. I confess the idea took hold of me —"

"Thanks to your preposterous benevolence!"

Mr. Simmons seemed for a moment to experience a difficulty in swallowing. "Your beer is undrinkable," he said to the waiter. "I'll have some sherry. — Come, Searle," he resumed, "don't challenge me to the arts of debate, or I'll settle right down on you. Benevolence, as I say, was part of it. The reflection that if I put the thing through it would be a very pretty feather in my

cap and a very pretty penny in my purse was part of it. And the satisfaction of seeing a poor nobody of a Yankee walk right into an old English estate was a good deal of it. Upon my word, Searle, when I think of it, I wish with all my heart that, erratic genius as you are, you had a claim, for the very beauty of it. I should hardly care what you did with the confounded property when you got it. I could leave you alone to turn it into Yankee notions, — into ducks and drakes, as they call it here. I should like to see you stamping over it and kicking up its sacred dust in their very faces !”

“You don’t know me, Simmons !” said Searle, for all response to this untender benediction.

“I should be very glad to think I didn’t, Searle. I have been to no small amount of trouble for you. I have consulted by main force three first-rate men. They smile at the idea. I should like you to see the smile negative of one of these London big-wigs. If your title were written in letters of fire, it would expire in that baleful emanation ! I sounded in person the solicitor of your distinguished kinsman. He seemed to have been in a manner forewarned and forearmed. It seems your brother George, some twenty years ago, put forth a feeler. So you are not to have the glory of even frightening them.”

“I never frightened any one,” said Searle. “I should n’t begin at this time of day. I should approach the subject like a gentleman.”

“Well, if you want very much to do something like a gentleman, you’ve got a capital chance. Take your disappointment like a gentleman.”

I had finished my dinner, and I had become keenly interested in poor Mr. Searle’s mysterious claim ; so interested that it was vexatious to hear his emotions reflected in his voice without noting them in his face. I left my place, went over to the fire, took up the evening paper, and established a post of observation behind it.

Lawyer Simmons was in the act of

choosing a soft chop from the dish, — an act accompanied by a great deal of prying and poking with his own personal fork. My disillusioned compatriot had pushed away his plate ; he sat with his elbows on the table, gloomily nursing his head with his hands. His companion stared at him a moment, I fancied half tenderly : I am not sure whether it was pity or whether it was beer and sherry. “I say, Searle,” — and for my benefit, I think, taking me for some unnoticeable native, he attuned his voice to something of a pompous pitch, — “in this country it is the inestimable privilege of a loyal citizen, under whatsoever stress of pleasure or of pain, to make a point of eating his dinner.”

Searle disgustedly gave his plate another push. “Anything may happen, now !” he said. “I don’t care a straw.”

“You ought to care. Have another chop, and you *will* care. Have some sherry. Take my advice !”

Searle from between his two hands looked at him. “I have had enough of your advice !” he said.

“A little more,” said Simmons, mildly ; “I sha’n’t trouble you again. What do you mean to do ?”

“Nothing.”

“O, come !”

“Nothing, nothing, nothing !”

“Nothing but starve. How about your money ?”

“Why do you ask ? You don’t care.”

“My dear fellow, if you want to make me offer you twenty pounds, you set most clumsily about it. You said just now I don’t know you. Possibly ! There is, perhaps, no such enormous difference between knowing you and not knowing you. At any rate, you don’t know me. I expect you to go home.”

“I won’t go home ! I have crossed the ocean for the last time.”

“What’s the matter ? Are you afraid ?”

“Yes, I’m afraid ! ‘I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word !’”

"You're more afraid to go than to stay?"

"I sha'n't stay. I shall die."

"O, are you sure of that?"

"One can always be sure of that."

Mr. Simmons started and stared: his mild cynic had turned a grim stoic. "Upon my soul," he said, "one would think that Death had named the day!"

"We have named it, between us."

This was too much for Mr. Simmons's as yet uncorrupted piety. "I say, Searle," he cried, "I'm not more of a stickler than the next man, but if you are going to blaspheme, I shall wash my hands of you. If you'll consent to return home with me by the steamer of the 23d, I'll pay your passage down. More than that, I'll pay your wine bill."

Searle meditated. "I believe I never willed anything in my life," he said; "but I feel sure that I have willed this, that I stay here till I take my leave for a newer world than that poor old New World of ours. It's an odd feeling,—I rather like it! What should I do at home?"

"You said just now you were homesick."

"So I was—for a morning. But have n't I been all my life-long sick for Europe? And now that I've got it, am I to cast it off again? I'm much obliged to you for your offer. I have enough for the present. I have about my person some forty pounds' worth of British gold and the same amount, say, of Yankee vitality. They'll last me out together! After they are gone, I shall lay my head in some English churchyard, beside some ivied tower, beneath an English yew."

I had thus far distinctly followed the dialogue; but at this point the landlord came in, and, begging my pardon, would suggest that No. 12, a most superior apartment, having now been vacated, it would give him pleasure, etc. The fate of No. 12 having been decreed, I transferred my attention back to my friends. They had risen to their feet; Simmons had put on his overcoat; he stood polishing his

rusty black hat with his napkin. "Do you mean to go down to the place?" he asked.

"Possibly. I have dreamed of it so much I should like to see it."

"Shall you call on Mr. Searle?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Something has just occurred to me," Simmons pursued, with an unhandsome grin, as if Mephistopheles were playing at malice. "There's a Miss Searle, the old man's sister."

"Well?" said the other, frowning.

"Well, sir! suppose, instead of dying, you should marry!"

Mr. Searle frowned in silence. Simmons gave him a tap on the stomach. "Line those ribs a bit first!" The poor gentleman blushed crimson and his eyes filled with tears. "You *are* a coarse brute," he said. The scene was pathetic. I was prevented from seeing the conclusion of it by the re-appearance of the landlord, on behalf of No. 12. He insisted on my coming to inspect the premises. Half an hour afterwards I was rattling along in a Hansom toward Covent Garden, where I heard Adelina Patti in the Barber of Seville. On my return from the opera I went into the coffee-room, vaguely fancying I might catch another glimpse of Mr. Searle. I was not disappointed. I found him sitting before the fire, with his head fallen on his breast, sunk in the merciful stupor of sleep long delayed. I looked at him for some moments. His face, pale and refined in the dim lamplight, impressed me with an air of helpless, ineffective delicacy. They say fortune comes while we sleep. Standing there I felt benignant enough to be poor Mr. Searle's fortune. As I walked away, I perceived amid the shadows of one of the little refectory boxes which I have described the lonely ever-dressed waiter, dozing attendance on my friend, and shifting aside for a while the burden of waitership. I lingered a moment beside the old inn-yard, in which, upon a time, the coaches and post-chaises found space to turn and discharge. Above the upward vista of

the enclosing galleries, from which lounging lodgers and crumpled chambermaids and all the picturesque domesticity of an antique tavern must have watched the great entrances and exits of the posting and coaching drama, I descried the distant lurid twinkle of the London constellations. At the foot of the stairs, enshrined in the glittering niche of her well-appointed bar, the landlady sat napping like some solemn idol amid votive brass and plate.

The next morning, not finding the innocent object of my benevolent curiosity in the coffee-room, I learned from the waiter that he had ordered breakfast in bed. Into this asylum I was not yet prepared to pursue him. I spent the morning running about London, chiefly on business, but snatching by the way many a vivid impression of its huge metropolitan interest. Beneath the sullen black and gray of that hoary civic world the hungry American mind detects the magic colors of association. As the afternoon approached, however, my impatient heart began to babble of green fields; it was of English meadows I had chiefly dreamed. Thinking over the suburban lions, I fixed upon Hampton Court. The day was the more propitious that it yielded just that dim, subaqueous light which sleeps so fondly upon the English landscape.

At the end of an hour I found myself wandering through the multitudinous rooms of the great palace. They follow each other in infinite succession, with no great variety of interest or aspect, but with a grand sort of regal monotony, and a fine specific flavor. They are most exactly of their various times. You pass from great painted and panelled bedchambers and closets, anterooms, drawing-rooms, council-rooms, through king's suite, queen's suite, and prince's suite, until you feel as if you were strolling through the appointed hours and stages of some decorous monarchical day. On one side are the old monumental upholsteries, the vast cold tarnished beds and canopies, with the circumference of dis-

apparelled royalty attested by a gilded balustrade, the great carved and yawning chimney-places, where dukes-in-waiting may have warmed their weary heels: on the other side, in deep recesses, the immense windows, the framed and draped embrasures where the sovereign whispered and favorites smiled, looking out on the terraced gardens and the misty glades of Bushey Park. The dark walls are grandly decorated by innumerable dark portraits of persons attached to Court and State, more especially with various members of the Dutch-looking *entourage* of William of Orange, the restorer of the palace; with good store, too, of the lily-bosomed models of Lely and Kneller. The whole tone of this long-drawn interior is immensely sombre, prosaic, and sad. The tints of all things have sunk to a cold and melancholy brown, and the great palatial void seems to hold no stouter tenantry than a sort of pungent odorous chill. I seemed to be the only visitor. I held ungrudging communion with the formal genius of the spot. Poor mortalized kings! ineffective lure of royalty! This, or something like it, was the murmured burden of my musings. They were interrupted suddenly by my coming upon a person standing in apparently devout contemplation before a simpering countess of Sir Peter Lely's creation. On hearing my footstep this person turned his head, and I recognized my fellow-lodger at the Red Lion. I was apparently recognized as well; I detected a sort of overture in his glance. In a few moments, seeing I had a catalogue, he asked the name of the portrait. On my ascertaining it, he inquired, timidly, how I liked the lady.

"Well," said I, not quite timidly enough, perhaps, "I confess she seems to me rather a light piece of work."

He remained silent, and a little abashed, I think. As we strolled away he stole a sidelong glance of farewell at his leering shepherdess. To speak with him face to face was to feel keenly that he was weak and interesting. We

talked of our inn, of London, of the palace ; he uttered his mind freely, but he seemed to struggle with a weight of depression. It was a simple mind enough, with no great culture, I fancied, but with a certain appealing native grace. I foresaw that I should find him a true American, full of that perplexing interfusion of refinement and crudity which marks the American mind. His perceptions, I divined, were delicate ; his opinions, possibly, gross. On my telling him that I too was an American, he stopped short and seemed overcome with emotion : then silently passing his arm into my own, he suffered me to lead him through the rest of the palace and down into the gardens. A vast gravelled platform stretches itself before the basement of the palace, taking the afternoon sun. A portion of the edifice is reserved as a series of private apartments, occupied by state pensioners, reduced gentlewomen in receipt of the Queen's bounty, and other deserving persons. Many of these apartments have their little private gardens ; and here and there, between their verdure-coated walls, you catch a glimpse of these dim horticultural closets. My companion and I took many a turn up and down this spacious level, looking down on the antique geometry of the lower garden and on the stout-fibred tapestry of compacted bloom which clothes the sunny fruit-walls and muffles the brick substructures of the huge red pile. I thought of the various images of Old-World gentility which, early and late, must have strolled upon that ancient terrace and felt the great protecting quietude of the solemn palace. We looked through an antique grating of hammered and twisted iron into one of the little private gardens, and saw an old lady with a black mantilla on her head, a decanter of water in one hand and a crutch in the other, come forth, followed by three little dogs and a cat, to sprinkle a plant. She had an opinion, I fancied, on the merits of Queen Caroline. There are few sensations so exquisite in life as to stand with a companion in a foreign land

and inhale to the depths of your consciousness the alien burden of the air and the tonic picturesqueness of things. This common perception of a local mystery solders friend to friend with a closeness unfelt at home. My companion seemed oppressed with vague amazement. He stared and lingered and wooed the scene with a gentle scowl. His enjoyment appeared to give him pain. I proposed, at last, that we should dine in the neighborhood and take a late train to town. We made our way out of the gardens into the adjoining village, where we found an excellent inn. Mr. Searle sat down to table with small apparent interest in the repast, but gradually warming to his work, he declared at the end of half an hour that for the first time in a month he felt an appetite.

"You're an invalid ?" I said.

"Yes," he answered. "A hopeless one !"

The little village of Hampton Court stands clustered about the broad entrance of Bushey Park. After we had dined we lounged along into the huge central avenue. As far as the eye can follow it, between the double borders of its great horse-chestnuts, broad of base and round of summit, it prolongs the turfy hollow of its mist-shrouded vista. Fallen from its ancient privacy, common, open to idle starers, the great park is yet delightfully noble and English. We followed the retreating mist along its grassy channel, as if, within some curtained shrine in the deep greenwood, we should find some plaintive genius of the past. There is a rare emotion, familiar to every intelligent traveller, in which the mind, with a great passionate throb, asserts a magical synthesis of its impressions. You feel England : you feel Italy ! The sensation for the moment stirs the innermost depths of your being. I had known it from time to time in Italy, and had opened my soul to it as to the spirit of the Lord. Since my arrival in England I had been waiting for it to come. A bottle of excellent Burgundy at dinner had perhaps unlocked to it the gates of

sense; it came now with a conquering tread. Just the scene around me was the England of my visions. Over against us, amid the deep-hued bloom of its ordered gardens, the dark red palace, with its formal copings and its vacant windows, seemed to tell of a proud and splendid past; the little village nestling between park and palace, around a patch of turfy common, with its tavern of gentility, its ivy-towered church, its parsonage, retained to my modernized fancy the lurking semblance of a feudal hamlet; the great degenerate privacy of the antique chase seemed to make it an excellent hiding-place for patrician ghosts. It was in this dark composite light that I had read all English prose; it was this mild moist air that had blown from the verses of English poets; beneath these broad acres of rain-deepened greenness a thousand honored dead lay buried.

"Well," I said to my friend, "I think there is no mistake about this being England. We may like it or not, it's positive! No more dense and stubborn fact ever settled down on an expectant tourist. It brings my heart into my throat."

Searle was silent. I looked at him; he was looking up at the sky, as if he were watching some visible descent of the elements. "On me too," he said, "it's settling down!" Then with a forced smile: "Heaven give me strength to bear it!"

"O mighty world," I cried, "to hold at once so rare an Italy and so brave an England!"

"To say nothing of America," added Searle.

"O," I answered, "America has a world to herself."

"You have the advantage over me," my companion resumed, after a pause, "in coming to all this with an educated eye. You already know the old. I have never known it but by report. I have always fancied I should like it. In a small way at home, you know, I have tried to stick to the old. I must be a conservative by nature. People

at home — a few people — used to call me a snob."

"I don't believe you were a snob," I cried. "You look too amiable."

He smiled sadly. "There it is," he said. "It's the old story! I'm amiable! I know what that means! I was too great a fool to be even a snob! If I had been I should probably have come abroad earlier in life — before — before —" He paused and his head dropped sadly on his breast.

The bottle of Burgundy had loosened his tongue. I felt that my learning his story was merely a question of time. Something told me that I had gained his confidence and he would impart himself. "Before you lost your health," I said.

"Before I lost my health," he answered. "And my property, — the little I had. And my ambition. And my self-esteem."

"Come!" I said. "You shall get them all back. This tonic English climate will wind you up in a month. And with the return of health, all the rest will return."

He sat musing, with his eyes fixed on the distant palace. "They are too far gone, — self-esteem especially! I should like to be an old genteel pensioner, lodged over there in the palace, and spending my days in maundering about these classic haunts. I should go every morning, at the hour when it gets the sun, into that long gallery where all those pretty women of Lely's are hung, — I know you despise them! — and stroll up and down and pay them compliments. Poor, precious forsaken creatures! So flattered and courted in their day, so neglected now! Offering up their shoulders and ringlets and smiles to that inexorable solitude!"

I patted my friend on the shoulder. "You shall be yourself again yet," I said.

Just at this moment there came cantering down the shallow glade of the avenue a young girl on a fine black horse, — one of those lovely budding gentlewomen, perfectly mounted and equipped, who form to American eyes

the sweetest incident of English scenery. She had distanced her servant, and as she came abreast of us turned slightly in her saddle and looked back at him. In the movement she dropped her whip. Drawing in her horse, she cast upon the ground a glance of maidenly alarm. "This is something better than a Lely," I said. Searle hastened forward, picked up the whip, and removing his hat with an air of great devotion, presented it to the young girl. Fluttered and blushing, she reached forward, took it with a whispered "Thanks!" and the next moment was bounding over the elastic turf. Searle stood watching her; the servant, as he passed us, touched his hat. When Searle turned toward me again, I saw that his face was glowing with a violent blush. "I doubt of your having come abroad too late," I said, laughing.

A short distance from where we had stopped was an old stone bench. We went and sat down on it and watched the light mist turning to sullen gold in the rays of the evening sun. "We ought to be thinking of the train back to London, I suppose," I said at last.

"O, hang the train!" said Searle.

"Willingly! There could be no better spot than this to feel the magic of an English twilight." So we lingered, and the twilight lingered around us, — a light and not a darkness. As we sat, there came trudging along the road an individual whom, from afar, I recognized as a member of the genus "tramp." I had read of the British tramp, but I had never yet encountered him, and I brought to bear upon the present specimen the utmost keenness of my tourist-gaze. As he approached us he slackened pace and finally halted, touching his cap. He was a man of middle age, clad in a greasy cap, with greasy ear-locks depending from its sides. Round his neck was a grimy red scarf, tucked into his waistcoat; his coat and trousers had a remote affinity with those of a reduced hostler. In one hand he had a stick; on his arm he bore a tattered basket, with a hand-

ful of withered green stuff in the bottom. His face was pale, haggard, and degraded beyond description, — a singular mixture of brutality and *finesse*. He had a history. From what height had he fallen, from what depth had he risen? Never was a form of rascally beggarhood more complete. There was a merciless fixedness of outline about him which filled me with a kind of awe. I felt as if I were in the presence of a personage, — an artist in vagrancy.

"For God's sake, gentlemen," he said, in that raucous tone of weather-beaten poverty suggestive of chronic sore-throat exacerbated by perpetual gin, — "for God's sake, gentlemen, have pity on a poor fern-collector!" — turning up his stale dandelions. "Food has n't passed my lips, gentlemen, in the last three days."

We gaped responsive, in the precious pity of guileless Yankeeism. "I wonder," thought I, "if half a crown would be enough." And our fasting botanist went limping away through the park with a mystery of satirical gratitude superadded to his general mystery.

"I feel as if I had seen my *doppelgänger*," said Searle. "He reminds me of myself. What am I but a tramp?"

Upon this hint I spoke. "What are you, my friend?" I asked. "Who are you?"

A sudden blush rose to his pale face, so that I feared I had offended him. He poked a moment at the sod with the point of his umbrella, before answering. "Who am I?" he said at last. "My name is Clement Searle. I was born in New York and in New York I have always lived. What am I? That's easily told. Nothing! I assure you, nothing."

"A very good fellow, apparently," I protested.

"A very good fellow! Ah, there it is! You've said more than you mean. It's by having been a very good fellow all my days that I've come to this. I have drifted through life. I'm a fail-

ure, sir,—a failure as hopeless and helpless as any that ever swallowed up the slender investments of the widow and the orphan. I don't pay five cents on the dollar. Of what I was to begin with no memory remains. I have been ebbing away, from the start, in a fatal tide which, at forty, has left this arid sand-bank behind. To begin with, certainly, I was not a fountain of wisdom. All the more reason for a definite channel,—for will and purpose and direction. I walked by chance and sympathy and sentiment. Take a turn through New York and you'll find my tattered sympathies and sentiments dangling on every bush and fluttering in every breeze; the men to whom I lent money, the women to whom I made love, the friends I trusted, the dreams I cherished, the poisonous fumes of pleasure, amid which nothing was sweet or precious but the manhood they stifled! It was my fault that I believed in pleasure here below. I believe in it still, but as I believe in God and not in man. I believed in eating your cake and having it. I respected Pleasure, and she made a fool of me. Other men, treating her like the arrant strumpet she is, enjoyed her for the hour, but kept their good manners for plain-faced Business, with the larger dowry, to whom they are now lawfully married. My taste was to be delicate: well, perhaps I was so. I had a little money: it went the way of my little wit. Here in my pocket I have forty pounds of it left. The only thing I have to show for my money and my wit is a little volume of verses, printed at my own expense, in which fifteen years ago I made bold to sing the charms of love and idleness. Six months since I got hold of the volume; it reads like the poetry of fifty years ago. The form is incredible. I had n't seen Hampton Court then. When I was thirty I married. It was a sad mistake, but a generous one. The young girl was poor and obscure, but beautiful and proud. I fancied she would make an elegant woman. It was a sad mistake! She died at the

end of three years, leaving no children. Since then I have idled along. I have had bad habits. To this impalpable thread of existence the current of my life has shrunk. To-morrow I shall be dry. Was I meant to come to this? Upon my soul I was n't! If I say what I feel, you'll fancy my vanity quite equal to my folly, and set me down as one of those theorizers after the fact who draw any moral from their misfortunes but the damning moral that vice is vice and that's an end of it. Take it for what it's worth: I have always fancied that I was meant for a gentler world. Before heaven, sir,—whoever you are,—I'm in practice so absurdly tender-hearted that I can afford to say it, I came into the world an aristocrat. I was born with a soul for the picturesque. It condemns me, I confess; but in a measure, too, it absolves me. I found it nowhere. I found a world all hard lines and harsh lights, without shade, without composition, as they say of pictures, without the lovely mystery of color. To furnish color, I melted down the very substance of my own soul. I went about with my brush, touching up and toning down; a very pretty *chiaroscuro* you'll find in my track! Sitting here, in this old park, in this old land, I feel—I feel that I hover on the misty verge of what might have been. I should have been born here and not there; here my vulgar idleness would have been—don't laugh now!—would have been elegant leisure. How it was that I never came abroad is more than I can say. It might have cut the knot; but the knot was too tight. I was always unwell or in debt or entangled. Besides, I had a horror of the sea,—with reason, as heaven knows! A year ago I was reminded of the existence of an old claim to a portion of an English estate, cherished off and on by various members of my family for the past eighty years. It's undeniably slender and desperately hard to define. I am by no means sure that to this hour I have mastered it. You look as if you had a clear head. Some other time, if

you 'll consent, we 'll puzzle it out, such as it is, together. Poverty was staring me in the face; I sat down and got my claim by heart, as I used to get nine times nine as a boy. I dreamed about it for six months, half expecting to wake up some fine morning to hear through a latticed casement the cawing of an English rookery. A couple of months since there came out here on business of his own a sort of half-friend of mine, a sharp New York lawyer, an extremely common fellow, but a man with an eye for the weak point and the strong point. It was with him yesterday that you saw me dining. He undertook, as he expressed it, to 'nose round' and see if anything could be made of this pretended right. The matter had never seriously been taken up. A month later I got a letter from Simmons, assuring me that things looked mighty well, that he should be vastly amazed if I had n't a case. I took fire in a humid sort of way; I acted, for the first time in my life; I sailed for England. I have been here three days: it seems three months. After keeping me waiting for thirty-six hours, last evening my precious Simmons makes his appearance and informs me, with his mouth full of mutton, that I was a blasted fool to have taken him at his word; that he had been precipitate; that I had been precipitate; that my claim was moonshine; and that I must do penance and take a ticket for another fortnight of sea-sickness in his agreeable society. My friend, my friend! Shall I say I was disappointed? I'm already resigned. I doubted the practicability of my claim. I felt in my deeper consciousness that it was the crowning illusion of a life of illusions. Well, it was a pretty one. Poor Simmons! I forgive him with all my heart. But for him I should n't be sitting in this place, in this air, with these thoughts. This is a world I could have loved. There's a great fitness in its having been kept for the last. After this nothing would have been tolerable. I shall now have a month of it, I hope, and I shall not have a chance to be disenchanted.

There's one thing!" — and here pausing, he laid his hand on mine; I rose and stood before him, — "I wish it were possible you should be with me to the end."

"I promise you," I said, "to leave you only at your own request. But it must be on condition of your omitting from your conversation this intolerable flavor of mortality. The end! Perhaps it's the beginning."

He shook his head. "You don't know me. It's a long story. I'm incurably ill."

"I know you a little. I have a strong suspicion that your illness is in great measure a matter of mind and spirits. All that you've told me is but another way of saying that you have lived hitherto in yourself. The tenement's haunted! Live abroad! Take an interest!"

He looked at me for a moment with his sad weak eyes. Then with a faint smile: "Don't cut down a man you find hanging. He has had a reason for it. I'm bankrupt."

"O, health is money!" I said. "Get well, and the rest will take care of itself. I'm interested in your claim."

"Don't ask me to expound it now! It's a sad muddle. Let it alone. I know nothing of business. If I myself were to take the matter in hand, I should break short off the poor little silken thread of my expectancy. In a better world than this I think I should be listened to. But in this hard world there's small bestowal of ideal justice. There is no doubt, I fancy, that, a hundred years ago, we suffered a palpable wrong. But we made no appeal at the time, and the dust of a century now lies heaped upon our silence. Let it rest!"

"What is the estimated value of your interest?"

"We were instructed from the first to accept a compromise. Compared with the whole property, our utmost right is extremely small. Simmons talked of eighty-five thousand dollars. Why eighty-five I'm sure I don't know. Don't beguile me into figures."

"Allow me one more question. Who is actually in possession?"

"A certain Mr. Richard Searle. I know nothing about him."

"He is in some way related to you?"

"Our great-grandfathers were half-brothers. What does that make?"

"Twentieth cousins, say. And where does your twentieth cousin live?"

"At Lockley Park, Herefordshire."

I pondered awhile. "I'm interested in you, Mr. Searle," I said. "In your story, in your title, such as it is, and in this Lockley Park, Herefordshire. Suppose we go down and see it."

He rose to his feet with a certain alertness. "I shall make a sound man of him, yet," I said to myself.

"I shouldn't have the heart," he said, "to accomplish the melancholy pilgrimage alone. But with you, I'll go anywhere."

On our return to London we determined to spend three days there together, and then to go into the country. We felt to excellent purpose the sombre charm of London, the mighty mother-city of our mighty race, the great distributing heart of our traditional life. There are places in London, monuments, seasons, hints of history, local moods and memories, more impressive to an American soul than aught else that Europe holds. With an equal attentive piety my friend and I glanced at these things. Their influence on Searle was deep and singular. His observation I soon perceived to be extremely acute. His almost passionate relish for the old, the artificial, and social, wellnigh extinct from its long inanition, began now to tremble and thrill with a tardy vitality. I watched in silent wonderment this new metaphysical birth. Between the fair boundaries of the counties of Hereford and Worcester rise in a long undulation the sloping pastures of the Malvern Hills. Consulting a select publication on the castles and manors of England, we found Lockley Park to be seated near the base of this grassy range, just within the confines of Here-

fordshire. In the pages of this genial volume, Lockley Park and its appurtenances made a very pretty figure. We took up our abode at a certain little wayside inn, at which in the days of leisure the coach must have stopped for lunch, and burnished pewters of rustic ale been tenderly exalted to "outsides" athirst with breezy progression. Here we stopped for the very Englishness of its steep-thatched roof, its latticed windows, and its decent porch. We allowed a couple of days to elapse in vague, undirected strolls and sweet sentimental observance of the land, before we prepared to execute the especial purpose of our journey. In this most admirable region the general sense of England was enjoined upon us with persuasive force. The noble friendliness of the scenery, its subtle old-friendliness, the magical familiarity of its multitudinous details, appealed to us at every step and at every glance. Deep in our souls a simple sentiment of love replied. The whole land, in the full, warm rains of the last of April, had burst into sudden perfect spring. The dark walls of the hedgerows had turned into blooming screens; the sodden verdure of lawn and meadow was streaked with a ranker freshness; the coated twigs of the black trees were multiplied a thousand-fold. We went forth without loss of time for a long walk on the hills. Reaching their summits, you find half England unrolled at your feet. A dozen broad counties, within the vast range of your vision, commingle their green exhalations. Closely beneath us lay the dark, rich flats of hedgy Worcestershire and the copse-checked slopes of rolling Hereford, white with the blossom of apples. From their meadows and orchards and farmsteads and parks, from that dense and definite detail which makes even the landscape of Italy seem vacant and vague, there rises a magnificent emanation of composite color. At widely opposite points of the large expanse two great cathedral towers rise sharply, taking the light, from the settled shad-

ow of their circling towns, — the light, the ineffable English light! "Out of England," cried Searle, "it's but a garish world!" The whole vast sweep of our surrounding prospect lay answering in a myriad fleeting shades the cloudy process of the tremendous sky. The English heaven is a fit antithesis to the English earth, — as rich, as highly wrought, as densely peopled with effects. We possess in America the infinite beauty of the blue; England possesses the splendor of combined and animated clouds. Over against us, from our station on the hills, we saw them piled and dissolved, compacted and shifted, in innumerable phases of power. Here they blot the great brightness with sullen purposes of rain; here they stretch, breeze-fretted, into dappled fields of gray; at a dozen points the confined and arrested sun bursts out in a storm of light or escapes in a drizzle of silver. We made our way along the rounded summits of these well-grazed heights, — mild, breezy inland downs, — and descended through long-drawn slopes of fields, green to cottage doors, to where a rural village beckoned us from its seat among the meadows. Close beside it, I admit, the railway shoots fiercely from its tunnel in the hills; and yet there broods upon this charming hamlet an old-time quietude and privacy, which seems to make it a violation of confidence to tell its name so far away. We struck through a narrow lane, a "green lane," dim with its height of hedges; it led us to a superb old farm-house, now jostled by the multiplied lanes and roads which have curtailed its ancient appanage. It stands in stubborn picturesqueness, at the receipt of sad-eyed contemplation and the sufferance of "sketches." I doubt whether out of Nuremberg — or Pompeii! — you may find so forcible an image of the domiciliary genius of the past. It is cruelly complete. Poor sacred superannuated home! Its bended beams and joists, beneath the great burden of its many gables, seem to ache and groan with memories and regrets. The short, low windows, where

lead and glass combine in equal proportions to hint to the wondering stranger of the mediæval gloom within, still prefer their darksome office to the grace of modern day. Such an old house fills an American with an indefinable feeling of respect. So propped and patched and tinkered with clumsy tenderness, clustered so richly about its central English sturdiness, its oaken vertebrations, so humanized with ages of use and touches of beneficent affection, and above all so densely and cunningly ornate, with its close-wrought vestment of detail, — the mildew of climate, the deposit of history, — it seemed to offer to our grateful eyes a small, rude synthesis of the great English social order. Passing out upon the high-road, we came to the common browsing-patch, the "village green" of the tales of our youth. Nothing was wanting; the shaggy, mouse-colored donkey, nosing the turf with his mild and huge proboscis, the geese, the old woman, — *the* old woman, in person, with her red cloak and her black bonnet, frilled about the face and double-frilled beside her decent, placid cheeks, — the towering ploughman with his white smock-frock, puckered on chest and back, his short corduroys, his mighty calves, his big, red, rural face. We greeted these things as children greet the loved pictures in a story-book, lost and mourned and found again. It was marvellous how well we knew them. Beside the road we saw a ploughboy straddle, whistling, on a stile. Mulready might have painted him. Beyond the stile, across the level velvet of a meadow, a footpath lay, like a thread of darker woof. We followed it from field to field and from stile to stile. It was the way to church. At the church we finally arrived, lost in its rook-haunted churchyard, hidden from the work-day world by the broad stillness of pastures, — a gray, gray tower, a huge black yew, a cluster of village graves, with crooked headstones, in grassy low relief. The whole scene was deeply ecclesiastical. My companion was overcome.

"You must bury me here," he cried. "It's the first church I have seen in my life. How it makes a Sunday where it stands!"

The next day we saw a church of a larger kind. We walked over to Worcester, through a region so thick-sown with native features and incidents that I felt like one of Smollett's pedestrian heroes, faring tavernward for a night of adventures. As we neared the provincial city, we saw the steeped mass of the cathedral, long and high, rise far into the cloud-freckled blue. And as we came nearer still, we stopped on the bridge and viewed the calm minster reflected in the yellow Severn. And going farther yet, we entered the town, — where surely Miss Austen's heroines, in chariots and phaetons, must often have come a-shopping for swansdown boas and lace mittens; — we lounged about the gentle Close and gazed insatiably at that most soul-soothing sight, the waning, wasting afternoon light, the visible ether which feels the voices of the chimes, far aloft on the broad perpendicular field of the cathedral tower; saw it linger and nestle and abide, as it loves to do on all bold architectural spaces, converting them graciously into registers and witnesses of nature; tasted, too, as deeply of the peculiar stillness of this clerical precinct; saw a rosy English lad come forth and lock the door of the old foundation school, which marries its hoary basement to the soaring Gothic of the church, and carry his big responsible key into one of the quiet canonical houses; and then stood musing together on the effect on one's mind of having in one's boyhood haunted such cathedral shades as a King's scholar, and yet kept ruddy with much cricket in misty meadows by the Severn. On the third morning we betook ourselves to Lockley Park, having learned that the greater part of it was open to visitors, and that, indeed, on application, the house was occasionally shown.

Within its vast enclosure many a declining spur of the great hills melted

into parklike slopes and dells. A long avenue wound and circled from the outermost gate through an untrimmed woodland, whence you glanced at further slopes and glades and copses and bosky recesses, — at everything except the limits of the place. It was as free and wild and untended as the villa of an Italian prince; and I have never seen the stern English fact of property wear such an abandon of welcome. The weather had just become perfect; it was one of the dozen exquisite days of the English year, — days stamped with a refinement of purity unknown in more liberal climes. It was as if the mellow brightness, as tender as that of the primroses which starred the dark waysides like petals wind-scattered over beds of moss, had been meted out to us by the cubic foot; tempered, refined, recorded, islanded in months of gloom, inestimably precious and rare. From this external region we passed into the very heart of the park, through a second lodge-gate, with weather-worn gilding on its twisted bars, to the smooth slopes where the great trees stood singly and the tame deer browsed along the bed of a woodland stream. Hence, before us, we perceived the dark Elizabethan manor among its blooming parterres and terraces.

"Here you can wander all day," I said to Searle, "like a proscribed and exiled prince, hovering about the dominion of the usurper."

"To think," he answered, "of people having enjoyed this all these years! I know what I am, — what might I have been? What does all this make of you?"

"That it makes you happy," I said, "I should hesitate to believe. But it's hard to believe that such a place has n't some beneficent action of its own."

"What a perfect scene and background it forms!" Searle went on. "What legends, what histories it knows! My heart is breaking with unutterable visions. There's Tennyson's Talking Oak. What summer days one could spend here! How I could lounge my bit of life away on this shady stretch of

turf! Have n't I some maiden-cousin in yon moated grange who would give me kind leave?" And then turning almost fiercely upon me: "Why did you bring me here? Why did you drag me into this torment of vain regrets?"

At this moment there passed near us a servant who had emerged from the gardens of the great house. I hailed him and inquired whether we should be likely to gain admittance. He answered that Mr. Searle was away from home and that he thought it probable the housekeeper would consent to do the honors of the mansion. I passed my arm into Searle's. "Come!" I said. "Drain the cup, bitter-sweet though it be. We shall go in." We passed a third lodge-gate and entered the gardens. The house was an admirable specimen of complete Elizabethan, a huge brick pile, in which the picturesque irregularities of the style, the gables and porches, the oriels and turrets, the screens of ivy and the pinnacles of slate, were clustered and multiplied in delightful fulness. Two broad terraces commanded the great wooded horizon of the adjacent domain. Our summons was answered by the butler in person, solemn and *tout de noir habillé*. He repeated the statement that Mr. Searle was away from home, and that he would present our petition to the housekeeper. We would be so good, however, as to give him our cards. This request, following directly upon the assertion that Mr. Searle was absent, seemed to my companion not distinctly pertinent. "Surely not for the housekeeper," he said.

The butler gave a deferential cough. "Miss Searle is at home."

"Yours alone will suffice," said Searle. I took out a card and pencil, and wrote beneath my name, *New York*. Standing with the pencil in my hand I felt a sudden impulse. Without in the least weighing proprieties or results, I yielded to it. I added above my name, *Mr. Clement Searle*. What would come of it?

Before many minutes the house-

keeper attended us, — a fresh rosy little old woman in a dowdy clean cap and a scanty calico gown; an exquisite specimen of refined and venerable serenity. She had the accent of the country, but the manners of the house. Under her guidance we passed through a dozen apartments, duly stocked with old pictures, old tapestry, old carvings, old armor, with all the constituent properties of an English manor. The pictures were especially valuable. The two Vandykes, the trio of rosy Rubenses, the sole and sombre Rembrandt, glowed with conscious authenticity. A Claude, a Murillo, a Greuze, and a Gainsborough hung gracious in their chosen places. The great intervals were peopled with various breadths of mellow gloom, — landscapes of late Italian fabric, poorish as masterpieces, but admirable as furniture. Searle strolled about silent, pale and grave, with bloodshot eyes and lips compressed. He uttered no comment and asked no question. Missing him at a certain moment from my side, I retraced my steps and found him in a room we had just left, on a tarnished silken divan, with his face buried in his hands. Before him, ranged on an antique buffet, was a magnificent collection of old Italian majolica; huge platters radiant with their steady colors, jugs and vases nobly bellied and embossed. There came to me, as I looked, a sudden vision of the young English gentleman, who, eighty years ago, had travelled by slow stages to Italy and had bargained with a pale, persuasive Roman for these treasures of his musty shop, or had taken the bright things in payment for a gaming debt from some debased inheritor of a ransacked Venetian palace. "What is it, Searle?" I asked. "Are you unwell?"

He uncovered his haggard face and showed a burning blush. Then smiling in hot irony: "A memory of the past! I was thinking of a china vase that used to stand on the parlor mantelshelf while I was a boy, with the portrait of General Jackson painted on one side and a bunch of flowers on the

other. How long do you suppose that majolica-ware has been in the family?"

"A long time probably. It was brought hither in the last century, into old, old England, out of old, old Italy, by some old young buck of this excellent house with a taste for *chinoiserie*. Here it has stood for a hundred years, keeping its clear, firm hues in this aristocratic *demi-jour*."

Searle sprang to his feet. "I say," he cried, "in heaven's name take me away! I can't stand this. Before I know it I shall do something I shall be ashamed of. I shall steal one of their d—d majolicas. I shall proclaim my identity and assert my rights! I shall go blubbering to Miss Searle and ask her in pity's name to keep me here for a month!"

If poor Searle could ever have been said to look "dangerous," he looked so now. I began to regret my officious presentation of his name, and prepared without delay to lead him out of the house. We overtook the housekeeper in the last room of the suite, a small, unused boudoir, over the chimney-piece of which hung a noble portrait of a young man in a powdered wig and a brocaded waistcoat. I was immediately struck with his resemblance to my companion.

"This is Mr. Clement Searle, Mr. Searle's great-uncle, by Sir Joshua Reynolds," quoth the housekeeper. "He died young, poor gentleman. He perished at sea, going to America."

"He's the young buck," I said, "who brought the majolica-ware out of Italy."

"Indeed, sir, I believe he did," said the housekeeper, staring.

"He's the image of you, Searle," I murmured.

"He's wonderfully like the gentleman, saving his presence," said the housekeeper.

My friend stood gazing. "Clement Searle—at sea—going to America—" he muttered. Then harshly, to the housekeeper, "Why the deuce did he go to America?"

"Why, indeed, sir? You may well ask. I believe he had kinsfolk there. It was for them to come to him."

Searle broke into a laugh. "It was for them to have come to him! Well, well," he said, fixing his eyes on the little old woman, "they have come to him at last!"

She blushed like a wrinkled rose-leaf. "Indeed, sir," she said, "I verily believe that you are one of *us*!"

"My name is the name of that lovely youth," Searle went on. "Kinsman, I salute you! Attend!" and he grasped me by the arm. "I have an idea! He perished at sea. His spirit came ashore and wandered forlorn till it got lodgement again in my poor body. In my poor body it has lived, homesick, these forty years, racking its wretched casing, urging me, stupid, to carry it back to the scenes of its youth. And I never knew what was the matter with me! Let me exhale my spirit here!"

The housekeeper essayed a timorous smile. The scene was embarrassing. My confusion was not allayed when I suddenly perceived in the doorway the figure of a lady. "Miss Searle!" whispered the housekeeper. My first impression of Miss Searle was that she was neither young nor beautiful. She stood with a timid air on the threshold, pale, trying to smile, and twirling my card in her fingers. I immediately bowed; Searle, I think, gazed marveling.

"If I am not mistaken," said the lady, "one of you gentlemen is Mr. Clement Searle."

"My friend is Mr. Clement Searle," I replied. "Allow me to add that I alone am responsible for your having received his name."

"I should have been sorry not to receive it," said Miss Searle, beginning to blush. "Your being from America has led me to—to interrupt you."

"The interruption, madam, has been on our part. And with just that excuse,—that we are from America."

Miss Searle, while I spoke, had fixed her eyes on my friend, as he stood si-

lent beneath Sir Joshua's portrait. The housekeeper, amazed and mystified, took a liberty. "Heaven preserve us, Miss! It's your great-uncle's picture come to life."

"I'm not mistaken, then," said Miss Searle. "We are distantly related." She had the aspect of an extremely modest woman. She was evidently embarrassed at having to proceed unassisted in her overture. Searle eyed her with gentle wonder from head to foot. I fancied I read his thoughts. This, then, was Miss Searle, his maiden-cousin, prospective heiress of these manorial acres and treasures. She was a person of about thirty-three years of age, taller than most women, with health and strength in the rounded amplitude of her shape. She had a small blue eye, a massive chignon of yellow hair, and a mouth at once broad and comely. She was dressed in a lustreless black satin gown, with a short train. Around her neck she wore a blue silk handkerchief, and over this handkerchief, in many convolutions, a string of amber beads. Her appearance was singular; she was large, yet not imposing; girlish, yet mature. Her glance and accent, in addressing us, were simple, too simple. Searle, I think, had been fancying some proud cold beauty of five-and-twenty; he was relieved at finding the lady timid and plain. His person was suddenly illumined by the grace of an old disused gallantry.

"We are distant cousins, I believe. I am happy to avow a relationship which you are so good as to remember. I had n't in the least counted on your doing so."

"Perhaps I have done wrong," and Miss Searle blushed anew and smiled. "But I have always known of there being people of our blood in America, and I have often wondered and asked about them; without learning much, though. To-day, when this card was brought me, and I knew of a Clement Searle wandering about the house like a stranger, I felt as if I ought to do something. I hardly knew what! My brother is in

London. I have done what I think he would have done. Welcome, as a cousin." And with a gesture at once frank and shy, she put out her hand.

"I'm welcome indeed," said Searle, taking it, "if he would have done it half as graciously."

"You've seen the show," Miss Searle went on. "Perhaps now you'll have some lunch." We followed her into a small breakfast-room, where a deep bay-window opened on the mossy flags of the great terrace. Here, for some moments, she remained silent and shy, in the manner of a person resting from a great effort. Searle, too, was formal and reticent, so that I had to busy myself with providing small-talk. It was of course easy to descant on the beauties of park and mansion. Meanwhile I observed our hostess. She had small beauty and scanty grace; her dress was out of taste and out of season; yet she pleased me well. There was about her a sturdy sweetness, a homely flavor of the sequestered *châtelaine* of feudal days. To be so simple amid this massive luxury, so mellow and yet so fresh, so modest and yet so placid, told of just the spacious leisure in which I had fancied human life to be steeped in many a park-circled home. Miss Searle was to the *Belle au Bois Dormant* what a fact is to a fairy-tale, an interpretation to a myth. We, on our side, were to our hostess objects of no light scrutiny. The best possible English breeding still marvels visibly at the native American. Miss Searle's wonderment was guileless enough to have been more overt and yet inoffensive; there was no taint of offence indeed in her utterance of the unvarying *gracieuseté* that she had met an American family on the Lake of Como, whom she would have almost taken to be English.

"If I lived here," I said, "I think I should hardly need to go away, even to the Lake of Como."

"You might perhaps get tired of it. And then the Lake of Como! If I could only go abroad again!"

"You have been but once?"

"Only once. Three years ago my brother took me to Switzerland. We thought it extremely beautiful. Except for this journey, I have always lived here. Here I was born. It's a dear old place, indeed, and I know it well. Sometimes I fancy I'm a little tired." And on my asking her how she spent her time and what society she saw, "It's extremely quiet," she went on, proceeding by short steps and simple statements in the manner of a person summoned for the first time to define her situation and enumerate the elements of her life. "We see very few people. I don't think there are many nice people hereabouts. At least we don't know them. Our own family is very small. My brother cares for little else but riding and books. He had a great sorrow ten years ago. He lost his wife and his only son, a dear little boy, who would have succeeded him in the estates. Do you know that I'm likely to have them now? Poor me! Since his loss my brother has preferred to be quite alone. I'm sorry he's away. But you must wait till he comes back. I expect him in a day or two." She talked more and more, with a rambling earnest vapidness, about her circumstances, her solitude, her bad eyes, so that she could n't read, her flowers, her ferns, her dogs, and the curate, recently inducted by her brother and warranted sound orthodox, who had lately begun to light his altar candles; pausing every now and then to blush in self-surprise, and yet moving steadily from point to point in the deepening excitement of temptation and occasion. Of all the old things I had seen in England, this mind of Miss Searle's seemed to me the oldest, the quaintest, the most ripely verdant; so fenced and protected by convention and precedent and usage; so passive and mild and docile. I felt as if I were talking with a potential heroine of Miss Burney. As she talked, she rested her dull, kind eyes upon her kinsman with a sort of fascinated stare. At last, "Did you mean to go away," she demanded, "without asking for us?"

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"I had thought it over, Miss Searle, and had determined not to trouble you. You have shown me how unfriendly I should have been."

"But you knew of the place being ours and of our relationship?"

"Just so. It was because of these things that I came down here, — because of them, almost, that I came to England. I have always liked to think of them."

"You merely wished to look, then? We don't pretend to be much to look at."

"You don't know what you are, Miss Searle," said my friend, gravely.

"You like the old place, then?"

Searle looked at her in silence. "If I could only tell you," he said at last.

"Do tell me! You must come and stay with us."

Searle began to laugh. "Take care, take care," he cried. "I should surprise you. At least I should bore you. I should never leave you."

"O, you'd get homesick for America."

At this Searle laughed the more. "By the way," he cried to me, "tell Miss Searle about America!" And he stepped through the window out upon the terrace, followed by two beautiful dogs, a pointer and a young stag-hound, who from the moment we came in had established the fondest relation with him. Miss Searle looked at him as he went, with a certain tender wonder in her eye. I read in her glance, methought, that she was interested. I suddenly recalled the last words I had heard spoken by my friend's adviser in London. "Instead of dying you'd better marry." If Miss Searle could be gently manipulated. O for a certain divine tact! Something assured me that her heart was virgin soil; that sentiment had never bloomed there. If I could but sow the seed! There lurked within her the perfect image of one of the patient wives of old.

"He has lost his heart to England," I said. "He ought to have been born here."

"And yet," said Miss Searle, "he's not in the least an Englishman."

"How do you know that?"

"I hardly know how. I never talked with a foreigner before; but he looks and talks as I have fancied foreigners."

"Yes, he's foreign enough!"

"Is he married?"

"He's a widower, — without children."

"Has he property?"

"Very little."

"But enough to travel on?"

I meditated. "He has not expected to travel far," I said, at last. "You know he's in poor health."

"Poor gentleman! So I fancied."

"He's better, though, than he thinks. He came here because he wanted to see your place before he dies."

"Poor fellow!" And I fancied I perceived in her eye the lustre of a rising tear. "And he was going off without my seeing him?"

"He's a modest man, you see."

"He's very much of a gentleman."

"Assuredly!"

At this moment we heard on the terrace a loud, harsh cry. "It's the great peacock!" said Miss Searle, stepping to the window and passing out. I followed her. Below us on the terrace, leaning on the parapet, stood our friend, with his arm round the neck of the pointer. Before him, on the grand walk, strutted a splendid peacock, with ruffled neck and expanded tail. The other dog had apparently indulged in a momentary attempt to abash him; but at Searle's voice he had bounded back to the terrace and leaped upon the parapet, where he now stood licking his new friend's face. The scene had a beautiful old-time air: the peacock flaunting in the foreground, like the very genius of antique gardenry; the broad terrace, which tickled so cunningly an innate taste of mine for all deserted promenades and esplanades to which people may have adjourned from formal dinners, to drink coffee in old Sèvres, and where the stiff brocade of women's dresses may have rustled autumnal leaves; and far around us,

with one leafy circle melting into another, the timbered acres of the park. "The very beasts have made him welcome," I said, as we rejoined our companion.

"The peacock has done for you, Mr. Searle," said his cousin, "what he does only for very great people. A year ago there came here a duchess to see my brother. I don't think that since then he has spread his tail as wide for any one else by a dozen feathers."

"It's not alone the peacock," said Searle. "Just now there came slipping across my path a little green lizard, the first I ever saw, the lizard of literature! And if you have a ghost, broad daylight though it be, I expect to see him here. Do you know the annals of your house, Miss Searle?"

"O dear, no! You must ask my brother for all those things."

"You ought to have a book full of legends and traditions. You ought to have loves and murders and mysteries by the roomful. I count upon it."

"O Mr. Searle! We have always been a very well-behaved family. Nothing out of the way has ever happened, I think."

"Nothing out of the way? O horrors! We have done better than that in America. Why, I myself!" — and he gazed at her a moment with a gleam of malice, and then broke into a laugh, — "suppose I should turn out a better Searle than you? Better than you, nursed here in romance and luxury. Come, don't disappoint me. You have some history among you all, you have some poetry. I have been famished all my days for these things. Do you understand? Ah, you can't understand! Tell me something! When I think of what must have happened here! when I think of the lovers who must have strolled on this terrace and wandered through those glades! of all the figures and passions and purposes that must have haunted these walls! of the births and deaths, the joys and sufferings, the young hopes and the old regrets, the immortal picturesqueness —" And here he faltered

a moment, with the increase of his vehemence. The gleam in his eye, which I have called a gleam of malice, had settled into a deep, unnatural light. I began to fear that he had become over-excited. But he went on with redoubled passion: "To see it all evoked before me," he cried, "if the devil alone could do it, I'd make a bargain with the devil. O Miss Searle, I'm a most unhappy man!"

"O dear, O dear!" said Miss Searle.

"Look at that window, that blessed oriel!" And he pointed to a small, protruding casement above us, relieved against the purple brick-work, framed cunningly in chiselled stone, and curtained with ivy.

"It's my room," said Miss Searle.

"Of course it's a maiden's room. Think of the forgotten loveliness which has peeped from that window; think of the old-time women's lives which have known chiefly that outlook on this bosky world. O gentle cousins! And you, Miss Searle, you're one of them yet." And he marched toward her and took her great white hand. She surrendered it, blushing to her

eyes, and pressing her other hand to her breast. "You're a woman of the past. You're nobly simple. It has been a romance to see you. It does not matter what I say to you. You didn't know me yesterday, you'll not know me to-morrow. Let me to-day do a mad, sweet thing. Let me fancy you the soul of all the dead women who have trod these terrace-flats, which lie here like sepulchral tablets in the pavement of a church. Let me say I worship you." And he raised her hand to his lips. She gently withdrew it, and for a moment averted her face. Meeting her eyes the next moment, I saw that they were filled with tears. The *Belle au Bois Dormant* was awake.

There followed an embarrassed pause. An issue was suddenly presented by the appearance of the butler bearing a letter. "A telegram, Miss," he said.

"Dear me!" cried Miss Searle, "I can't open a telegram. Cousin, help me."

Searle took the missive, opened it, and read aloud: "*I shall be home to dinner. Keep the American.*"

H. James Jr.

ACTIVE GLACIERS WITHIN THE UNITED STATES.

AMONG the great number of explorers who have found their way through the mountainous region of the Western United States, either in search of new lands, or mines, or railway passes, only a few of the bolder sort have left the dust of Indian trails and pushed up into that dark cool zone of pine-land which lies like the shadow of a cloud upon all the high ranges; and still fewer have made their camps among the natural gardens at the foot of the perpetual snow, or have climbed the high white summits. These solitudes have as yet been entered only by some curious hunter whom pluck and the fresh traces of mountain sheep have allured from his more congenial

altitude; or men of science, who, like Dr. Parry, botanized with the barometer upon their backs up to the limit of flowers, and on among the snow and lichens, till they gradually found themselves upon the very peaks.

Ten years ago Professor J. D. Whitney began the Geological Survey of California, and, from the earliest days of that work up to the present time, he has kept some of his parties among the heights of the Sierras. I was for several years a member of his corps and shared in this interesting alpine service.

During the last four years, under the orders of Major-General Humphreys, Chief of the United States Engineers,

I have been engaged in "The United States Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel," and have conducted a constant alpine study along the summits of the elevated ranges of the Great Basin, the bounding chain of the Wasatch, the Uintas, and Wind River chain. In 1869 Professor Whitney, with several of his old California staff, explored the region of the parks in Colorado, and collected highly interesting material upon the more lofty portions. These difficult and often dangerous labors have given us the general outlines of the alpine portions of Western America. Summits of lava and granite and wave-like ridges of upturned sedimentary strata, here and there, over the whole wide extent of the elevated Cordillera, reach the region of perpetual snow. From peak to peak the climber may almost never be out of sight of some whitened summit.

Where, over a comparatively low level, a single mountain towers into the sky, bearing upon its summit a cap of white, it is no wonder that the dry interior air slakes its thirst from the melting snow, and that the mountain gets rid of its burden rather by evaporation than by the crowding downward of glaciers; but where immense, elevated ridges, like the long serrated crest of the Sierra Nevada, stretch for many hundreds of miles with a hardly broken cover of white, it has seemed very remarkable that no active moving glaciers have been found.

Professor Whitney has communicated to the public most interesting accounts of the high Sierras, and among the more important phenomena were the evidences of a vast system of glaciers which once covered the rocky heights and flowed downward through the lateral cañons, and whose sole relics are now the architectural remains—if I may so speak—of the moraines, the wonderfully brilliant polishings of porphyritic granite, and the fields of perpetual icy snow which represent to-day the *névé* portion of the ancient ice-rivers. From the summit of

one of those grand towers which leap upward from the thin crest of the granite Sierras one looks northward and south over a region of lofty needles; thin, blade-like ridges separated from each other by profound gulfs; amphitheatres, flanked by splintered walls of stone which open downward into deeper and broader gorges, until they connect with the immense system of lateral cañons which traverses the Sierra from east to west, carrying its entire drainage. These gorges and cañons are all sculptured by glaciers. Around the curves of their courses the surfaces of granite are burnished, and high upon the mountain walls are seen embankments of *débris* rock, the old moraines often nearly two thousand feet above the bottom of the cañon. Around the heads of the amphitheatres, and clinging here and there upon the more shadowed slopes of rock, broad fields of white are all that remain of the *névé*. The same set of phenomena may be observed in the heights of the Rocky Mountains, on a less grand scale, but with a certain added force, for the snows, as one travels eastward, become less and less, until on the front rank of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado and Wyoming the summits are remarkably bare, or dappled with shrunk snow-banks. Over the entire elevated portion of the West the same phenomena may be observed, and the magnitude and extent of the ancient glacier system was directly proportioned to the height and mass of the mountain chain. It is true that forests of great magnitude grow everywhere in the glacier courses, but the life of a forest is of course momentary, in a geological sense.

A comparison of the ranges of temperature over the Cordillera prove very satisfactorily that the climate is quite cold enough for glacier formation. How and why these glaciers should have perished while the climate is yet cold enough for their existence has become one of the most interesting questions of the finishing-up period of Western geology. The solution is probably

near at hand, and may be given briefly in the one word, *dryness*. To the question, Why the dryness? we are unable at present to offer a thoroughly satisfactory answer. Observations made by my associates during the past summer will throw some light upon this, and put a different aspect upon the ice question by the unexpected discovery of a considerable system of living, moving glaciers.

In Northern California the Sierra, after lifting for four hundred miles a continuous wave, breaks down into a broad, confused, hilly region, descending in places to low, flat plains. From these depressions ridges and cones of volcanic origin are lifted. Shasta, the colossal cone of a burned-out volcano, springs upward from a plain about three thousand feet in elevation, bearing upon its summit a cap of solid white. With the varying seasons this snow crest changes very greatly. In 1862 Professor Whitney and his party climbed to the summit peak, measured its altitude (14,441 feet), and determined the general character of its lavas. Before and since then it has been frequently climbed, but, until recently, the only known way to the top was up the southern flank.

In early September of the past autumn, accompanied by Messrs. S. F. Emmons, F. A. Clark, and A. B. Clark, of my corps, and Mr. Sisson, the well-known Shasta guide, I ascended Mount Shasta, making the climb from the west. We rode our mules to the upper limits of vegetation, at a point about nine thousand feet above sea level, on the western slope of a secondary cone which juts from the west side of the main peak. Starting early from the base, we reached the rim of the secondary mountain about one o'clock, and found ourselves upon the edge of a very perfect, circular crater, in whose middle rose a smaller volcanic cone, sheltering upon its northern side a frozen lake. Perhaps a third of the interior slope was covered with snow, which was of an exceedingly compact text-

ure, turning into solid ice toward the bottom. We made our way around the rim of this volcano, part of the time following ridges of rock, and then, walking over sharp knifeblades of ice where the whole crater edge was covered. Reaching the north slope we looked down into a profound cañon lying between our peak and the main cone of Shasta, and were thrilled to see a true moving glacier. From the uppermost limits of the *névé*, which reached quite to the summits of Shasta, we could overlook its whole course as it came down the cone in a series of cascades, curved round the base of the mountain directly at our feet, and flowed down the gorge toward the west. The entire length can hardly be less than three miles and a half, with a breadth varying from three to six thousand feet. All the phenomena of glacier cascades, with the true flame-like *séras*, and shattered chaos of blue blocks, lay beneath us. There are but slight lateral moraines, but the terminal one is quite disproportionately large, the whole surface of the glacier being strewn with blocks which have rolled down the slopes of the two cones and bounded far out upon the ice. A small tributary glacier from the saddle-like divide between the two cones joins the main mass.

Mount Shasta is formed of an interior mass of andesite — which was the original volcano — and an overflowing cap of a variety of trachyte rocks. From general examination, it seems probable that a considerable erosion of the surface of andesite took place before a general outpouring of trachyte, and, wherever a glacier has worn its way through the covering of trachyte, the harder knobs and spurs of underlying andesite, resisting the movement of the glacier, probably caused the sudden descents and crevassed portions. Directly in front of our point of view one of the finest ice cascades occurs. The whole surface of the glacier is riven with transverse crevasses which have a general tendency to curve downward, while the breaks above this point

recurve upward. After descending, probably a thousand or fifteen hundred feet, the ice is again welded into a comparatively smooth surface, and the chasms are more or less obliterated. Numerous brooks flow over its surface and pour into the crevasses. On examination the glacier proved to possess the well-known stratified structure and the blue veins. From a point about midway out upon its surface, and directly above the main cascade, I looked down over all the lower flow, broken with billowy upheavals, and bright with bristling spires of sunlit ice. Upon the right rose the great cone of Shasta, formed of chocolate-colored lavas, its sky-line a single curved sweep of snow cut sharply against a deep blue sky. To the left the precipices of the lesser cone rose to the altitude of twelve thousand feet, their surfaces half jagged ledges of lava and half irregular sheets of ice. From our feet the glacier sank rapidly between the two volcanic walls, and the shadow of the lesser cone fell in a dark band across the brilliantly lighted surface. Looking down the course of the glacier, the eye ranged over the sunny and shadowed zones of ice, over the gray, boulder region of the terminal moraine, still lower along the former course of the ancient and grander glacier, and down upon the undulating pine-clad foot-hills, descending in green steps, reaching out like promontories into the sea of plain, which lay outspread nine thousand feet below, basking in the half-tropical sunshine, its checkered green fields and orchards ripening their wheat and figs.

The night was spent under the lee of a ledge of rocks upon the crater rim, the clouds eddying around us until after midnight. On the following day we climbed to the summit of the main Shasta, traversing, near the end of our climb, the *névé* of the glacier. We were very fortunate in the weather; the sky was quite cloudless, and through the intensely pure air we could discern the form and details of range after range, over an immense area.

The old moraines radiated from the base of the mountain in all directions; those upon the north and east defined themselves as conspicuous topographical objects. From the very highest peak of Shasta we looked down to the east upon a second considerable glacier, crowded out from the foot of an immensely steep *névé*: it flows to the southeast, and then turns due east, ending in a deep cañon. Its course is shorter than the other, and its surface is marked by an almost continual succession of *sérac*.

From the northernmost point of the ridge-like summit of Mount Shasta a good view was afforded of the ice-slopes to the north. They may really be considered as one immense glacier, covering almost completely the broad, convex surface of the cone. The angle of descent is thirty-five degrees, and having flowed down to about eight thousand five hundred or nine thousand feet, the mass divides into several lesser forks, which occupy the bottoms of the cañons, and continue to varying depths, flanked always by the straight embankments of former medial moraines. From the immense height of the cap of Shasta only a faint idea is received of the structure and dimensions of these rivers of ice. In the ordinary hazy atmosphere of summer they will be quite indistinguishable; and, indeed, were it not that we had been prepared to recognize them by finding the first, it may be doubted whether we should have detected their existence from the summit view.

On the following day we descended on the south slope of the mountain, our pathway being alternately over fragmentary fields of *névé* ice and slopes of lava *débris*. Glacier tables were of very common occurrence, the stems or platforms on which they rested never rising over three or four feet. In the descent we followed very closely the track of Professor Whitney's party, and that of all the earlier climbers of the mountain, and upon that pathway were unable to see any glacier masses. That they cannot possibly be seen on

this flank, and that there is nothing whatever to indicate their existence, are the reasons Professor Whitney's party made the ascent without finding them.

Subsequently the whole week was devoted to the study of the southern half of the great cone, and not a single active glacier exists there. The proportion of the snow-covered surface is exceedingly small, and it is quite evident that for a very long period of time no ice-stream has moved upon that side.

The exploration of the northern half of the mountain proved, of course, by far the more interesting. The glaciers descend to an altitude of about eight thousand feet, or nearly a thousand feet below the uppermost line of vegetation. The old moraines, which everywhere flank the present glaciers, are ordinarily covered with a growth of *Pinus flexilis*, and on the more sheltered portions are groups of *Abies Williamsonii*. What seemed to me the most unusual feature of these glaciers is the vast amount of terminal moraine, and its mode of arrangement. In some instances a mile and a half of the lower end of the glacier will be buried under deep accumulations of *débris*, varying from a few feet to sixty or seventy in thickness. Near the lower margin of these moraines young trees are found, and I observed several cases where the advancing ice had crowded the boulders over the trees, bending and crushing them. This is the only fact which indicates a present lengthening movement of the glacier. All the other observations tend to the belief that they are still shrinking, and what we now see are only the wasted relics of the great original system. In general, the surface of the large northern glaciers is quite smooth, but here and there, where they pass over underlying knobs, or formations which create an unusual strain, the face is deeply gashed with crevasses of extraordinary size. I examined several that could not be less than two thousand feet long and thirty to forty feet wide.

From the lower or steeper side, I was able to approach the very edge and look down into these blue gulfs. Immense icicles hung from the overreaching eaves, and from a great depth came up the muffled gurgle of sub-glacial streams. The middle part of the northern glacier is fully three and a half or four miles wide, and partakes of the convexity of the cone. It is quite unlike the glaciers of the Alps, which lie deeply hidden between abrupt, precipitous walls. A smooth, rounded field of blue ice bounds the view on either side. Above the *névé* slope together, uniting at the small bunch of pinnacles which forms the summit. Descending at a very abrupt angle, they crowd before them vast fields of *débris*, and at the last, dividing, the rapidly shrinking forks push onward for a few thousand feet and end.

There are five distinct glaciers upon Shasta, — the one first described lying between the main and secondary cones; the McCloud glacier, as I call it, upon the east side of the mountain; and three large bodies into which the great northern ice is divided. The greatest length is perhaps not far from four and a half miles; the steepest slope is upon the northern side, and for at least four thousand feet is thirty-five degrees.

The extension of the ancient glacier was of course far greater than this, and, judging by the medial and terminal moraines which stand out very distinctly upon the lowland country, the average length must have been about twelve miles. The configuration of this old system was much more like the bodies at present upon the north side; it was, in fact, a conical capping of ice which buried the whole volcano, except where a few isolated peaks or elevated ridges outcropped above the general surface. Our just discovered system is but the feeble relic of the past, and of course has not been observed long enough to determine whether it is increasing or diminishing. All that may be learned from a single season's observations points, as I before

remarked, to a period of gradual extinction. With the periodical climatic changes which recur upon the west coast, they must certainly shrink and lengthen as the snow-fall increases or diminishes. But a very few years must determine their tendency. We have carefully located the *termini* of all the ice-masses, and these will be laid down upon our map, and will serve as the basis for a future comparison of their extent. They possess all, or nearly all, the well-known features of the Swiss glaciers, — the immense crevasse, the spires of *sérac*, the lateral, medial, and terminal moraines, the perched boulders, and the milkiness of the streams which flow from their bases. The dirt-bands, however, are rarely apparent, and when observed are irregular and shadowy. It is not a little remarkable that the many parties who have camped upon these glacier streams should not have even suspected the origin of the turbid waters.

During the progress of these observations assistant geologist Mr. Arnold Hague, accompanied by Topographical Engineer Mr. A. D. Wilson, was engaged in carrying on the same series of observations upon Mount Hood. This peak, so conspicuous from the lowlands of Oregon and the Columbia River, is even more deeply snow-capped than Mount Shasta, and from its greater northern latitude is covered to a lower level, probably averaging sixty-five hundred feet. Mr. Hague's labors resulted in the discovery of a group of important glaciers, corresponding closely with those of Shasta in dimensions and interest. They were also mapped, and the data gathered for a thorough discussion of their nature. In proportion to the height of the mountain and the mass of snow, they are similar to those of Shasta; the superior height of the latter being fully balanced by the difference in latitude.

Upon the discovery of the Shasta glaciers, Mr. S. F. Emmons left me and proceeded to Mount Rainier (Tachoma), a peak situated near the middle of Washington Territory, and in

some respects the greatest of all this family of volcanoes within the boundaries of the United States. Its snow-line descends to about five thousand feet, while the summit is not far from fourteen thousand; its immense bulk, standing next to Mount Shasta and receiving the moist wind of the Pacific in such a high latitude, develops a system of glaciers far grander than those of more southern peaks. That of White River is described by Mr. Emmons as varying from two to four miles in width, and about ten miles in length, descending for two thousand feet into the heart of the forest, the dark alpine pines overhanging its white surface. The climbing and examination of Mount Rainier proved one of the most difficult mountaineering feats within our knowledge, and Messrs. Emmons and Wilson deserve the highest praise for their determination and courage. We have now finished a series of surveys of isolated volcanic peaks of the Northwestern United States, beginning on the south with Lassen's Peak, which has no glacier at all, and ending for the present with Mount Rainier, which is so greatly burdened with fields and streams of ice. Besides the remarkable interest of discovering active glaciers within our limits, this opens up a field for investigation of the power and character of glacial erosion, since the moraines have written a very legible story of the old extent of the glaciers, and the denuded portions of the mountains are open to careful study as to resultant forms and amount of ice sculpture.

It is a great general fact that the northern halves of these volcanoes are carved away to a much greater extent than the southern. As a rule, the profile angle is ten degrees greater at the north than at the south. Besides this great general condition of form, the ravines and gorges upon the northern sides are worn much more deeply. The actual result, as it will appear upon our grade-curve maps, will, I am inclined to think, astonish certain geologists, disbelievers in the carving force

of glaciers. Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens were constantly in view of Messrs. Emmons and Hague, and were often examined through their glasses. The northern slopes of each of these mountains appear to be covered by icy snow. There are then but four more peaks of importance south of the "Northwest Boundary," upon which glaciers may be found: they are Mount Baker, an unknown high summit between that peak and Mount Rainier, Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters. The existence of glaciers in our Russian purchase has been long and well known, but their nature and extent, their laws of flow and distribution, must for a long time remain unknown. A

very few observations upon one or two Alaskan peaks would throw much light upon the rate of glacial increase with latitude. I hope to be able in the coming summer to complete the series of surveys already begun, including St. Helens, Adams, Rainier, Baker, and perhaps St. Elias, and to finish the series by surveying San Francisco Mountain in Arizona.

Let it be remembered that the glaciers discovered in our summer's work were not the objects of our study, but were merely one of the interesting episodes of the survey. We were engaged in investigating the extinct volcanoes, and that interesting geological field was not neglected for the ice.

Clarence King, U. S. Geologist.

THE MULBERRIES.

I.

ON the Rialto Bridge we stand;
The street ebbs under and makes no sound;
But, with bargains shrieked on every hand,
The noisy market rings around.

"Mulberries, fine mulberries, here!"

A tuneful voice, — and light, light measure;
Though I hardly should count these mulberries dear,
If I paid three times the price for my pleasure.

Brown hands splashed with mulberry blood,
The basket wreathed with mulberry leaves
Hiding the berries beneath them; — good!
Let us take whatever the young rogue gives.

For you know, old friend, I have n't eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All the bitter world for a boy.

II.

O, I mind the tree in the meadow stood
By the road near the hill: when I clomb aloof

On its branches, this side of the girdled wood,
I could see the top of our cabin roof.

And, looking westward, could sweep the shores
Of the river where we used to swim
Under the ghostly sycamores,
Haunting the waters smooth and dim ;

And eastward athwart the pasture-lot
And over the milk-white buckwheat field
I could see the stately elm, where I shot
The first black squirrel I ever killed.

And southward over the bottom-land
I could see the mellow breadths of farm
From the river-shores to the hills expand,
Clasped in the curving river's arm.

In the fields we set our guileless snares
For rabbits and pigeons and wary quails,
Content with the vaguest feathers and hairs
From doubtful wings and vanished tails.

And in the blue summer afternoon
We used to sit in the mulberry-tree :
The breaths of wind that remembered June
Shook the leaves and glittering berries free ;

And while we watched the wagons go
Across the river along the road
To the mill above or the mill below,
With horses that stooped to the heavy load,

We told old stories and made new plans,
And felt our hearts gladden within us again,
For we did not dream that this life of a man's
Could ever be what we know as men.

We sat so still that the woodpeckers came
And pillaged the berries overhead ;
From his log the chipmonk, waxen tame,
Peered and listened to what we said.

III.

One of us long ago was carried
To his grave on the hill above the tree ;
One is a farmer there, and married ;
One has wandered over the sea.

And, if you ask me, I hardly know
Whether I'd be the dead or the clown, —
The clod above or the clay below, —
Or this listless dust by fortune blown

To alien lands. For, however it is,
So little we keep with us in life :
At best we win only victories,
Not peace, not peace, O friend, in this strife.

But if I could turn from the long defeat
Of the little successes once more, and be
A boy, with the whole wide world at my feet,
Under the shade of the mulberry-tree, —

From the shame of the squandered chances, the sleep
Of the will that cannot itself awaken,
From the promise the future can never keep,
From the fitful purposes vague and shaken, —

Then, while the grasshopper sang out shrill
In the grass beneath the blanching thistle,
And the afternoon air, with a tender thrill,
Harked to the quail's complaining whistle, —

Ah me! should I paint the morrows again
In quite the colors so faint to-day,
And with the imperial mulberry's stain
Re-purple life's doublet of hodden-gray?

Know again the losses of disillusion?
For the sake of the hope, have the old deceit? —
In spite of the question's bitter infusion,
Don't you find these mulberries over-sweet?

All our atoms are changed, they say;
And the taste is so different since then;
We live, but a world has passed away
With the years that perished to make us men.

W. D. Howells

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

III.

HAWTHORNE is still looking at us in his far-seeing way, as if he were pondering what was next to be said about him. It would not displease him, I know, if I were to begin our discursive talk to-day by telling you a little incident connected with a famous American poem.

Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said: "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story, based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital, when both were old." Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this Hawthorne assented, and moreover promised not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. And so we have "Evangeline" in beautiful hexameters, — a poem that will hold its place in literature while true affection lasts. Hawthorne rejoiced in this great success of Longfellow, and loved to count up the editions, both foreign and American, of this now world-renowned poem.

Since we talked together last month I have met an early friend of Hawthorne's, older than himself, who knew him intimately all his life long, and I have learned some additional facts about his youthful days. Soon after he left college he wrote some stories which he called "Seven Tales of my Native Land." The motto which he chose for the title-page was "We are Seven,"

from Wordsworth. My informant read the tales in manuscript, and says some of them were very striking, particularly one or two Witch Stories. As soon as the little book was well prepared for the press he deliberately threw it into the fire, and sat by to see its destruction.

When about fourteen he wrote out for a member of his family a list of the books he had at that time been reading. The catalogue was a long one, but my informant remembers that *The Waverley Novels*, *Rousseau's Works*, and the *Newgate Calendar* were among them. Serious remonstrances were made by the family touching the perusal of this last work, but he persisted in going through it to the end. He had an objection in his boyhood to reading much that was called "true and useful." Of history in general he was not very fond, but he read *Froissart* with interest, and *Clarendon's History of the Rebellion*. He is remembered to have said at that time "he cared very little for the history of the world before the fourteenth century." After he left college he read a great deal of French literature, especially the works of *Voltaire* and his contemporaries. He very rarely went into the streets during the daytime, unless there was to be a gathering of the people for some public purpose, such as a political meeting, a military muster, or a fire. A great conflagration attracted him in a peculiar manner, and he is remembered, while a young man in Salem, to have been often seen looking on, from some dark corner, while the fire was raging. When General Jackson, of whom he professed himself a partisan, visited Salem in 1833, he walked out to the boundary of the town to meet him, — not to speak to him, but only to look at him. When he came home at night he said he found only a few men

and boys collected, not enough people, without the assistance he rendered, to welcome the General with a good cheer. It is said that Susan, in the "Village Uncle," one of the "Twice-Told Tales," is not altogether a creation of his fancy. Her father was a fisherman living in Salem, and Hawthorne was constantly telling the members of his family how charming she was, and he always spoke of her as his "mermaid." He said she had a great deal of what the French call *espèglerie*. There was another young beauty, living at that time in his native town, quite captivating to him, though in a different style from the mermaid. But if his head and heart were turned in his youth by these two nymphs in his native town, there was soon a transfer of his affections to quite another direction. His new passion was a much more permanent one, for now there dawned upon him so perfect a creature that he fell in love irrevocably; all his thoughts and all his delights centred in her, who suddenly became indeed the mistress of his soul. She filled the measure of his being, and became a part and parcel of his life. Who was this mysterious young person who had crossed his boyhood's path and made him hers forever? Whose daughter was she that could thus enthrall the ardent young man in Salem, who knew as yet so little of the world and its sirens? She is described by one who met her long before Hawthorne made her acquaintance as "the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward," and she must have been a radiant child of beauty, indeed, that girl! She danced like a fairy, she sang exquisitely, so that every one who knew her seemed amazed at her perfect way of doing everything she attempted. I see, dear Jack, you are curiously moved, and longing to hear who it was that thus summoned all this witchery, who it was that made such a tumult in young Hawthorne's bosom. Well, you shall hear. She was "daughter to Leontes and Hermione," king and queen of Sicilia, and her name was Perdita.

It was Shakespeare who introduced Hawthorne to his first real love, and the lover never forgot his mistress. He was constant ever, and worshipped her through life. Beauty always captivated him. Where there was beauty he fancied other good gifts must naturally be in possession. During his childhood homeliness was always repulsive to him. When a little boy he is remembered to have said to a woman who wished to be kind to him, "Take her away! She is ugly and fat, and has a loud voice."

When quite a young man he applied for a situation under Commodore Wilkes on the Exploring Expedition, but did not succeed in obtaining an appointment. He thought this a great misfortune, as he was fond of travel, and he promised to do all sorts of wonderful things, should he be allowed to join the voyagers.

One very odd but characteristic notion of his, when a youth, was, that he should like a competent income which should neither increase nor diminish, for then, he said, it would not engross too much of his attention. Surrey's little poem, "The Means to obtain a Happy Life," expressed exactly what his idea of happiness was when a lad. When a school-boy he wrote verses for the newspapers, but he ignored their existence in after years with a smile of droll disgust. One of his quatrains lives in the memory of a friend, who repeated it to me recently:—

"The ocean hath its silent caves,
Deep, quiet, and alone;
Above them there are troubled waves,
Beneath them there are none."

When the Atlantic cable was first laid, somebody, not knowing the author of the lines, quoted them to Hawthorne as applicable to the calmness said to exist in the depths of the ocean. He listened to the verse, and then laughingly said, "I know something of the deep sea myself."

In 1836 he went to Boston, I am told, to edit the "American Magazine of Useful Knowledge," for which he was to be paid a salary of six hundred

dollars a year. The proprietors soon became insolvent, so that he received nothing, but he kept on just the same as if he had been paid regularly. The plan of the work proposed by the publishers of the magazine admitted no fiction into its pages. The magazine was printed on coarse paper and was illustrated by engravings painful to look at. There were no contributors except the editor, and he wrote the whole of every number. Short biographical sketches of eminent men and historical narratives filled up its pages. I have looked in vain for this deceased magazine, for I should like to read Hawthorne's narrative of Mrs. Dustan's captivity. Mrs. Dustan was carried off by the Indians from Haverhill, and Hawthorne does not much commiserate the hardships she endured, but reserves his sympathy for her husband, who was *not* carried into captivity, and suffered nothing from the Indians, but who, he says, was a tender-hearted man, and took care of the children during Mrs. D.'s absence from home, and probably knew that his wife would be more than a match for a whole tribe of savages.

When the Rev. Mr. Cheever was knocked down and flogged in the streets in Salem and then imprisoned, Hawthorne came out of his retreat and visited him regularly in jail, showing strong sympathy for the man and great indignation for those who had maltreated him.

Those early days in Salem,—how interesting the memory of them must be to the friends who knew and followed the gentle dreamer in his budding career! When the whisper first came to the ~~old~~ boy, in that "dismal chamber in Union Street," that he too possessed the soul of an artist, there were not many about him to share the divine rapture that must have filled his proud young heart. Outside of his own little family circle, doubting and desponding eyes looked upon him, and many a stupid head wagged in derision as he passed by. But there was always waiting for him a sweet and honest wel-

come by the humble hearth where his mother and sisters sat and listened to the beautiful creations of his fresh and glowing fancy. We can imagine the happy group gathered around the evening lamp! "Well, my son," says the fond mother, looking up from her knitting-work, "what have you got for us to-night? It is some time since you read to us a story, and your sisters are as impatient as I am to have a new one." And then we can hear, or think we hear, the young man begin in a low and modest tone the story of "Edward Fane's Rosebud," or "The Seven Vagabonds," or perchance (O tearful, happy evening!) that tender idyl of "The Gentle Boy!" What a privilege to hear for the first time a "Twice-Told Tale," before it was even *once* told to the public! And I know with what rapture that delighted little audience must have hailed the advent of every fresh indication that genius, so seldom a visitant at any fireside, had come down so noiselessly to bless their humble hearthstone in the sombre old town. In striking contrast to Hawthorne's audience nightly convened to listen while he read his charming tales and essays, I think of poor Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, facing those hard-eyed critics at the house of Madame Neckar, when as a young man and entirely unknown he essayed to read his then unpublished story of "Paul and Virginia." The story was simple and the voice of the poor and nameless reader trembled. Everybody was unsympathetic and gaped, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Monsieur de Buffon, who always had a loud way with him, cried out to Madame Neckar's servant, "Let the horses be put to my carriage!"

Hawthorne seems never to have known the raw period in authorship so common to most growing writers, when the style is "overlanguaged," and when it plunges wildly through the "sandy deserts of rhetoric," or struggles as if it were having a personal difficulty with Ignorance and his big brother Platitude. It was capitally

said of Chateaubriand that "he lived on the summits of syllables," and of another young author that he was so dully good, that "he made even virtue disreputable." Hawthorne had no such literary vices to contend with. His looks seemed from the start to be

"Commercing with the skies,"

and he marching upward to the goal without impediment. I was struck a few days ago with the untruth, so far as Hawthorne is concerned, of a passage in the Preface to *Endymion*. Keats says: "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." Hawthorne's imagination had no middle period of decadence or doubt, but continued, as it began, in full vigor to the end.

And now, my dear Jack, if you please, I will ramble on among my own recollections of our famous romancer.

In 1852 I went to Europe, and while absent had frequent most welcome letters from the delightful dreamer. He had finished the "*Blithedale Romance*" during my wanderings, and I was fortunate enough to arrange for its publication in London simultaneously with its appearance in Boston. One of his letters (dated from his new residence in Concord, June 17, 1852) runs thus:—

"You have succeeded admirably in regard to the '*Blithedale Romance*,' and have got just £150 more than I expected to receive. It will come in good time, too; for my drafts have been pretty heavy of late, in consequence of buying an estate!!! and fitting up my house. What a truant you are from the Corner. I wish, before leaving London, you would obtain for me copies of any English editions of my writings not already in my possession. I have Routledge's edition of '*The Scarlet Letter*,' the '*Mosses*,' and '*Twice-Told Tales*'; Bohn's editions of '*The House of the Seven Gables*,'

the '*Snow-Image*' and the '*Wonder Book*,' and Bogue's edition of '*The Scarlet Letter*';—these are all, and I should be glad of the rest. I meant to have written another '*Wonder Book*' this summer, but another task has unexpectedly intervened. General Pierce of New Hampshire, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was a college friend of mine, as you know, and we have been intimate through life. He wishes me to write his biography, and I have consented to do so; somewhat reluctantly, however, for Pierce has now reached that altitude when a man, careful of his personal dignity, will begin to think of cutting his acquaintance. But I seek nothing from him, and therefore need not be ashamed to tell the truth of an old friend. . . . I have written to Barry Cornwall, and shall probably enclose the letter along with this. I don't more than half believe what you tell me of my reputation in England, and am only so far credulous on the strength of the £200, and shall have a somewhat stronger sense of this latter reality when I finger the cash. Do come home in season to preside over the publication of the *Romance*."

He had christened his estate *The Wayside*, and in a postscript to the above letter he begs me to consider the name and tell him how I like it.

Another letter, evidently foreshadowing a foreign appointment from the newly elected President, contains this passage:—

"Do make some inquiries about Portugal; as, for instance, in what part of the world it lies, and whether it is an empire, a kingdom, or a republic. Also, and more particularly, the expenses of living there, and whether the Minister would be likely to be much pestered with his own countrymen. Also, any other information about foreign countries would be acceptable to an inquiring mind."

When I returned from abroad I found him getting matters in readiness to leave the country for a consulship in

Liverpool. He seemed very happy at the thought of flitting, but I wondered if he could possibly be as contented across the water as he seemed in Concord. I remember walking with him to the Old Manse, a mile or so distant from The Wayside, his new residence, and talking over England and his proposed absence of several years. We strolled round the house, where he spent the first years of his married life, and he pointed from the outside to the windows, out of which he had looked and seen supernatural and other visions. We walked up and down the avenue, the memory of which he has embalmed in "Mosses," and he discoursed most pleasantly of all that had befallen him since he led a lonely, secluded life in Salem. It was a sleepy, warm afternoon, and he proposed that we should wander up the banks of the river and lie down and watch the clouds float above and in the quiet stream. I recall his lounging, easy air as he tolled me along until we came to a spot secluded, and oftentimes sacred to his wayward thoughts. He bade me lie down on the grass and hear the birds sing. As we steeped ourselves in the delicious idleness, he began to murmur some half-forgotten lines from Thomson's "Seasons," which he said had been favorites of his from boyhood. While we lay there, half hidden in the grass, we heard approaching footsteps, and Hawthorne hurriedly whispered, "Duck! or we shall be interrupted by somebody." The solemnity of his manner, and the thought of the down-flat position in which we had both placed ourselves to avoid being seen, threw me into a foolish, half-hysterical fit of laughter, and when he nudged me, and again whispered more lugubriously than ever, "Heaven help me, Mr. — is close upon us!" I felt convinced that if the thing went further, suffocation, in my case at least, must ensue.

He kept me constantly informed, after he went to Liverpool, of how he was passing his time; and if you read his charming "English Note-Books," you will see he was never idle. There

were touches, however, in his private letters which escaped daily record in his journal, and I remember how delightful it was, after he landed on the other side, to get his frequent missives. In one of the first he gives me an account of a dinner where he was obliged to make a speech. He says: —

"I tickled up John Bull's self-conceit (which is very easily done) with a few sentences of most outrageous flattery, and sat down in a general puddle of good feeling." In another he says: "I have taken a house in Rock Park, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and am as snug as a bug in a rug. Next year you must come and see how I live. Give my regards to everybody, and my love to half a dozen. . . . I wish you would call on Mr. Savage, the antiquarian, if you know him, and ask whether he can inform me what part of England the original William Hawthorne came from. He came over, I think, in 1634. . . . It would really be a great obligation if he could answer the above query. Or, if the fact is not within his own knowledge, he might perhaps indicate some place where such information might be obtained here in England. I presume there are records still extant somewhere of all the passengers by those early ships, with their English localities annexed to their names. Of all things, I should like to find a gravestone in one of these old churchyards with my own name upon it, although, for myself, I should wish to be buried in America. The graves are too devilish damp here."

The hedgerows of England, the grassy meadows, and the picturesque old cottages delighted him, and he was never tired of writing to me about them. While wandering over the country, he was often deeply touched by meeting among the wild-flowers many of his old New England favorites, — bluebells, crocuses, primroses, foxglove, and other flowers which are cultivated in our gardens, and which had long been familiar to him in America.

I can imagine him, in his quiet, mus-

ing way, strolling through the daisied fields on a Sunday morning and hearing the distant church-bells chiming to service. His religion was so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew-door, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely described himself as *inside* a church, but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs. He liked better to meet and have a talk with the *sexton* than with the *rector*.

He was constantly demanding longer letters from home; and nothing gave him more pleasure than monthly news from "The Saturday Club," and detailed accounts of what was going forward in literature. One of his letters dated in January, 1854, starts off thus:—

"I wish your epistolary propensities were stronger than they are. All your letters to me since I left America might be squeezed into one. . . . I send Ticknor a big cheese, which I long ago promised him, and my advice is, that he keep it in the shop, and daily, between eleven and one o'clock, distribute slices of it to your half-starved authors, together with crackers and something to drink. . . . I thank you for the books you send me, and more especially for Mrs. Mowatt's Autobiography, which seems to me an admirable book. Of all things I delight in autobiographies; and I hardly ever read one that interested me so much. She must be a remarkable woman, and I cannot but lament my ill fortune in never having seen her on the stage or elsewhere. . . . I count strongly upon your promise to be with us in May. Can't you bring Whipple with you?"

One of his favorite resorts in Liverpool was the boarding-house of good Mrs. Blodgett, in Duke Street, a house where many Americans have found delectable quarters, after being tossed on the stormy Atlantic. "I have never known a better woman," Hawthorne used to say, "and her motherly kindness to me and mine I can never forget."

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Hundreds of American travellers will bear witness to the excellence of that beautiful old lady, who presided with such dignity and sweetness over her hospitable mansion. If she were alive now, my dear Jack, I should give you a line of introduction to her when you go to Europe, for I always found her smile and her voice sovereign antidotes to the homesickness which one is apt to feel on first arriving in a foreign land.

On the 13th of April, 1854, Hawthorne wrote to me this characteristic letter from the consular office in Liverpool:—

"I am very glad that the 'Mosses' have come into the hands of our firm; and I return the copy sent me, after a careful revision. When I wrote those dreamy sketches, I little thought that I should ever preface an edition for the press amidst the bustling life of a Liverpool consulate. Upon my honor, I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning, in some of these blasted allegories; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or at least thought I had. I am a good deal changed since those times; and, to tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste, as I see myself in this book. Yet certainly there is more in it than the public generally gave me credit for at the time it was written.

"But I don't think myself worthy of very much more credit than I got. It has been a very disagreeable task to read the book. The story of 'Rappacini's Daughter' was published in the Democratic Review, about the year 1844; and it was prefaced by some remarks on the celebrated French author (a certain M. de l'Aubépine), from whose works it was translated. I left out this preface when the story was republished; but I wish you would turn to it in the Democratic, and see whether it is worth while to insert it in the new edition. I leave it altogether to your judgment.

"A young poet named — has called on me, and has sent me some copies of his works to be transmitted to America.

It seems to me there is good in him ; and he is recognized by Tennyson, by Carlyle, by Kingsley, and others of the best people here. He writes me that this edition of his poems is nearly exhausted, and that Routledge is going to publish another, enlarged and in better style.

" Perhaps it might be well for you to take him up in America. At all events, try to bring him into notice ; and some day or other you may be glad to have helped a famous poet in his obscurity. The poor fellow has left a good post in the customs to cultivate literature in London !

" We shall begin to look for you now by every steamer from Boston. You must make up your mind to spend a good while with us before going to see your London friends.

" Did you read the article on your friend De Quincey in the last Westminster ? It was written by Mr. — of this city, who was in America a year or two ago. The article is pretty well, but does nothing like adequate justice to De Quincey ; and in fact no Englishman cares a pin for him. We are ten times as good readers and critics as they.

" Is not Whipple coming here soon ? "

Hawthorne's first visit to London afforded him great pleasure, but he kept out of the way of literary people as much as possible. He introduced himself to nobody, except Mr. —, whose assistance he needed, in order to be identified at the bank. He wrote to me from 24 George Street, Hanover Square, and told me he delighted in London, and wished he could spend a year there. He enjoyed floating about, in a sort of unknown way, among the rotund and rubicund figures made jolly with ale and port-wine. He was greatly amused at being told (his informants meaning to be complimentary) " that he would never be taken for anything but an Englishman." He called Tennyson's " Charge of the Light Brigade," just printed at that time, " a broken-kneed gallop of a poem." He writes : —

" John Bull is in high spirits just now at the taking of Sevastopol. What an absurd personage John is ! I find that my liking for him grows stronger the more I see of him, but that my admiration and respect have constantly decreased."

One of his most intimate friends (a man unlike that individual of whom it was said that he was the friend of everybody that did not need a friend) was Francis Bennoch, a merchant of Wood Street, Cheapside, London, the gentleman to whom Mrs. Hawthorne dedicated the English Note-Books. Hawthorne's letters constantly abounded in warm expressions of affection for the man whose noble hospitality and deep interest made his residence in England full of happiness. Bennoch was indeed like a brother to him, sympathizing warmly in all his literary projects, and giving him the benefit of his excellent judgment while he was sojourning among strangers. That is Bennoch's portrait near the likeness of his friend, and I do not think, dear lad, you will meet with a handsomer man in all your travels, when you go abroad. When you come to read Tom Taylor's *Life of Haydon*, the artist, you will find Bennoch's record there. All literary and artistic people who have had the good fortune to enjoy his friendship have loved him. I happen to know of his bountiful kindness to Miss Mitford and Hawthorne and poor old Jerdan, for these hospitalities happened in my time ; but he began to befriend all who needed friendship long before I knew him. His name ought never to be forgotten in the literary annals of England ; nor that of his wife either, for she has always made her delightful fireside warm and comforting to her husband's friends.

Many and many a happy time Bennoch and Hawthorne and your uncle have had together on British soil. Let me tell you a little incident that occurs to me now. I remember we went together to dine at a great house in the country, years ago, where it was understood there would be no dinner

speeches. The banquet was in honor of some society, — I have quite forgotten what, — but it was a jocose and not a serious club. The gentleman who gave it, Sir —, was a most kind and genial person, and gathered about him on this occasion some of the brightest and best from London. All the way down in the train Hawthorne was rejoicing that this was to be a dinner without speech-making; “for,” said he, “nothing would tempt me to go if toasts and such confounded deviltry were to be the order of the day.” So we rattled along, without a fear of any impending cloud of oratory. The entertainment was a most exquisite one, about twenty gentlemen sitting down at the beautifully ornamented table. Hawthorne was in uncommonly good spirits, and, having the seat of honor at the right of his host, was pretty keenly scrutinized by his British brethren of the quill. He had, of course, banished all thought of speech-making, and his knees never smote together once, as he told me afterwards. But it became evident to my mind that Hawthorne’s health was to be proposed with all the honors. I glanced at him across the table, and saw that he was unsuspicious of any movement against his quiet serenity. Suddenly and without warning our host rapped the mahogany, and began a set speech of welcome to the “distinguished American romancer.” It was a very honest and a very hearty speech, but I dared not look at Hawthorne. I expected every moment to see him glide out of the room, or sink down out of sight from his chair. The tortures I suffered on Hawthorne’s account, dear Jack, on that occasion, I will not attempt to describe now. I knew nothing would have induced the shy man of letters to go down to B——, if he had known he was to be spoken at in that manner. I imagined his face a deep crimson, and his hands trembling with nervous horror; but judge of my surprise, when he rose to reply with so calm a voice and so composed a manner, that, in all my experience of dinner-speaking, I

never witnessed such a case of apparent ease. (Easy-Chair C—— himself, one of the best makers of after-dinner or any other speeches of our day, according to Charles Dickens, — no inadequate judge, you will allow, — never surpassed in eloquent effect this speech by Hawthorne.) There was no hesitation, no sign of lack of preparation, but he went on for about ten minutes in such a masterly manner, that I declare to you it was one of the most successful efforts of the kind ever made. Everybody was delighted, and, when he sat down, a wild and unanimous shout of applause rattled the glasses on the table. The meaning of his singular composure on that occasion I could never get him satisfactorily to explain, and the only remark I ever heard him make, in any way connected with this marvellous exhibition of coolness, was simply, “What a confounded fool I was to go down to that speech-making dinner.”

During all those long years, while Hawthorne was absent in Europe, he was anything but an idle man. On the contrary, he was an eminently busy one, in the best sense of that term; and if his life had been prolonged, the public would have been a great gainer for his residence abroad. His brain teemed with romances, and once I remember he told me he had no less than five stories, well thought out, any one of which he could finish and publish whenever he chose to. There was one subject for a work of imagination that seems to have haunted him for years, and he has mentioned it twice in his journal. This was the subsequent life of the young man whom Jesus, looking on, “loved,” and whom he bade to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and take up his cross and follow him. “Something very deep and beautiful might be made out of this,” Hawthorne said, “for the young man went away sorrowful, and is not recorded to have done what he was bidden to do.”

One of the most difficult matters he had to manage while in England was the publication of Miss Bacon’s sin-

gular book on Shakespeare. The poor lady, after he had agreed to see the work through the press, broke off all correspondence with him in great wrath, accusing him of pusillanimity in not avowing full faith in her theory; so that, as he told me, so far as her good-will was concerned, he had not gained much by taking the responsibility of her book upon his shoulders. It was a heavy weight for him to bear in more senses than one, for he paid out of his own pocket the expenses of publication.

I find in his letters constant references to the great kindness with which he was treated in London. He spoke of Mrs. S. C. Hall as "one of the best and warmest-hearted women in the world." Leigh Hunt in his way pleased and satisfied him more than almost any man he had seen in England. "As for other literary men," he says in one of his letters, "I doubt whether London can muster so good a dinner-party as that which assembles every month at the marble palace in School Street."

All sorts of adventures befell him during his stay in Europe, even to that of having his house robbed, and his causing the thieves to be tried and sentenced to transportation. In the summer-time he travelled about the country in England and pitched his tent wherever fancy prompted. One autumn afternoon in September he writes to me from Leamington:—

"I received your letter only this morning, at this cleanest and prettiest of English towns, where we are going to spend a week or two before taking our departure for Paris. We are acquainted with Leamington already, having resided here two summers ago; and the country round about is unadulterated England, rich in old castles, manor-houses, churches, and thatched cottages, and as green as Paradise itself. I only wish I had a house here, and that you could come and be my guest in it; but I am a poor wayside vagabond, and only find shelter for a night or so, and then trudge onward

again. My wife and children and myself are familiar with all kinds of lodgement and modes of living, but we have forgotten what home is.—at least the children have, poor things! I doubt whether they will ever feel inclined to live long in one place. The worst of it is, I have outgrown my house in Concord, and feel no inclination to return to it.

"We spent seven weeks in Manchester, and went most diligently to the Art Exhibition; and I really begin to be sensible of the rudiments of a taste in pictures."

It was during one of his rambles through the Manchester Exhibition rooms that Hawthorne saw Tennyson wandering about. I have always thought it a great pity that these two men of genius could not have been introduced on that occasion. Hawthorne was too shy to seek an introduction, and Tennyson was not aware that the American author was present. Hawthorne records in his journal that he gazed at Tennyson with all his eyes, and rejoiced more in him than in all the other wonders of the Exhibition. When I afterwards told Tennyson that the author whose "Twice-Told Tales" he happened to be then reading at Farringford had met him at Manchester, but did not make himself known, the Laureate said in his frank and hearty manner: "Why did n't he come up and let me shake hands with him? I am sure I should have been glad to meet a man like Hawthorne anywhere."

At the close of 1857 Hawthorne writes to me that he hears nothing of the appointment of his successor in the consulate, since he had sent in his resignation. "Somebody may turn up any day," he says, "with a new commission in his pocket." He was meanwhile getting ready for Italy, and he writes, "I expect shortly to be released from durance."

In his last letter before leaving England for the Continent he says:—

"I made up a huge package the other day, consisting of seven closely

written volumes of journal, kept by me since my arrival in England, and filled with sketches of places and men and manners, many of which would doubtless be very delightful to the public. I think I shall seal them up, with directions in my will to have them opened and published a century hence; and your firm shall have the refusal of them then.

"Remember me to everybody, for I love all my friends at least as well as ever."

Released from the cares of office, and having nothing to distract his attention, his life on the Continent opened full of delightful excitement. His pecuniary situation was such as to enable him to live very comfortably in a country where, at that time, prices were moderate.

In a letter dated from a villa near Florence on the 3d of September, 1858, he describes in a charming manner his way of life in Italy. I will read an extract from it:—

"I am afraid I have stayed away too long, and am forgotten by everybody. You have piled up the dusty remnants of my editions, I suppose, in that chamber over the shop, where you once took me to smoke a cigar, and have crossed my name out of your list of authors, without so much as asking whether I am dead or alive. But I like it well enough, nevertheless. It is pleasant to feel at last that I am really away from America,—a satisfaction that I never enjoyed as long as I stayed in Liverpool, where it seemed to me that the quintessence of nasal and hand-shaking Yankeeedom was continually filtered and sublimated through my consulate, on the way outward and homeward. I first got acquainted with my own countrymen there. At Rome, too, it was not much better. But here in Florence, and in the summer-time, and in this secluded villa, I have escaped out of all my old tracks, and am really remote.

"I like my present residence immensely. The house stands on a hill, overlooking Florence, and is big enough

to quarter a regiment; insomuch that each member of the family, including servants, has a separate suite of apartments, and there are vast wildernesses of upper rooms into which we have never yet sent exploring expeditions.

"At one end of the house there is a moss-grown tower, haunted by owls and by the ghost of a monk, who was confined there in the thirteenth century, previous to being burned at the stake in the principal square of Florence. I hire this villa, tower and all, at twenty-eight dollars a month; but I mean to take it away bodily and clap it into a romance, which I have in my head ready to be written out.

"Speaking of romances, I have planned two, one or both of which I could have ready for the press in a few months if I were either in England or America. But I find this Italian atmosphere not favorable to the close toil of composition, although it is a very good air to dream in. I must breathe the fogs of old England or the east winds of Massachusetts, in order to put me into working trim. Nevertheless, I shall endeavor to be busy during the coming winter at Rome, but there will be so much to distract my thoughts that I have little hope of seriously accomplishing anything. It is a pity; for I have really a plethora of ideas, and should feel relieved by discharging some of them upon the public.

"We shall continue here till the end of this month, and shall then return to Rome, where I have already taken a house for six months. In the middle of April we intend to start for home by the way of Geneva and Paris; and, after spending a few weeks in England, shall embark for Boston in July or the beginning of August. After so long an absence (more than five years already, which will be six before you see me at the old Corner), it is not altogether delightful to think of returning. Everybody will be changed, and I myself, no doubt, as much as anybody. Ticknor and you, I suppose, were both upset in the late religious earthquake, and when I inquire for you, the clerks

will direct me to the 'Business Men's Conference.' It won't do. I shall be forced to come back again and take refuge in a London lodging. London is like the grave in one respect, — any man can make himself at home there ; and whenever a man finds himself homeless elsewhere, he had better either die or go to London.

"Speaking of the grave reminds me of old age and other disagreeable matters ; and I would remark that one grows old in Italy twice or three times as fast as in other countries. I have three gray hairs now for one that I brought from England, and I shall look venerable indeed by next summer, when I return.

"Remember me affectionately to all my friends. Whoever has a kindness for me may be assured that I have twice as much for him."

Hawthorne's second visit to Rome, in the winter of 1859, was not a fortunate one. His own health was excellent during his sojourn there, but several members of his family fell ill, and he became very nervous and longed to get away. In one of his letters he says : —

"I bitterly detest Rome, and shall rejoice to bid it farewell forever ; and I fully acquiesce in all the mischief and ruin that has happened to it, from Nero's conflagration downward. In fact, I wish the very site had been obliterated before I ever saw it."

He found great solace, during the series of domestic troubles (continued illness in his family) that befell, in writing memoranda for "The Marble Faun." He thus announces to me the beginning of the new romance : —

"I take some credit to myself for having sternly shut myself up for an hour or two almost every day, and come to close grips with a romance which I have been trying to tear out of my mind. As for my success, I can't say much ; indeed, I don't know what to say at all. I only know that I have produced what seems to be a larger amount of scribble than either of my former romances, and that portions of

it interested me a good deal while I was writing them ; but I have had so many interruptions, from things to see and things to suffer, that the story has developed itself in a very imperfect way, and will have to be revised hereafter. I could finish it for the press in the time that I am to remain here (till the 15th of April), but my brain is tired of it just now ; and, besides, there are many objects that I shall regret not seeing, hereafter, though I care very little about seeing them now ; so I shall throw aside the romance, and take it up again next August at The Wayside."

He decided to be back in England early in the summer, and to sail for home in July. He writes to me from Rome : —

"I shall go home, I fear, with a heavy heart, not expecting to be very well contented there. . . . If I were but a hundred times richer than I am, how very comfortable I could be ! I consider it a great piece of good fortune that I have had experience of the discomforts and miseries of Italy, and did not go directly home from England. Anything will seem like Paradise after a Roman winter.

"If I had but a house fit to live in, I should be greatly more reconciled to coming home ; but I am really at a loss to imagine how we are to squeeze ourselves into that little old cottage of mine. We had outgrown it before we came away, and most of us are twice as big now as we were then.

"I have an attachment to the place, and should be sorry to give it up ; but I shall half ruin myself if I try to enlarge the house, and quite if I build another. So what is to be done ? Pray have some plan for me before I get back ; not that I think you can possibly hit on anything that will suit me. . . . I shall return by way of Venice and Geneva, spend two or three weeks or more in Paris, and sail for home, as I said, in July. It would be an exceeding delight to me to meet you or Ticknor in England, or anywhere else. At any rate, it will cheer my heart to see you

all and the old Corner itself, when I touch my dear native soil again."

I went abroad again, as you remember, Jack, in 1859, and found Hawthorne back in England, working away diligently at "*The Marble Faun*." While travelling on the Continent, during the autumn, I had constant letters from him, giving accounts of his progress on the new romance. He says: "I get along more slowly than I expected. . . . If I mistake not, it will have some good chapters." Writing on the 10th of October he tells me: "The romance is almost finished, a great heap of manuscript being already accumulated, and only a few concluding chapters remaining behind. If hard pushed, I could have it ready for the press in a fortnight; but unless the publishers [Smith and Elder were to bring out the work in England] are in a hurry, I shall be somewhat longer about it. I have found far more work to do upon it than I anticipated. To confess the truth, I admire it exceedingly at intervals, but am liable to cold fits, during which I think it the most infernal nonsense. You ask for the title. I have not yet fixed upon one, but here are some that have occurred to me; neither of them exactly meets my idea: '*Monte Beni*; or, *The Faun. A Romance*.' '*The Romance of a Faun*.' '*The Faun of Monte Beni*.' '*Monte Beni: a Romance*.' '*Miriam: a Romance*.' '*Hilda: a Romance*.' '*Donatello: a Romance*.' '*The Faun: a Romance*.' '*Marble and Man: a Romance*.' When you have read the work (which I especially wish you to do before it goes to press), you will be able to select one of them, or imagine something better. There is an objection in my mind to an Italian name, though perhaps *Monte Beni* might do. Neither do I wish, if I can help it, to make the fantastic aspect of the book too prominent by putting the *Faun* into the title-page."

Hawthorne wrote so intensely on his new story, that he was quite worn down before he finished it. To recruit his strength he went to Redcar, where

the bracing air of the German Ocean soon counteracted the ill effect of overwork. "*The Marble Faun*" was in the London printing-office in November, and he seemed very glad to have it off his hands. His letters to me at this time (I was still on the Continent) were very jubilant. He was living in Leamington, and was constantly writing to me that I should find the next two months more comfortable in England than anywhere else. On the 17th he writes:—

"The Italian spring commences in February, which is certainly an advantage, especially as from February to May is the most disagreeable portion of the English year. But it is always summer by a bright coal-fire. We find nothing to complain of in the climate of Leamington. To be sure, we cannot always see our hands before us for fog; but I like fog, and do not care about seeing my hand before me. We have thought of staying here till after Christmas and then going somewhere else,—perhaps to Bath, perhaps to Devonshire. But all this is uncertain. Leamington is not so desirable a residence in winter as in summer; its great charm consisting in the many delightful walks and drives, and in its neighborhood to interesting places. I have quite finished the book (some time ago) and have sent it to Smith and Elder, who tell me it is in the printer's hands, but I have received no proof-sheets. They wrote to request another title instead of the '*Romance of Monte Beni*,' and I sent them their choice of a dozen. I don't know what they have chosen; neither do I understand their objection to the above. Perhaps they don't like the book at all; but I shall not trouble myself about that, as long as they publish it and pay me my £600. For my part, I think it much my best romance; but I can see some points where it is open to assault. If it could have appeared first in America, it would have been a safe thing. . . .

"I mean to spend the rest of my abode in England in blessed idleness; and as for my journal, in the first place,

I have not got it here ; secondly, there is nothing in it that will do to publish."

And now, dear Jack, I have read to you extracts enough from Hawthorne's letters for to-day. There is really so much of interest connected with this great author, that I never know where to stop, when I fall to gossiping about

him. When I began to open my memorial budget to you, I had no idea I should find so good a listener.

But let us have a long brisk winter walk, before the snow falls faster and thicker. We can do our ten miles without the slightest harm before night sets in and the drifts pile up their white barricades.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Poems. By BRET HARTE. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, late Ticknor and Fields, and Fields, Osgood, & Co.

OF all the immortals, Popularity is the most capricious, and of all the tastes for which there is no accounting hers is the most unaccountable. Reckless of the deliberations of criticism, which, if she were wise, she would wait for and scrupulously heed, she seizes upon a certain poem, whose movement and tinkle please her, and makes it the universal favorite. This choice is so often wholly independent of merit, that Popularity is most mystifying when she devotes to favor something really good, and the reflecting mind straightway suspects her of not knowing that it is good. Considering whom and what she has taken to her heart heretofore, the reflecting mind doubts if she knows that in Mr. Bret Harte she has bestowed her smiles upon a real poet, that she has turned her beautiful eyes upon one worthy of her nobler sister, Fame. So the reflecting mind, darkling in its own conceit. How many of all those who carry "The Heathen Chinée" about in their pocket-books, or know it by heart, perfectly feel its delicious humor, its exquisite sarcasm, its potent force of characterization? Not all, we may venture to say; not many, we are tempted to add, if we may guess from the imbecile efforts which have been made to illustrate it, and from the fact that it has actually been set to music! Nevertheless, its subtle excellence remains established, nor can any clumsy preference harm it, nor the yet more dangerous desire of the poet himself to repeat it.

Not that it is perfect in its way: without proof that the misuse of the pronoun *which* is good Pike as well as good Cockney, the poem is so far inartistic, and its fault extends to other dialect pieces of this book. It is by no means the most perfect of Mr. Harte's things, as Popularity may be surprised to learn, though it is undoubtedly one of the best. "The Society upon the Stanislaus" has as quaint a humor, but it is not so generally relishable, and is more adapted to the learned palate, having a lesson of peculiar virtue for all scientific congresses, namely, —

"It is not a proper plan

For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man."

This, also, is the plain language of Truthful James, who is reporting

"The row

That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw,"

and who tells how, when Mr. Brown had reconstructed from some fossil bones

"An animal that was extremely rare."

Mr. Jones claimed the remains for those of his mule; whereupon Mr. Brown apologized:

"It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault";

and Truthful James continues: —

"Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass, — at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

"Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order — when

A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,

And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

"For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age :
And the way they heaved those fossils in their
anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head
of Thompson in."

From these lines the reader perceives that Truthful James can be perfectly true to himself without his erring *which*; though here also is an ideal region, and

"The light that never was on land or sea"

illuminates impossible conditions. Of course so much probability can be exacted as to leave little art; but without enough there is equally little art; — though in spite of its deficiency from the latter cause, the censor who has made out his case often feels something treacherously fascinating in the performance condemned, and turns upon himself and enjoys it. The poems "Jim," "Chiquita," "Dow's Flat," "Cicely," and "Penelope" are all more artistic than those given in Truthful James's plain language; yet we are not sure we like them better, though we believe they will wear better. It strikes us that their humor is in no wise dependent upon their grotesqueness, whereas that of both the other pieces is so in some degree. They represent real persons and actual states to finer effect than these, and as a group of character-paintings, vigorously and clearly done, they have very great value. As we noticed in his volume of prose sketches, Mr. Harte seems here to write only for his own sex's sympathy; almost the sole trace of a new country in his art being that it is apparently exercised entirely for a masculine community. We will not say it is worse for this reason; and, in the face of all the ladies who read the "Atlantic," we dare not say it is better.

We think that, on the whole, "Jim" is the most finished and consistent of the pieces in dialect. In this the rude dramatic monologue of the miner, who never transcends himself in method or material of speech, suffices to possess us of all the tenderness there is in the friendship of such rough hearts, and the climax, — which is so apt to be the anti-climax, — in which it appears that Jim is not only not dead, but is then and there spoken to, is the truth itself. Many readers are already familiar with the poem, but for the sake of others, and for the purpose of illustrating our idea, we give it here: —

"JIM."

"SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well, — no offence:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

"Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That 's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew, —
Blest if you are!

"Money? — Not much:
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
Rum? — I don't mind,
Seem' it 's you.

"Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him? —
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes? —
Well, that is strange:
Why, it 's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

"Well, here 's to us:
Eh?
The h—— you say!
Dead? —
That little cuss!

"What makes you star, —
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'!
It would n't take
D—— much to break
You and your bar.

"Dead!
Poor — little — Jim!
— Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben, —
No-account men:
Then to take *him*!

"Well, thar — Good by, —
No more, sir, — I —
Eh?
What 's that you say? —
Why, dern it! — sho! —
No? Yes! By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!"

Next to this for preservation of the artistic proprieties is "Penelope," and then "Chiquita," — in which we rejoice also because of its excellent modern use of hexameters, — and then "Dow's Flat,"

"You see this 'yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck ;
He slipped up somehow
On each thing that he struck.
Why, ef he 'd a straddled thet fence-rail the derned
thing 'ed get up and buck."

It is Dow himself who is all the time depicting his own character to the stranger passing through the Flat, and telling how when he had dug forty feet for water, and had gone out one day with the intention of shooting himself if he did not strike water, he struck gold,—enough to make him rich :

"For 't was *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and
his luck made him certain to miss."

The touch of pathos, which is seldom wanting in Mr. Harte's better things, comes in when we are told how in the midst of Dow's bad luck his wife and children arrived at the Flat :—

"It was rough,—mighty rough ;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly ;
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and
took on when no one was nigh."

The power of telling a whole story, or of representing an entire state of things in a very few words, which is shown in those we have italicized, is one of Mr. Harte's most notable traits, and it is not at all dependent upon "dialect." It appears with delightful effect in "Her Letter," where the young lady, translated from "Poverty Flat" to New York fashionable society, writing to her California lover, reminds him of a ball at the Flat :—

"Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee."

Here the peculiar character of life at Poverty Flat is caught and forever fixed by the stroke of genius. "Her Letter" is charming throughout, and "The Return of Belisarius" is excellent. Thoroughly and very admirably good, also, is "John Burns of Gettysburg," which, if another had written it, would have alone sufficed to make him known. But all Mr. Harte's American poetry has to struggle for life against his Californian poetry. In the latter direction, if we may judge from the "Reply to her Letter" and other plain language from Truthful James,—published since this collection was made,—he gives signs of exhaustion, and wrecks himself upon his er-

ratic pronoun beyond sufferance. This is not altogether regrettable, for his genius has shown itself quite equal to the task of delighting us all in English of perfect sanity and sobriety. We do not mean to imply that it was not well to have written the dialect poems ; on the contrary, we cannot well fancy our doing without them, now they have been given us ; but we feel that their range is narrow, and that their popularity forms a temptation to produce them after the best motive has ceased, which is adverse to the interests of literature. We feel, moreover, that the man who has written them can do things vastly better, things universally valuable.

It ought to be praise to Mr. Harte that there is so much of this sort of promise in his volume ; at least, a poet of his performance need not be damned by it. The fact remains in any case, and the fact of inequality also ; and there are some observable carelessnesses. Shenstone, not Herrick, wrote

"I have found out a gift for my fair," etc., which is travestied in the first of the "Parodies," and the concluding lines of the first and second stanzas of the far-off imitation of Spenser are not alexandrines, as they should be. Of other imitations, not confessed, in the book, we do not think it necessary to speak, because they are so easily identifiable, and because, while they are certainly to be lamented, they seem all of early date, and are probably part of Mr. Harte's past which he will be willing to forget hereafter.

Words and their Uses, Past and Present.
A Study of the English Language. By
RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York :
Sheldon & Co.

THE trouble with most writers upon style and the proprieties of language is, that, with a capacity for saying almost anything faultlessly, they have little or nothing to say. It is a great shame, but it is really a fact, that, with all their surprising accuracy and chasteness of expression, they have not even an agreeable style ; and thus we behold the shocking anomaly of men who would never fall into the blunders of Shakespeare, Addison, and Thackeray,—notoriously incorrect writers,—not only destitute of the ideas which have given these careless people their celebrity, but unable to utter what thoughts

they have in such a way as to give pleasure to their readers. Take them one after another, what a tiresome company they mostly are! How heavy and blunt in sarcasm, how thin and watery in humor, in wit how pert! There is but one race more tedious and absurd on the face of the earth, namely, the writers on etiquette and deportment. Their chief excuse for being is the comfort they afford mankind by the spectacle of their mutual animosity. This is amusing in its sad way, for

"Dragons of the prime
That tare each other in their slime,"

afforded no show more exciting than they in their bouts with pronouns, adverbs, and all the parts of speech but the vital parts.

Perhaps the course of our feelings about most writers of this kind has carried us too far to allow of our making the exception we should like to make of Mr. White. Where nearly all are insufferable and trivial, he is agreeable and instructive. We must confess, however, that we fear his influence upon the language will be small, and that the English-speaking world will go on saying, "Is being done," long after he is dead. Nevertheless, we salute this reappearance of his well-known "Galaxy" essays with all favor and respect. Except as an adherent of destiny, a believer that what will be will be, we have no dispute with him, so far as we can remember, upon any of the points he urges. His book will not accomplish much with the abuses which it assails, but we have no doubt of its worth in other ways. Its chief use, we imagine, will be an historical one; it will remain the best and most intelligent comment upon the English of our time, and scholars shall hereafter resort to it with the interest and pleasure we now feel in that knowledge of all past English which Mr. White shows.

He not only enlarges immensely the slender stock of the virtues of the writers upon words, but he escapes nearly all their faults; he is neither heavy nor flippant; he is neither elaborate nor obscure; his book is thoroughly entertaining. We cherish a darling hope that it will here and there fall into the hands of a young writer of good instincts whom it will save from blundering into some vulgarities of parlance; but we keep firmly in mind (and shall try always to do so) that when writers make a stand (as Mr. White now and then calls upon them to do) for any obsolescent form or grace of

speech, they are doing a very deadly thing for themselves. The English language is primarily in the mouths of living men; it has no transmissible life but what comes thence, and there we must seek it if we would say anything clearly or stoutly to our own generation. Let posterity take care of itself.

Frederick S. Cozzens's Works. "*The Sparrowgrass Papers.*" "*Acadia: A Month with the Blue Noses.*" "*The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and other learned Men.*" New York: Hurd and Houghton.

"THE Sparrowgrass Papers" to those who read them long ago have remained a tradition of kindly wit and exuberant cheerfulness, somewhat exaggerated in conception and affected in method, but, on the whole, novel and enjoyable, with all their faults. Their bane was the ease with which their affectation could be caught, and ever so many feeble and feebler imitations followed them, till mankind grew a little impatient and aggrieved with the original.

"Acadia," by the same hand, was in a more subdued strain, but somehow, though an excellent picture of an interesting region, it never won great favor.

"The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker" are the least admirable of the author's efforts, as we hinted in a former notice of them. They are here increased, it is but just to add, by some better papers, which did not appear with them when first published.

These three volumes contain the principal literary labors of a man who once promised to make a considerable figure in American letters. He had real humor, a good perception and enjoyment of character, and a vein of charming sentiment. He wrote verses even better, in their way, than his prose; of the many who loved the pretty lines, few knew that it was he made the poem beginning, —

"I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back, I laid it by.
'T was little either had to say,
She was so strange, and I so shy," —

a very graceful and touching little poem that once found its way to all hearts. But with his prose his name is chiefly identified, and it is upon this that the reader is here asked finally to like him or leave him; for the kindly heart and brain from which the books

came are at rest, and can do nothing more to make us ashamed of our censure or our praise. We are safe in recognizing the original quality of much that he produced, and the fact that he did invent a new pleasure for us in fantastic sketches of the citizen's life in the country, — fantastic, and yet so truthful that most urban and suburban people can match them out of their own observation. To be sure, it is not the finest kind of touch, but it is authentic; the humor is not of the best, but it is his, and it is not eked out with the infamies of bad spelling, or the other helps to more recent humor. It is very amiable, and it often played about character in such a way as to light up amusing and truthful phases of human nature. The worst of it is that it is *rollicking*; the author seems to think that the reader's favor can be stormed by mere boisterous good spirits and loud laughter. So the favor of some readers can be, but it is not worth having; and he was often content to win the favor that was not worth having. Perhaps, then, his immortal part as an author is not here, and his possibilities passed away with him. Nevertheless, here is very pleasant reading, very pleasant reading indeed; honest and excellent work in many places; a good appreciation of the comical side of life, and that suggestion of feeling for its seriousness without which the other is of small account.

Our literature has made great advance since most of these things were done, but it has not improved upon all of them. The Knickerbocker school is dead; but there are other schools, which we are sorry to say are not dead, and which are not so good; these have neither the knowledge of men nor the love of books which distinguished that school, and which make us feel friendly to Mr. Cozzens even at his worst, and disposed to be proud of him at his best.

Art in the Netherlands. By H. TAINÉ.

Translated by J. DURAND. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

M. TAINÉ dwells first upon the physical and mental differences of the Teutonic and Latin races, especially as these are developed in Holland and Italy; then he studies the intellectual and social life of the Dutch, and the natural conditions which influence it; then he sketches the famous epochs of their history; and so, in the light of temper-

ament, society, and events he considers the art of these people, who, without achieving any distinction in literature, have equalled the English in their capacity for political and religious liberty, and have surpassed all other Teutonic peoples in painting. The subject naturally divides itself after the period of Holland's separation from Flanders, when the former became free and Protestant, and the latter remained subject and Catholic. The Flemish fell more rapidly under the control of the Italian school, to which the Dutch also succumbed; but in both cases the loss of the authentic spirit of art occurred for the same reasons, — enormous material prosperity, and luxurious and artificial life among the people. Of course, M. Taine does not fail to indulge his love of generalization upon each of these points; but it requires no great intelligence and no great fortitude in the reader to refuse to follow him where he goes too far, and in a certain measure his generalizing is extremely good. In the historical view of the subject, which is very entertaining, there is no great original value; the easily accessible and pretty well-known facts are effectively and significantly grouped, but much as the average reader will already have arranged them in his own memory; the considerations of race are not new nor striking: perhaps they are rather conventional; the social and religious life of the people is more forcibly treated; but the chief excellence of the book is in the vivid sense it gives of Holland as a fact of nature, with the characteristics in her which would probably produce great painters. These are first separately considered, and then contrasted with the analogous traits which gave the world Venetian coloring, and the natural differences are suggested that resulted in the artistic differences of the Dutch and Venetian schools.

The book is a most delightful one, full of a social and historical pageantry that you enjoy whilst you proclaim its cheapness, and crowned with this really valuable and unsurpassed disquisition upon the actual character of art in the Netherlands. It is much shorter than either of M. Taine's books on Italy which Mr. Durand has given us, — "Rome and Naples" and "Florence and Venice," — but we think it may be read with quite as much instruction, and with less employment of the friendly distrust which is useful in reading M. Taine, — or, for that matter, any other theorizer upon art.

My Summer in a Garden. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

WE may suspect Mr. Warner of setting formally at work to raise a laugh rather than any other crop in his garden, and yet not refuse to be amused by its history. We have nearly all of us, somehow or other, at some time or other, actually experienced horticulture ourselves, and ought to be very glad indeed to learn where the laugh comes in, as we may from Mr. Warner. His book is light and easy to be read, and it is imbued with a humor which, if not very subtle, is nearly always pleasant. The moral characteristics of the vegetable world are set in novel and grotesque lights, — as the capriciousness of fruits and plants, and the perverseness and wickedness of weeds, especially “pusley”: and we come to dwell so personally upon these matters, that it is a kind of relief to find so few of our succulent friends ever reaching the table. The predatory world of insects, birds, cows, and boys appears in droll and recognizably truthful glimpses, and the gardener and the provokingly suggested Polly are veritable types of the young people who commonly enter upon such enterprises. Perhaps the material of the book is a trifle extenuated and perhaps not, — so much depends upon the mood of the reader. It is slight, certainly, and would be intolerable otherwise; and it will fare better in our readers’ hands without coming to them overpraised by us. The humorous flavor of the papers — “some of which,” premises the author, with a touch which all gardeners will feel, “will be like many papers of garden-seeds, with nothing vital in them” — is pretty well expressed in the remark which closes the remarks upon the relations of neighbors’ children to one’s garden: “I, for one, feel that it would not be right, aside from the law, to take the life even of the smallest child, for the sake of a little fruit, more or less, in a garden. I may be wrong, but these are my sentiments, and I am not ashamed of them.”

Art in the Mountains. The Story of the Passion Play. By HENRY BLACKBURN. London: Sampson, Low, & Co.

DURING several months the magazines and papers have contained many notices and accounts of the “Passionspiel” of the

Bavarian peasants, and Mr. Blackburn states that a portion of his book has already appeared in the columns of “The Graphic.” But we are, nevertheless, indebted to him for a very attractive book; which, though it does not contain a great deal that is new in description, is very fully illustrated, and has, besides full-page portraits of the different actors, in the costumes of their parts, and a view of the theatre, charming sketches (we recognize with pleasure the hand of Mr. Darley in some of the sketches) of the mountains, village peasants in their native costume, and the inevitable donkey and goat of mountain regions.

We question whether, in all the articles that have appeared in English or American magazines, there have been any better descriptions of Oberammergau and its “Passionspiel” than those written by Anna Howitt twenty years ago in her “Art Student in Munich,” and the Baroness Tautphäus in her charming novel, “Quits,” in a chapter called “A Remnant of the Middle Ages,” where there is an admirable and vivid account of the performance of the Passion Play.

But we think that Mr. Blackburn’s book is the first one entirely devoted to the play. After a slight sketch of Miracle Plays in the Middle Ages, he gives a brief description of the origin of this last remaining relic of the old religious plays. The earliest Miracle Play we read of is that which Gregory Nazianza, an early father of the Church, is said to have constructed; it was a drama on the Passion of Christ, and was intended to counteract the profanities of the heathen stage; it is supposed to have been written about the year 364. Mr. Blackburn says of the early history of the Oberammergau play, that it is soon told. “In the year 1633 the village of Oberammergau was desolated by pestilence, caused by the wars of Gustavus Adolphus; and the inhabitants resolved to represent once in ten years the Death and Passion of Christ. They made a vow, and the ‘plague was stayed.’ In the latter part of the last century such representations were common throughout Bavaria; but in 1779 they were all interdicted by the clergy, excepting only the one at Oberammergau, which, being under the superintendence of the neighboring monastery at Ettal, and having a special object, was still permitted to be held.”

“Without,” continues Mr. Blackburn, “going further into the history of Miracle

Plays, — of which the one at Oberammergau is almost the only relic, — we would repeat that those of which we read in former times lacked the finish and conscientious care bestowed on this; and the year 1870 is probably the culminating point of excellence at Oberammergau, for the reason that the performers still retain their simplicity of character, combined with an amount of artistic excellence never before achieved. In another ten years it will be otherwise; the sons and daughters of these peasants are being educated in cities, and will bring back with them too much knowledge of the world." He says that now the acting is "nearly always natural, nearly always right," even the little children being charmingly natural, easy, and unaffected in their parts.

Mr. Blackburn speaks of the artistic excellence and high finish shown in all respects, and the general good taste exhibited in the form and color of the costumes, though he does mention the occasional appearance of glaring and inharmonious shades; but it would be strange if among so many there were not a few unpleasing and inartistic effects. The theatre, chorus, costumes, acting, and music are wonderfully good; and when we consider the difficulties under which these villagers carry on this "Passionspiel," and the good taste, skill, and *esprit de corps* shown by each and all, we feel that the mere performance of the play has elevated them much above ordinary mountain peasants. The agreeable and very satisfactory performance of the play is probably due to the artistic tastes and education of the villagers, who are in most cases devoted to wood-carving, — in which they excel, — as a means of livelihood.

Any one who has read descriptions of the Mysteries and Miracle Plays in England, in the Middle Ages, will thoroughly agree with the author in his opinion that "the 'Passionspiel' at Oberammergau in 1870 is as different from the Miracle Play called the 'Harrowing of Hell,' performed in England in the reign of Edward II., as the noblest tragedy from the commonest farce." It would be strange, indeed, if the rolling years of more than two centuries, which have brought in their train such an increase in culture and civilization, and so advanced the arts, sciences, and manufactures, had not, even among these simple mountaineers, vastly improved the plan and performance of their Passion Play. It may be inferior,

in many respects, to the highest drama of the nineteenth century, yet it is as infinitely superior to the early Miracle Plays as the whole tone of society at the present day is far in advance of the best culture of the sixteenth century.

Anna Howitt compares their theatre, in effect, to those of ancient times, and says of it: "These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful; one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky."

The History of Paraguay, with Notes of Personal Observations, and Reminiscences of Diplomacy under Difficulties. By CHARLES A. WASHBURN, Commissioner and Minister Resident of the United States at Asuncion from 1861 to 1868. In Two Volumes. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

IN the twelve hundred pages of his two large volumes Mr. Washburn has told a wonderful story. Still, we can imagine the reader, who like us has followed it word for word from the title-page to the somewhat incorrect Index, as under a confused impression that he has read at least two Histories of Paraguay at one and the same time. It is certain that the author might have easily condensed all he has to relate into the compass of either of the present volumes. Nothing is hazarded — except probably the charge of undue compliment to the clumsy arrangement and style of his work — when we say that it contains, in the second volume at least, scarcely a statement which is not repeated once or twice. These repetitions occur frequently on the same page and in the same paragraph, often in the same sentence. Yet the story he has to tell is absorbingly interesting, in spite of Mr. Washburn.

The history of Paraguay begins properly in the greatness of the man who founded the Spanish colony, and it ends in one of the most terrible tragedies of modern times. Domingo Martinez de Irala came to the country of La Plata as a captain, and rose by the force of his character to control for years the destinies of the Spaniards and Indians of Paraguay. In an age when it was the custom to plunder and murder the defenceless natives of America, he did more

to protect and civilize them than was ever done by any other European colonist, Spaniard or Anglo-Saxon. He encouraged his followers to marry the Indian women and adopt their language. A distinct nation, differing in almost everything from any other in South America, or indeed in the whole world, has been the result, and to this day the Guarani is the common language of the Paraguayans. "William Penn," says Mr. Washburn, "only professed to deal with the Indians honestly; but Irala labored incessantly to raise them from barbarism to civilization and Christianity. The Indians with whom Penn had to deal have disappeared from the earth; but the race that Irala undertook to elevate yet exists, is recognized as a nation, and has carried on a longer war against greater odds than was ever known before." Here a great man has been discovered. His motives certainly cannot be impugned, whether the rearing of the mixed race was a mistake or not. The subsequent fate of the Paraguayans does not, in our opinion, decide the question for us. It seems more reasonable to attribute to the long, enervating tyranny of the Jesuits rather than to the mixture of blood the fact that the terrible reigns of Francia and the Lopezes were possible.

Passing on through the colonial times we come to those of the Dictator Francia. The chapters about this man, or demon rather, are, to our thinking, the best in the whole work. The awe and mystery in which his acts are shrouded seem in some way to have got into the pages. It is almost incredible that in our century a man could have so long hedged in a nation and his atrocious deeds from all knowledge of the outside world. There is nothing in the history of modern times, not even the career of the younger Lopez, to match the lonely grandeur of this inscrutable wretch. He made the way easy for his successors, and their barbarities have become too well known through governmental investigation to be long dwelt upon here. Indeed, no summary or quotation can give a just idea of Francisco Solano Lopez, the man who tortured and put to death not only the most servile ministers of his cruelty, but his own brothers; and who caused his aged mother to be whipped. The lance that rid the world of him prevented the execution of the sentence of death already pronounced against her and his tortured sisters. "He made good his threat of driving all non-comba-

tants before him. . . . All the boys above nine or ten years old had been taken for soldiers, and therefore nearly all of the remainder were females. . . . Lopez's orders, as he retreated, were that no Paraguayans should be left to fall into the hands of the allies; and parties were sent in all directions to drive in and keep in front the women and children that were scattered through the country. To do this required more troops than Lopez could spare; therefore the scouting-parties, when they found a crowd of women and children too numerous for them to drive into the interior before being overtaken by the allies, indiscriminately slaughtered them. . . . These people had scarcely anything to eat except what they could pick up in the woods and deserted country. . . . Seldom in the history of the world has such misery and suffering been endured as by these helpless women and children. Many of them were forced to the severest kind of drudgery, while all of them were driven about through the wilderness, exposed by day to the scorching rays of the sun, with no shelter at night, and with only such food as the forests afforded. Thousands and tens of thousands of them died of actual starvation. . . . If the guard were not strong enough or numerous enough to drive the fugitives all before them in their retreat, the rule was to cut their throats; and when the allies came up, they found nothing but the mutilated bodies left unburied on the plains and in the forests. Lopez had said that he would leave none behind him; that, if he must fall, no Paraguayan should survive him." At the commencement of the late war it is estimated that there were about eight hundred thousand people in Paraguay. Nine tenths of them have been sacrificed to the ambition, folly, and cruelty of the younger Lopez and his paramour, Madam Lynch. Mr. Washburn says: "More than seven hundred thousand Paraguayans had perished, and probably the war had cost the allies three hundred thousand lives; so that the unnatural tyrant, during the seven years of his power, was the immediate and direct cause of the death of a million of people."

We cannot complain of Mr. Washburn's bringing so much of himself into his History, though we incline to the opinion that no account of a quarrel told by a party to it can be quite agreeable reading. Still, the attention of the civilized world was first drawn to Paraguay, we may say, by abuse

of him. The same dark machinery which enabled Lopez to sacrifice almost an entire people, and to lead three nations to the verge of bankruptcy and ruin, was applied to the blacking of Mr. Washburn's character. His personal relations with the Paraguayans, its tyrant, and his enemies have become, therefore, a part of the history of that unfortunate country. No careful reader of these volumes will doubt that their author has made out a clear case for himself, notwithstanding the occasional lapses of taste and evidences of bitterness in which it is done; and the very decided action of Congress in the matter of Mr. Washburn's grievances gives us reason to hope that a lasting good will accrue from them to Americans everywhere, in a better understanding and definition of the duties of our naval officers on foreign stations.

Verses. By H. H. Boston: Fields, Os-good, & Co. 1870.

THESE verses give the impression of remarkable power, not yet matured, though maturing. There is great freshness of imagination, and an intensity of feeling unsurpassed by any woman since Elizabeth Barrett Browning. There is never any diffuseness, but more commonly an excess of concentration, and a studied conformity in most cases to the rigid requirements of each chosen metre. These qualities, however, are often bought at the expense of rugged lines and rather forced emphasis; and while there is often a sweetness of special cadences, we often miss the lyrical flow. Yet some of the purely lyrical poems sing themselves well, as in the ringing verses, "Coming Across," which are indeed set to the very music of the waves. There is also a class of meditative poems, of an out-door character, as "Distance" and "My Strawberry," which have a depth and delicacy of flavor

that recall Emerson and Thoreau. These give the impression of being more recently written than the rest, — or is it only that they are accidentally placed at the end of the book? We should be inclined to fancy that they represent a later mood than the European poems, as those again are later than the more private and personal utterances.

At the head of all these "Verses" may perhaps be placed a few in which an exceedingly high or delicate conception is embodied in a very perfect shape. Such, for instance, are "Burnt Ships," "Ariadne's Farewell," and "Thought." These are poems of permanent worth, leaving nothing to desire, but there are very few which quite equal these. To these, however, should be added the two remarkable poems called "Gondolies," which we must think the artistic high-water mark of the book. It is, moreover, fortunate for the author's immediate popularity, — and has, in fact, already secured it, — that she has also produced a class of more simple and popular poems, for which see the corners of the newspapers. Such, for instance, are "My Legacy," "Best," "When the Baby died," and "Lifted over." By far the best of these, however, is "Spinning," which is indeed a strong and tender and noble poem, and likely to live.

We should say of the "Verses by H. H.," as a whole, that they show great wealth in the raw material of poetry, and great occasional power of expression, with a careful and conscientious execution. These are qualities that place this author at once above the great body of our poetlings. To be sure, her utterance is not yet quite free; it is a little choked and resisted. She has resolutely dammed up the stream here and there, to obtain a greater head of water; and it is a great thing to be thus secured against shallowness, though one may sometimes miss the ripple of the unchecked brook.